

Jan. 15, 1979

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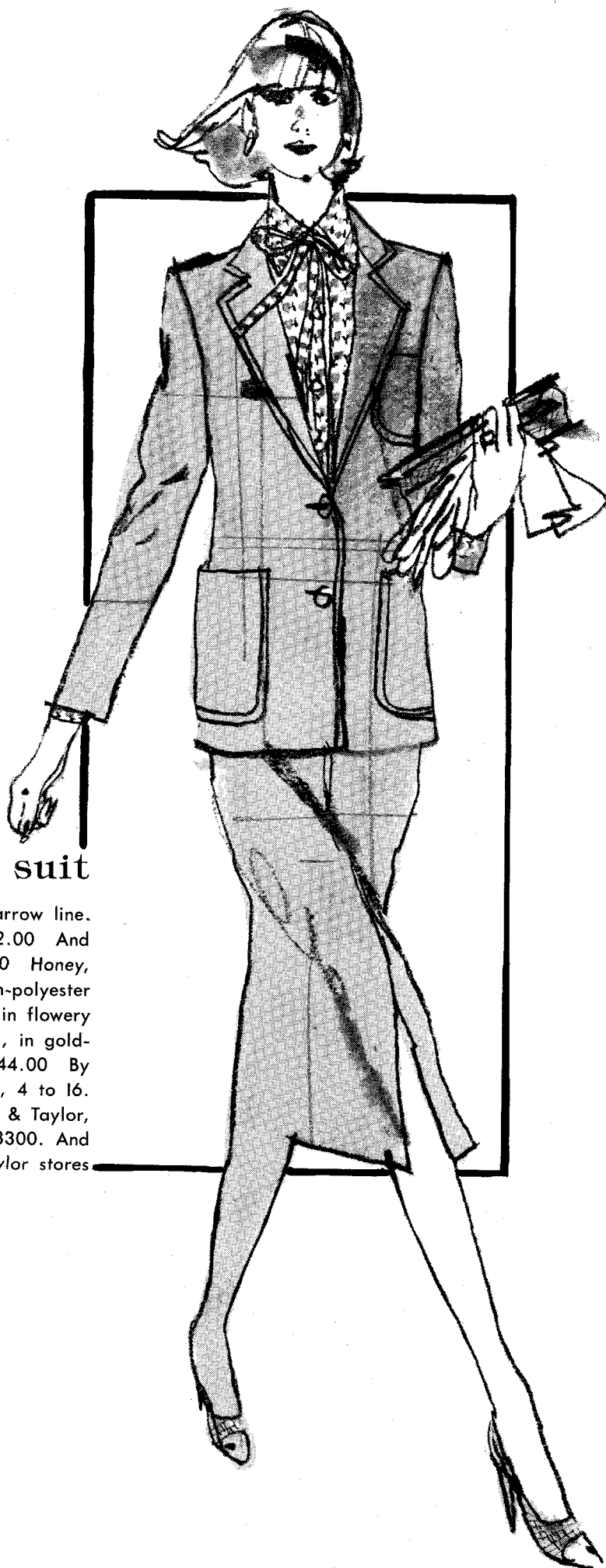


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ARE YOU NOW OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons, among them that the impersonations by the actors on hand are indifferent, at best. Liza Minnelli (through Sunday, Jan. 28) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLROOM—A dead book and nearly dead music cannot be brought to life by Michael Bennett's choreography or by the sympathetic performances of Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. (1/1/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BEETHOVEN/KARL—A play by David Rush. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC—The Bread and Puppet Theatre production of "Joan of Arc." (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinees Sunday, Jan. 14, at 3, and Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 2. Closes Friday, Jan. 19.)

BURIED CHILD—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

COLONNADES THEATRE LAB—Final performances—**MOLIÈRE IN SPIRIT OF HIMSELF**: Adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. Wednesday, Jan. 10, and Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2 and 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 14, at 3. (3/20/78)...**THE BALLROOM IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL**: A loosely knit episodic but rather interesting play, by Louis Phillips, about a Greek-American family in a Massachusetts town, at the end of the Second World War. What plot there is hinges on a little boy who lies dying in a hospital, but there is much humor along with the sadness. Michael Lessac deftly directs the large cast, and Louis Giambolvo gives a first-rate performance as the child's father. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 11-12, at 7:30. (12/11/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222.)

THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD—Paxton Whitehead makes a splendidly crisp and authoritative Sherlock Holmes in this clever pastiche of A. Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through

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Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 14.)

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK—This revival of the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett is disappointing, to say the least, in spite of a good performance by Eli Wallach as Otto Frank and a fine one by Robert Joy as young Peter Van Daan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of William Gibson's **THE MIRACLE WORKER** is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EUBIE—A delightful old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing.

The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-five. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AN EVENING WITH QUENTIN CRISP—A one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 4.)

GRAND MAGIC—A rather plodding presentation of an Italian farce by Eduardo de Filippo about a charlatan "illusionist," a cuckolded husband, and a flighty wife. With Fred Gwynne, Tony Musante, Claudia Peluso, and Sasha von Scherler. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

THE GRAND TOUR—Joel Grey heads the cast of a musical by Jerry Herman (who wrote the music and lyrics) and Michael Stewart and Mark Bramble (who wrote the book, based on S. N. Behrman's 1944 adaptation of Franz Werfel's play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel"). Directed by Gerald Freedman. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 11. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees

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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosce, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LIV, No. 48, January 15, 1979. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1979 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$24.00; two years, \$40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, \$28.00. Other foreign, \$32.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

With nearly everything going up, it's good to know that one thing is still a bargain.

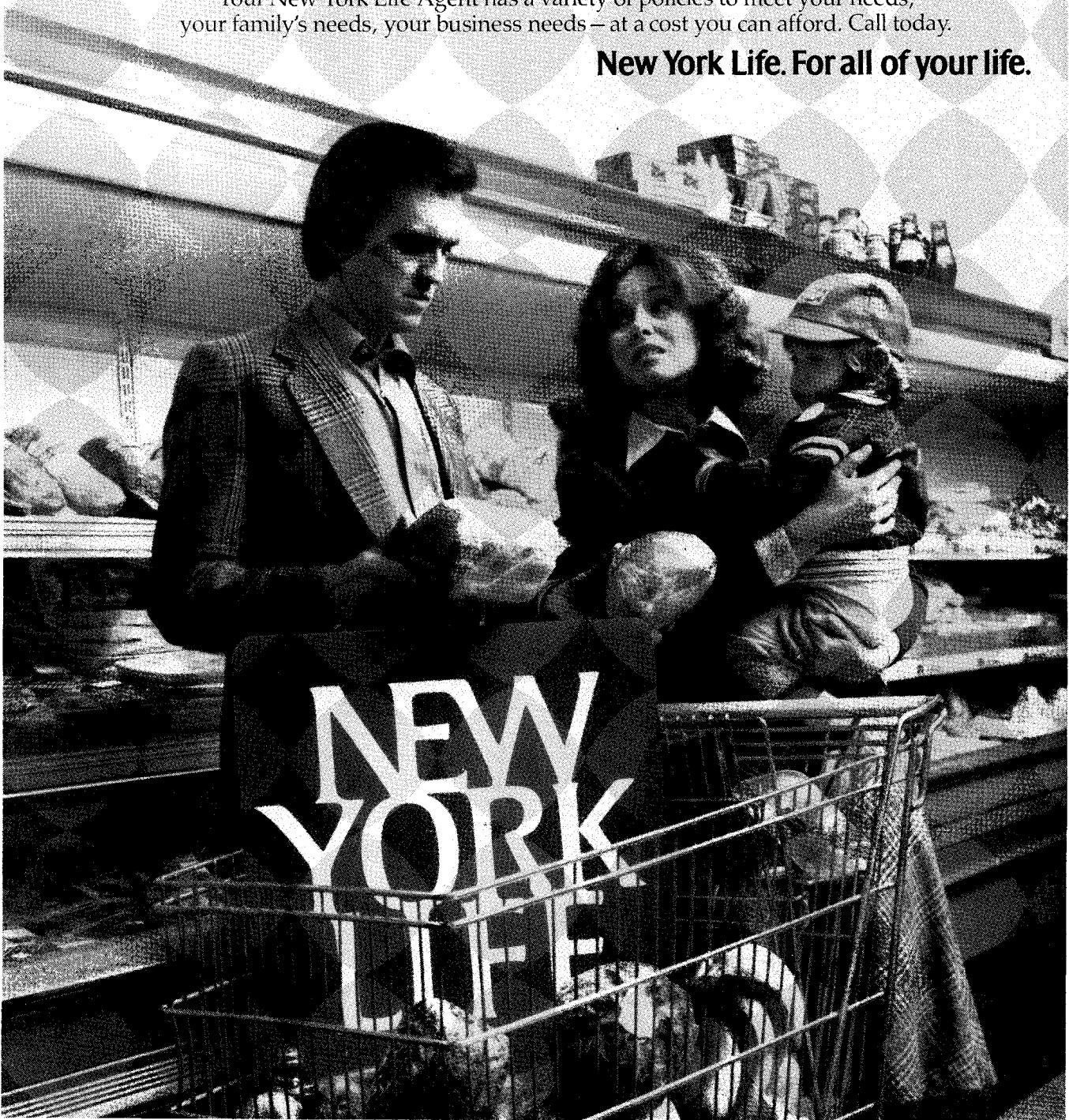
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE KINGFISHER—Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose have a fine time showing off in this insubstantial but amusing comedy about a writer deciding, after fifty years, to marry a woman whom he once upon a time wished only to make love to. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LATER—A play by Corinne Jucker. Opens Thursday, Jan. 11, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays, except Jan. 16, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; on Monday, Jan. 15, at 6:45. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**, the second in this season's series of fifteen productions, will play through Sunday, Jan. 14. . . . **Gilbert and Sullivan's TRIAL BY JURY and THE SORCERER** will follow, Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 17-21. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

MAN AND SUPERMAN—Shaw was almost as bright as he claimed he was—brighter than Shakespeare was one claim—and this comedy finds him at his comic zenith. With George Grizzard, Philip Bosco, Ann Sachs, and half a dozen other superb actors and actresses. Stephen Porter directed. (1/1/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

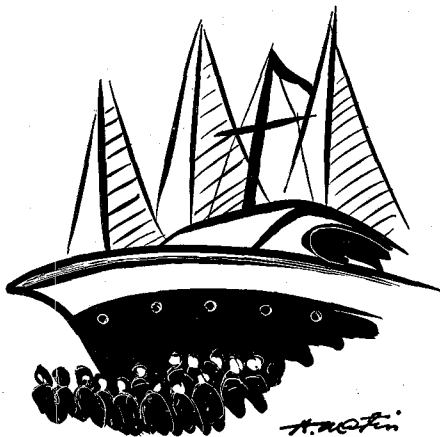
MONTEITH AND RAND—Storm the Booth without a moment's delay. A two-person entertainment that will make you happy all evening long. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5960. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

MY OLD FRIENDS—A musical by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs, directed by Philip Rose. Maxine Sullivan heads the cast. Opens Friday, Jan. 12. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Obotunde Ijimere's **PLAYS FROM AFRICA** opens Wednesday, Jan. 10, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 21. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

TROUBLE IN MIND—Alice Childress's play is the fourth in a series of five black plays from the forties and fifties to be performed by the New Federal Theatre. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 14.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE: A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Imperial,



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249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Moves on Tuesday, Jan. 16, to the Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 40th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 15, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATH-TRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. Starting Monday, Jan. 15, Stacy Keach will replace Mr. Wood. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA**: Raúl Juliá co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FAMILY BUSINESS**: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,776 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE**: Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stew-

art, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHAUZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY**: Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ**: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF MAGIC & ILLUSION—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ICE DANCING—A company of thirteen skaters, headed by John Curry and Jo Jo Starbuck, performing works created by, among others, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, Kenneth MacMillan, Peter Martins, Twyla Tharp, and Mr. Curry himself. (12/18/78, under "Dancing") (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 14.)

LIV ULLMANN—Five benefit performances of Cœtane's "The Human Voice," a fifty-minute monologue. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Sunday through Thursday, Jan. 14-18, at 11.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Symphony in C." . . . Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Prodigal Son," "Tzigane," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . Friday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Four Temperaments." . . . Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Prodigal Son," "Tzigane," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Agon," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Four Temperaments." . . . Sunday, Jan. 14, at 1: "Ballo

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della Regina," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes."... ♪ Sunday, Jan. 14, at 7: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Symphony in C."... ♪ Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Duo Concertant," "The Cage," and "The Concert."... ♪ Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Other Dances," and "The Concert."... ♪ Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "The Four Seasons" (première), and "Symphony in C."... ♪ Friday, Jan. 19, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Four Temperaments."... ♪ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Other Dances," and "The Concert."... ♪ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Tzigane," "Prodigal Son," and "Four Temperaments." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

BALLET HISPANICO OF NEW YORK—A program of traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, as well as contemporary jazz-influenced works. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 12-13, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2.)

BERTRAM ROSS DANCE COMPANY—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Jan. 11, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 13-14, at 8.)

A KATHERINE DUNHAM GALA—Three generations of Dunham dancers, singers, and musicians in a program of works choreographed by Katherine Dunham. Narrated by Eartha Kitt. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Monday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

SOPHIE MASLOW DANCE COMPANY—"Ladino Suite," "La Noche de los Mayas," an unnamed work (première), and "Decathlon Etudes." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Jan. 17, and Friday, Jan. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ♪ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Sort of a ma-and-pa jazz loft, owned and managed by drummer Rashied Ali. Pianist **MAL WALDRON**, bassist **RONNIE BOYKINS**, and drummer **JOHN BETSCH** perform together through Saturday, Jan. 13; on Tuesday, Jan. 16, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will bring in his quartet. Mondays now belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

BACK PORCH, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A comfortable glassed-in corner restaurant. The interior is one large room that covers three levels and includes a bar; consequently, there is a bit too much going on for one to be able to see and hear the wonderful singer and pianist **DARDANELLE** from all but a few tables. Dardanelle sings in her startlingly pure, clear, effortless way Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A cabaret-loft on SoHo's main drag, but it's so gussied up with carpeting and white furniture that at first glance it doesn't look like a loft space. **JULIE KURNITZ**, a statuesque Carol Burnett, is appearing here through Saturday, Jan. 13; on Tuesday, Jan. 16, singer **JO SULLIVAN** will arrive to sing songs by Frank Loesser (her late husband). Tuesdays through Saturdays. Shows begin at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Saxophonist **SONNY STITT** leads a quartet through Saturday, Jan. 13. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 17-20, will be given over to **TED CURSON**, who plays trumpet, flugelhorn, pocket trumpet, and—to signal his soloing sidemen—whistle. Curson performs free jazz and straight-ahead hard

bop with verve and wit, and he is a wonderful entertainer as well—his between-song remarks are funny and insightful and not merely jazz-musician's jive. It remains a mystery why he is not famous. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Spirit, a San Francisco rock band approaching middle age, performs on Wednesday, Jan. 10; the Alessi Brothers, a pop-rock group, will be present on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 12-13; on Tuesday, Jan. 16, **GEORGE THOROGOOD**, a highly regarded up-and-coming blues interpreter, will lead his band, the Destroyers. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** is the musician of the week here, through Saturday, Jan. 13; on Monday, Jan. 15, solo pianist **DAVE MCKENNA** will take over. The Sunday man is **JIMMY ROWLES**. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays.

CACHACA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An authentic-sounding Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—plays nightly, except Mondays, from eleven, and after a set of Bonfás, Jobims, Gils, and Gilbertos, one actually feels capable of dancing the samba. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, heads up a dance trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at ten and midnight.... ♪ The Bemelmans Bar belongs to pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** and her bassist, **GEORGE DUVIVIER**, weeknights from nine-thirty to twelve-forty-five.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the great instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Weeknights until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This punk-rock headquarters is known affectionately to its patrons as CBGB's, but very few of them probably remember that CBGB stands for country, bluegrass, and

blues, since there has been little if any bluegrass or country music played here in years. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, performs with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays and Mondays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**WARREN VACHÉ**, a young trumpeter who cultivates a style that comes out of the swing era and earlier, plays with a trio during dinner (from six to eleven) through Friday, Jan. 12. On Monday, Jan. 15, trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**, his clear, easy tone still intact, will move in with a trio. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer, holds forth in this singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive. He works from nine to two Wednesdays through Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 14, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFI** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with **HOD O'BRIEN** on piano, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist **Alicia Sherman**. On Sunday, Jan. 14, from seven to ten, pianist **Joe Derise** and **Miss Sherman** will perform together. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist **Loumell Morgan** and **Morris Edwards** get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Guitarist **JIM HALL** and trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER**, who played in a wonderful, off-beat, short-lived trio—the third member was saxophonist **Jimmy Giuffrè**—nearly twenty years ago, are in the midst of a delightful reunion. They play Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—A view with a room. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening, dancing, and rubbernecking out the windows from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere. It may not look like everybody's living room, but there are a working fireplace, couches, chairs, and pillow furniture: one just stretches out while the musicians—competent unknowns and some famous ones, too—perform on the stand. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 12-13, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, will sit in; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 19-20, pianist and arranger **JAKI BYARD** will drop by. Soft drinks and snacks.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland-style quintet. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is at the piano, and he's supported by **MICHAEL MOORE**, always a stunning bassist. Music from ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays. The music is



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

well miked, so that even when the place bustles, one can actually hear it—no mean achievement in the night-club business. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A dense concentration of Texas accents, Lone Star beer bottles, and good, solid country and rock music. Folkie Eric Andersen performs here on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 10-11; Sunday, Jan. 14, will belong to Kinky Friedman, the Texas Jewish cowboy humorist, and his large bunch of admirers; and Monday through Thursday, Jan. 15-18, singer, guitarist, and rock-and-roll ground-breaker **BO DIDDLEY** will be present. Lately, Diddle has been playing a rectangle of a guitar that looks like a cross between a harpsichord and a cigar box, and his music has sounded more like fuzzy, modern rock than like his exaggerated, raw, jangling experiments from the fifties. In addition, he has been backed up by too many musicians, most of whom just get in the way. One hopes he will pare down his accompaniment for this engagement. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB CABARET, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"Dancing in the Dark," a tribute to Arthur Schwartz, with John Cunningham, Allyn Ann McLerie, Merilee Magnuson, and Donn Simone, is being given Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at eight-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty. Admission by ticket only.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is back with his Fats Waller repertory (he was here a year ago with a similar program). Also along is singer and acoustic-guitarist **MARTY GROSZ**, drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, and the rest of the Wellstood sextet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A venerable folk and rock club. Poet and country singer Rod McKuen will be onstage Thursday through Tuesday, Jan. 11-16. On Wednesday, Jan. 17, bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MCGHEE** will move in to sing and play harmonica and guitar, respectively, and to hoot in much the same way as they've done for the past thirty-odd years. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-0900)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—For the price of a ginger ale in the bar area, one can watch singers, female impersonators, or whoever else might be onstage in the next room. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, which is still so new that most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned. Guitarist Baird Hersey's group is present on Wednesday, Jan. 10; Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 11-14, **SHEILA JORDAN** will sing with a quartet; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 16-17, trumpeter Mike Lawrence will lead a funk-jazz quintet; and Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 18-21, drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD** will head up a quartet. Music from ten to two nightly. On Sundays, from four to nine, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** leads a big band. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—**AL HIBLER**, the former Ellington vocalist, is here Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 11-13; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 18-20, will be devoted to tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** and his quartet. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN's** quar-

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ter is here through Saturday, Jan. 13; on Tuesday, Jan. 16, **ATILIA ZOLLER**, a strikingly fluid well-kept secret of a jazz guitarist, will arrive with a quartet. On Sundays, drummer **PETE LA ROCA** leads a sextet, and on Mondays, tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** works with a hard-bop quintet. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout. The worthy schedule includes tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN**, pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, drummer **STEVE MCCALL**, and bassist **FRED HOPKINS**, on Wednesday, Jan. 10; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 11-13, tenor saxophonist **Ricky Ford** and a quartet; on Thursday, Jan. 18, singer **Roberta Baum** backed by **KENNY BARRON**, **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and **BEN RILEY**; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 19-20, **AIR**—saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL**, **FRED HOPKINS**, and **STEVE MCCALL**. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Drummer **ART BLAKEY**, who is still turning out **JAZZ MESSENGERS**, guides his latest batch on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 12-13, in the Top of the Gate room. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays. Music from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from nine on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (235-4037)—Pianist **BILL EVANS'** trio finishes up on Sunday, Jan. 14; on Tuesday, Jan. 16, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will move in with his quintet. Mondays belong to **THAD MEL**, and their seventeen-piece band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. **THE COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS**, saxophonist **EARLE WARREN**, and their Basie-inspired quintet—have settled in, and all the students who pass time in this café approve. The Countsmen play every night but Mondays, when stride pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER** dip into a mostly Ellington repertoire and goad each other on. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SALUTE TO GREAT AMERICAN SONGWRITERS—A series of free concerts. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 10-11, at 6: Peggy Hewett, Norman Rollings, and Stacy Faun singing the songs of Victor Herbert, Sigmund Romberg, and Rudolf Friml. . . . Monday through Thursday, Jan. 15-18, at 6: Crystal Joy singing the songs of E. Y. Harburg. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St.)

RUSH AND STARZ—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 13-14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The first in a series of five programs entitled "Great Lyricists Remembered" (in this case Lorenz Hart), with Josh Logan, José Ferrer, and Bobbi Baird. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000, Sunday and Monday, Jan. 14-15, at 8.)

ANNE MURRAY—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8.

DUKE ELLINGTON TRIBUTE—Two benefit concerts, with Peter Dean, McHenry Boatwright, and the All-City Concert Choir directed by John

Motley, plus, on Friday, Count Basie's band, and, on Saturday, the Duke Ellington Orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 19-20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-8000, Ext. 211.)

WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET—Hamiet Bluiett, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, and David Murray. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 19-20, at 11.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

WILLIAM BAILEY—Still-lives and figures in several mediums by a realist. Through Feb. 10. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WILLI BAUMEISTER (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Jan. 27. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Collages in which sparing use is made of the component elements—engravings of architectural caprices, a page from the school notebook of a long-ago child who tried to draw a horse, antique papers stained with age. Through Feb. 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

DOVE BRADSHAW/BARBARIE ROTHSTEIN—Drawings and porcelain sculptures. / Paper sculptures in Lucite boxes. Through Jan. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1894-1964)—Twenty-one drawings and watercolors. Through Jan. 31. (Borgniet, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

OTTO DIX (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

PETER GOURFAIN—Paintings and drawings based on seascapes, plus sculptures. Through Jan. 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

LARRY MOHR—Geometric welded-aluminum sculptures. Through Feb. 3. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ENID MUNROE—Collages. Through Jan. 27. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

CHARLES O'CONNOR/CHRISTIN COUTURE—Large, colorful nonobjective paintings and several collages in the same vein. / Pencil-and-gouache drawings in which Victorian children manifest a lively interest in the kind of sensuality that their seniors tried so hard to suppress. Through Jan. 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Fifty-odd drawings and watercolors in a retrospective that shows this master draftsman in top form, depicting café life and brothels in Paris, a mule-and-horse exchange in Tampa, colorful Cuban vistas, and so on. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Late aquatints and etchings. Twenty of them, from 1970-71, are being shown in this country for the first time. Through Jan. 27. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

WILLIAM SCHARF—Just about all the wall space in the gallery is covered by this artist's scroll-like work in acrylics depicting animal and plant life. Through Jan. 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

MATTHEW SMITH (1870-1959)—Nudes, still-lives, and landscapes by the English painter who was closely associated with the Fauves. Through Jan. 25. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

DAVID SMYTH—Six rather narcissistic sculptures that combine steel cutouts of the artist's body with mirrors and with photographs of him. Also drawings. Through Feb. 10. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

ANDY WARHOL—Early works: Liz, Marilyn, Elvis. Through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MCKEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and drawings by Stuart Diamond,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Katherine Porter, Franz Kline, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures in a show centered on Maillol's "L'Action Enchaînée," of which a bronze cast is on view. Other artists whose works are on exhibit include Bombois, Calder, and Soutine. Through Feb. 3. . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 118 E. 64th St.: Drawings by sculptors, among them Mark di Suvero, Mary Miss, and Charles Ginnever. Through Jan. 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

KEN BOWMAN—Representational paintings. Through Jan. 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Oils and pastels of Long Island landscapes and city views. Through Jan. 31. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

DENISE GREEN—Three seven-foot-square paintings in oils and wax crayons on canvas. Also smaller works. Through Jan. 27. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN/HANS HOPMANN (1880-1966)—Black-and-white paintings. Through Jan. 24./Works on paper done in the summers of 1941 through 1943 in Provincetown. Through Jan. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

MATTA—Abstract oils. Through Jan. 27. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Thirty-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist. Through Jan. 27. (Gruebebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER (1895-1978)—Watercolor sketches and drawings that the artist made while on a trip with Henry Miller through the Southern states in the early forties. Through Jan. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT RYMAN—A new set of his densely painted white oils, these on cotton and linen. Through Jan. 27. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DOUG SANDERSON—Monochromatic oils. Through Feb. 3. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

CHARLES SHAW (1892-1974)—Abstract reliefs suggestive of birds on the wing, carved in thick rectangles of mahogany during the late thirties by this well-known literary and artistic figure of that era. Through Feb. 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

JANET STAYTON AND JOHN WILLENBECHER—Works on paper. Through Feb. 3. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

BILL TAGGART—Last year, this artist began camouflaging the corners of his abstract canvases with padlike extensions; now he fits them with polyurethane-foam devices that look like Mickey Mouse Fan Club ears. The paintings themselves—the outbreaks of carnival colors that flicker across the canvas—remain as before. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

CARL NICHOLAS TITOLO—Small-scale surreal paintings in oils and in mixed mediums. Also drawings. Through Jan. 26. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

MARY JOAN WAID—Closeups of lilies and orchids in oils and pastels. Through Jan. 25. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT ZAKANITCH—New paintings. Through Jan. 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

WILLIAM ZORACH (1889-1966)—Watercolor and pencil drawings of Yosemite in the twenties, together with photographs of Yosemite by C. E. Watkins, Eadweard Muybridge, and Ansel Adams. Through Feb. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AARON BERNMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A potpourri of paintings and drawings, ranging from fragmentary sketches by various members of "the Eight" to recent works by gallery regulars. Through Jan. 31. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Saul Steinberg, Fernando Botero, Karel Appel, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: The grid as a basis for paintings, sculptures, and drawings by twentieth-century artists, among them Klee, Nevelson, and Johns. Through Feb. 3. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: Examples of monotypes by American artists, covering a hundred-year period. Prendergast, Chase, Avery, Motherwell, and others. Through Feb. 1. . . . **SUMERS**, 50 W. 57th

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St.: Prints by James Ensor, Oskar Kokoschka, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 20.

GALLERIES—SoHo

FRANCES BARTH/PAUL ROTTERDAM—Abstract oils, pastels, and chalks on paper./Four new paintings: acrylic and encaustic on canvas. Through Jan. 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

ERTÉ—A hundred and twenty-five or so costume and fashion drawings done between 1914 and 1973. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

NOBU FUKUI—Delicate, tranquil abstract paintings done in pale acrylic shades on outside panels, one of them seventeen feet long. Through Jan. 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

GERALD HAHN—Paintings characterized by juxtapositions of magnified marine debris, such as crab claws and swordfish beaks. Through Jan. 25. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Portraits of the California swimming pool (again), this time in pressed and colored pulp. Through Jan. 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

RICHARD NONAS AND ROBERT MANGOLD—Works by two Minimalists (paintings by the former, sculptures by the latter). Through Jan. 30. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

RACHEL ROLON DE CLET—Gouaches, collages in mixed mediums, and drawings celebrating the power of women in the order of things. Through Jan. 24. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

ERNEST RUCKLE—Paintings. Through Jan. 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

AL SOUZA/MARY SHAFFER—Boxed wall works documenting (with photographs and toy models) such particulars as road signs and scarecrows./Glass sculptures (some black, some white), suspended from the ceiling by wires and illuminated by rays of light that are monitored by an electronic device made expressly for this work. Through Jan. 27. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

FRANK STELLA—Painted metal reliefs inspired by birds seen in India. Through Jan. 27. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

CY TWOMBLY—Ten large abstract paintings, some of them scribbled over with Greek phrases, that tell the story of the Iliad all over again. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BRIAN WALL—Horizontal floor pieces made of heavy-duty industrial steel—sections of I-beams, for example, and steel plate an inch

thick—by this California-based sculptor. Through Feb. 3. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

MARGARET WHARTON—Ten new assemblages made chiefly from chair parts. Through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

ALICE ADAMS—New wood sculptures, plus working drawings and photographs of outdoor sculptures. Through Feb. 3. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

BARRY LE VA—Two related exhibits of works completed between 1967 and the present: an installation, plus drawings, at The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8), and about forty-five drawings at the Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. (open Mondays). Both shows through Feb. 10.

TIMOTHY WOODMAN/VICTOR SCHRAGER—Painted sheet-metal sculptures./Contact prints of arranged objects. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

GROUP SHOW—Large-scale paintings from New York University's collection by such artists as Bolotowsky, Frankenthaler, and Chryssa. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Grey Art Gallery, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MANUEL ALVAREZ BRAVO—A retrospective of a hundred and forty works that date from the twenties to the present. Through Feb. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

JUDY DATER/JOANN FRANK—Portraits and nude studies, mostly of men./Fifty photographs. Through Feb. 3. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MICHAEL DE CAMP AND ANNE AND DAVID DOUBILET—Dye-transfer prints by three photographers who have found their subjects under the sea—the Andrea Doria, Weddell seals, the sharks of Isla Mujeres. Through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FRANK GOHLKE—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

JANET RIFKIN—Sequential color prints of a single light fixture, or a brush, mounted vertically, horizontally, and sometimes in a U-shape. Through Jan. 31. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

DON RODAN—Color Polaroid prints in a show called "The Greek Myths." Through Jan. 27. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

GEORGIA O'KEEFE: A PORTRAIT BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ—Fifty-one photographs (chosen by O'Keeffe from the five hundred or so that Stieglitz took of her between 1917 and 1933) are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

NASA PHOTOGRAPHS—Fifty lunar landscapes made by astronauts on several Apollo missions. For contrast: Ansel Adams' Western landscapes of the forties, fifties, and sixties, on view in the adjoining gallery. Through Jan. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MUSEO DEL BARRIO**, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Mexico in the twenties and thirties by Tina Modotti, Paul Strand, and Edward Weston. Through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.) . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Sixty self-portraits by as many women photographers, whose approaches range from the classical to the surreal, and whose materials include Xerox reproductions and pages from journals. Through



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 9. . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Nineteenth-century photographs of Egypt by Maxime du Camp, August Salzmann, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. . . . **SRAGOW**, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.: A small selection of prints (some are gravures) by Kertész, Brandt, Model, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: And still more photographs of Egypt in the nineteenth century. Included in the show are fifteen 16 x 20 plates made by Francis Frith in 1858. Through Feb. 3. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Little Egypt uptown. To begin with, there's King Tut, of course. Then there's the recently opened second segment of the museum's own Egyptian collection—this part holding materials from 1379 to 380 B.C.—in seven new galleries adjacent to the Temple of Dendur. And finally there's the Temple of Dendur itself. . . . A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. . . . The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Sunday, Jan. 14. . . . Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Stieglitz's portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Sunday, Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45. However, the four special exhibitions—Treasures of Tutankhamun, the costume show, the Dresden show, the Temple of Dendur—are open weekdays, through Saturday, Jan. 13, from 10 to 8:45, and Sunday, Jan. 14, from 11 to 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. . . . A show of Jackie Winsor's geometric floor sculptures made of unpainted wood, rope, nails, brick. Starts Friday, Jan. 12. . . . Paul Klee prints. Through April 3. . . . Ten works by Ellsworth Kelly devised from layered and colored wet paper pulp. Through Jan. 30. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Sunday, Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . Music at the Museum: Three programs of new music by young international composers who will variously perform or conduct their own works. On Tuesday, Jan. 16, Tim Souster, Peter Garland, and Michael Byron; on Wednesday, Jan. 17, John Adams (with Ursula Oppens, piano) and Ingram Marshall; on Thursday, Jan. 18, Paul Drescher and Michael Nyman. Tickets at the museum on the evenings of the performances. All concerts at 8.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"New Image Painting": works by ten young artists who share a non-traditional approach to the representation of objects or figures but who paint in divergent styles. Among the ten are Susan Rothenberg, Joe Zucker, and Michael Hurson. Through Jan. 28. . . . "William Carlos Williams and the American Scene, 1920-40" is an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Demuth, Sheeler, Hartley) who were either friends of the poet or who influenced his work. Also Williams memorabilia. Through Feb. 4. . . . Thirteen paintings constitute the memorial exhibition of Lorser Feitelson (1898-1978), the influential California artist whose styles ranged from post-Surrealist to hard-edge abstraction.

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Through Feb. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of nineteen works (by Alan Sonfist, Patsy Norvell, Deborah Butterfield, and others) made from tree branches, rocks, clover, mud, and other particles of nature. Through Wednesday, Jan. 17. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The twenty-first National Print Exhibition includes two works each by seventy-five artists. Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Calligraphy as a decorative form in the arts of the Muslim world, demonstrated in a show of manuscript pages, pottery, textiles, and metalwork dating from the seventh century to the nineteenth. Starts Thursday, Jan. 11. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Vienna Moderne," a show of metalwork, ceramics, glass, furniture, and fabrics produced on the Donau between 1898 and 1918. Through Feb. 4. . . . The downstairs gallery has an exhibit of a hundred and fifty shopping bags from all parts of the world. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler) are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Rajput Painting," an exhibit of about eighty Indian miniatures. Through Feb. 8. . . . A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Feb. 18. . . . A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tues-

days through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. (226-3970)—Drawings by Patti Smith, Alan Saret, Tom Martin, Auste Pecjura, and Nancy Spero, through Feb. 10; color photographs by Laurie Simmons, through Feb. 10; three-dimensional installations by Pieter Holstein and R. M. Fischer, through Saturday, Jan. 20. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. (925-4671)—Works that either literally or conceptually follow a book format: Barbara Kruger and Dan Graham, through Saturday, Jan. 20. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. (925-3615)—Chris Langdon (film), Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 10-11, at 8:30; James Welling (photographs and video), through Wednesday, Jan. 17; Pat O'Neill (film), through Thursday, Jan. 18. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. (784-2084)—Sally Shapiro (video), Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2:30; collaborative works by eight pairs of artists (Nam June Paik and Shigeo Kubota, and Helen and Newton Harrison are two); projects, installations, and environments by Diana Agrest and Mario Gandelsonas, Hilmar Boehle, Melvin Edwards, Kristen Gerber, John A. Giordano, Pieter Holstein, Nicholas Hondrogen, Bernd Jansen, Kenneth Juon, Arnold Kramer, Roland Poulin, Martin Rosz, Ed Rothfarb, Louise Stanley, Anthony Thompson, and Irene Young; ongoing dance rehearsals, with Senta Driver; photographs of dancers, through Jan. 21, Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Jan. 10: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; conducted by Michel Plasson. . . . Thursday evening, Jan. 11: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Alfredo Kraus, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. . . . Friday evening, Jan. 12: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. . . . Saturday matinee, Jan. 13: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Michel Plasson. . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 13: "Luise Miller," with Renata Scotti, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . Monday evening, Jan. 15: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Alfredo Kraus, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. . . . Tuesday evening, Jan. 16: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. . . . Wednesday evening, Jan. 17: "Luise Miller," with Renata Scotti, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . Thursday evening, Jan. 18: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Alfredo Kraus, Kathleen Battle, and Lenus Carlson; Richard Bonygne. . . . Friday evening, Jan. 19: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. . . . Saturday matinee, Jan. 20: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Alfredo Kraus, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 20: "Luise Miller," with Renata Scotti, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

BRONX OPERA COMPANY—Two performances of

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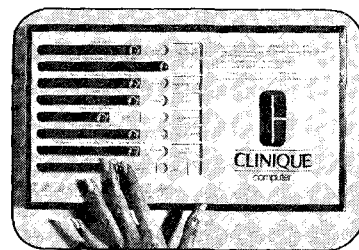
Dermatologists know about exfoliation but the general public doesn't. Exfoliating for beauty means removing the layer of dead skin cells that, in the natural process of skin renewal, constantly accumulate on the surface.

These cells show up as tiny flakes, making skin look tired and dull.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld" (in English), staged by David Shookhoff, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 12-13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

NEW OPERA THEATRE—Alan Curtis conducting an orchestra of baroque instruments in a performance of Cavalli's "Erismena," with Carmen Balthrop and Mary Burgess, sopranos; Daniel Collins and John Ferrante, counter-tenors; Herman Beattie, bass; and others. Staged by Ian Strasfogel, in a seventeenth-century English translation. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 18, and Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 11-13, at 8:30 (all with Vladimir Spivakov, violin). . . . Zubin Mehta conducting Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 17-18, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 19, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 7:30 (all with Itzhak Perlman, violin).

BUDAPEST SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—György Lehel conducting, with Andras Schiff, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

NEW YORK STRING ENSEMBLE—A small chamber orchestra that performs without a conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

MUSIC WITH JENS NYGAARD—Mr. Nygaard conducting an orchestra in an all-Beethoven program, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing a program of chamber vocal-ensemble music by Schubert and Brahms, with Rosalind Rees, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Cantatas and arias of J. S. Bach, with continuo players Ralph Oxman and Homer Mensch. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

NEWARK BOYS CHORUS—Terence Shook directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

MANNES CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—Amy Kaiser directing. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Franz Farnberger directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

FRANCES VERI AND MICHAEL JAMANIS—An all-Rachmaninoff program of works for two pianos and one piano, four hands. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8.) . . . The second in a series of three all-Schubert concerts, this one with Jorge Bolet, piano, and Donald Palma, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 3.)

JOSEF SUK—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

BAROQUE MUSIC MASTERS—With Paul Plishka, bass, in a recital postponed from Dec. 13. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—The first in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century European music, this one a French program, with Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

JEROME BARRY—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die

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Winterreise." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC—A program entitled "Bach to Bach," with the Festival Grande Bande, a baroque chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

CONCERT-PARTY—The third in a series of seven concerts, this one played by the Borodin Piano Trio. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; Alvin Brehm, double bass; Paula Robison, flute; and Richard Goode, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 7:30.)

LUCY SHELTON—Soprano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8. Tickets at the box office after 1 on the day of the recital.)

DAVID BAR-ILLAN—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

NEW YORK RENAISSANCE BAND—A program entitled "Music in Germany from Isaac to Praetorius," with Patrick Mason, baritone; Kenneth Bell, bass and narrator; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

THRUSTON JOHNSON—Violin, in a program of Swiss music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

DORIOT ANTHONY DWYER—Flute, in a benefit concert. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY—Oscar Shumsky and Milton Kaye in a program of Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

EDMUND BATTERSBY—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

COLIN CARR—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

ANNA MOFFO—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—Alexander Schneider, violin; Jaime Laredo, violin/viola; Kim Kashkashian, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

PAUL TOBIAS—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

RUSSELL SHERMAN—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

JANET BAKER—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

AN ENGLISH MUSIC—The third in a series of five programs of twentieth-century English chamber works, this one performed by Bert Lucarelli, oboe; Peter Oundjian, violin; Gary Steigerwalt, piano; and the String Arts Trio. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 628-7000.)

PAULA ROBISON—Flute, with the American String Quartet; Samuel Sanders, harpsichord; and Richard Fredrickson, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

JUDITH BLEGEN—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, LAURENCE LESSER, AND LEE LUVISI—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

CHAMBER MUSIC—Maureen Forrester, contralto;

Scott Nickrenz, viola; James Kreger, cello; David Singer, clarinet; and Lilian Kallir, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 7:30. . . . Knicks vs. Cleveland, Friday, Jan. 19, at 7:30. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8): Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Jan. 10. . . . Nets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Jan. 12. . . . Nets vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Jan. 17. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Monday, Jan. 15, at 7:35. . . . Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8:05. . . . Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 13. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31.

SQUASH RACQUETS—North American Open—Tournament matches, Thursday and Friday, Jan. 11-12, at 5:30 and 8. . . . Quarterfinals, Saturday, Jan. 13, at 9:30 and noon. . . . Semifinals, Saturday, Jan. 13, at 6. . . . Finals, Sunday, Jan. 14, at 11:30. (Manhattan Squash Club, 41 W. 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 869-8969.)

TENNIS—Colgate Grand Prix Masters: Arthur Ashe, Corrado Barazzutti, Jimmy Connors, Eddie Dibbs, Brian Gottfried, John McEnroe, Raul Ramirez, and Harold Solomon. (Madison Square Garden. Round-robin matches, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 10-12, at 1:30 and 7; semifinal matches, Saturday, Jan. 13, at 11; final doubles matches, Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8; and final singles matches, Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2. For information about tickets, call 755-2810.)

TRACK—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 6:30.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 20. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8, from Friday, Jan. 12, through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY READINGS—David Ignatow reading from his own works. (Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . Ai and Joyce Carol Oates reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW—The sixty-ninth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 13 and 20, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 14 and 21, from 11 to 8; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 15-19, from noon to 10.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Jan. 12, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings and drawings, from the Metropolitan Museum and other sources. . . . Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 13. . . . Thursday, Jan. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 13. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 11, at 10:30 and 2: Old Master paintings, from a number of owners.



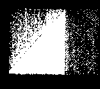
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 14: Three films by Yannick Bellon—"La Femme de Jean" (1974), "Quelque Part Quelqu'un" (1972), and "Jamais Plus, Toujours" (1976), all in French with English subtitles.

Jan. 15: Theatre closed.

From Jan. 16: "Studs Lonigan" (shown nightly at 10), "Murder by Contract" (shown Jan. 16 and 18 at 6 and 8), and "City of Fear" (shown Jan. 17 at 6 and 8).

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Bread and Chocolate."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 11: "The Boys from Brazil" and "Marathon Man."
Jan. 12-16: "A Wedding" and "A Special Day."

From Jan. 17: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 11: "Heaven Can Wait."
From Jan. 12: To be announced.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"King of the Gypsies."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Oliver's Story."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 11: "Every Which Way but Loose."
From Jan. 12: "The Brink's Job."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Movie Movie."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Days of Heaven."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Slave of Love."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Moment by Moment."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 11: "Grease."
From Jan. 12: "Coming Home."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Slow Dancing in the Big City."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Jan. 11: "The Brink's Job."
From Jan. 12: "The Innocent."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Last Wave."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"California Suite."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 16: "Foul Play."
From Jan. 17: "The Boys from Brazil."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Death on the Nile."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"King of the Gypsies."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

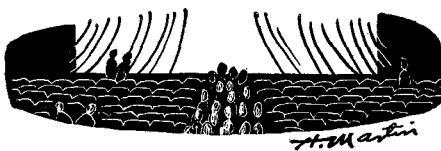
R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Every Which Way but Loose."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 11: "Force 10 from Navarone." From Jan. 12: "Harper Valley P.T.A."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Death on the Nile."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Halloween."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 16: "Midnight Express."
From Jan. 17: "The Class of Miss MacMichael."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: "A Dream of Passion."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 11: "Just Crazy About Horses." From Jan. 12: "Violette."
Theatre 4: "Days of Heaven."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Jan. 16: "Wilderness Family, Part 2."
From Jan. 17: "The Late Great Planet Earth."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Jan. 17: "Caravans."
From Jan. 18: Theatre temporarily closed.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Bread and Chocolate."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Wifemistress."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Movie Movie."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Last Wave."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Violette."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"My Love Has Been Burning."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Days of Heaven."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Every Which Way but Loose."
Theatre 2: "Magic."
Theatre 3: "The Wiz."

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 11: "Death on the Nile." From Jan. 12: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through Jan. 11: "The Serpent's Egg" and "Pretty Baby."
From Jan. 12: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 16: "Midnight Express" and "The Boys in Company C."
From Jan. 17: "The Late Great Planet Earth."

SYMPHONY SPACE, B'way at 95th. (865-2557)
Jan. 13: "A Look at Liv," a documentary about Liv Ullmann, directed by Richard Kaplan.

Jan. 14-15 (on Jan. 15, one performance only, at 1): "King—A Filmed Record—Montgomery to Memphis," a three-hour documentary about Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., produced by Ely Landau and Richard Kaplan.

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Brink's Job." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Jan. 16: "Wilderness Family, Part 2." (†)
From Jan. 17: "The Late Great Planet Earth." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 3: "Magic." (†)
Theatre 4: "Grease." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"King of the Gypsies." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Oliver's Story." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"California Suite." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Jan. 11: "Force 10 from Navarone." (†)
From Jan. 12: "Harper Valley P.T.A." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Every Which Way but Loose." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Brass Target."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 10: "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (1933), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolph Klein-Rogge; and "The Parallax View" (1974), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Warren Beatty, Paula Prentiss, and Hume Cronyn.

Jan. 11: "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, and David Manners; and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.

Jan. 12-13: "Andy Warhol's Dracula" (1975) and "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974), both films directed by Paul Morrissey.

Jan. 14 through the afternoon of Jan. 15: "Morocco" (†) and "The Scarlet Empress." (†)

Jan. 15 at 8:30: "King—A Filmed Record—Montgomery to Memphis," a three-hour documentary about Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., produced by Ely Landau and Richard Kaplan.

Jan. 16: "Samurai Assassin" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Yakuza Papers" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kinji Fukasaku.

Jan. 17: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950), directed by John Huston, with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, and Marilyn Monroe; and "Don't Bother to Knock." (†)

Jan. 18: "The Clockmaker" (1976), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort; and "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (1975), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Philippe Noiret, and Jean Rochefort.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Jan. 10: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi.

Jan. 11: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Béatrice, with Eiji Okada; and "Muriel" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig.

Jan. 12: "Brewster McCloud" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" (1976), directed by Robert Altman, with Paul Newman.

Jan. 13: "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed

One day we will rip away the "blinding barriers of darkness."
"Night Flight" by Antoine de Saint Exupéry, 1932





"They flew in submission to those elemental divinities—day, night, mountain, sea and storm."

They were the men who pioneered night flying in the 1920s, and upon whom Saint Exupéry based his heroic and tragic character, Fabien.

Fabien fought for his life in a flying machine with little more than an engine and a radio.

Had he been given the "vision" Singer gives pilots today, the story of "Night Flight" might have taken a different turn.

For the "vision" Singer provides is an inertial navigation system that lets a pilot know where he is at all times. . . in the calm, in the storm, day and night. No matter where and how he turns. Because it gathers all its information internally, rather than on radio waves or external reference points.

In fact, this is the system in the new F-16. As part of an agreement that turned out to be the aircraft competition of the century, over 3,000 planes with this Singer system will be produced in the U.S. and several NATO countries. The pilots will train in simulators designed by our Link Division.

Supporters of the F-16 point out that it can take off and climb vertically 30,000 feet before reaching the end of the runway. Certainly that thrust, guided by the Singer system, could have delivered Fabien from the cyclone he faced that terrible dark night.

And although the risks are steadily decreasing, very few endeavors still hold out the spirit and sense of adventure of flying.

For this reason, Singer has produced a special 30-minute film version of Saint Exupéry's classic "Night Flight." We think you and your family will enjoy reliving the night Fabien set out from Patagonia to Buenos Aires with the night mail. It is a tribute to the ability of man to rise to enormous heights in the call of duty.

SINGER

Tune in Trevor Howard in "Night Flight," starring Bo Svenson, Céline Lomez, week of January 21. Consult local TV listings.

- by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas; and "Iphigenia" (1977), in Greek, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with Irene Papas and Costa Kazakos.
- Jan. 14: "Wuthering Heights" (†); and "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.
- Jan. 15: "The Long Voyage Home" (1940), directed by John Ford, with Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, Mildred Natwick, and Barry Fitzgerald; and "Air Force" (†).
- Jan. 16: "Trial of Joan of Arc" (†); and "Day of Wrath" (1943), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Lisbeth Movin and Anna Svierkier.
- Jan. 17: "The Gauchito" (1927), a silent film, directed by F. Richard Jones, with Douglas Fairbanks and Lupe Velez; and "The Amateur Gentleman" (1938), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elissa Landi.
- Jan. 18: "Shadowman" (1974), directed by Georges Franju, with Gayle Hunnicutt, Gert Frobe, Josephine Chaplin, and Jacques Champreux; and "Eyes Without a Face" (†).
- CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 11: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny (X-rated).
- Jan. 12-13: "Tommy" (1975), directed by Ken Russell, with Roger Daltrey and Ann-Margret; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.
- Jan. 14-15: "I Confess" (†) and "Stage Fright" (†).
- Jan. 16: "Lumière" (1976), in French, directed by, and with, Jeanne Moreau; and "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta.
- Jan. 17-18: "Dog Day Afternoon" (†) and "The Ritz" (†).
- REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 13: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.
- From Jan. 14: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 11: "Figures in a Landscape" (1970), directed by Joseph Losey, with Robert Shaw and Malcolm McDowell; and "The Go-Between" (1971), directed by Joseph Losey, with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton.
- Jan. 12-13: "Pretty Baby" (†); and "Mur-

- mur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.
- Jan. 14-15: "Darling" (†) and "Don't Look Now" (†).
- Jan. 16: "The Furies" (1950), directed by Anthony Mann, with Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey, Walter Huston, and Judith Anderson; and "The Naked Spur" (1953), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan, and Ralph Meeker.
- Jan. 17-18: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (†) and "Things to Come" (†).
- THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 10: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (1934), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Charles Laughton, and Maureen O'Sullivan; and "Strange Interlude" (1932), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.
- Jan. 11: "Rose Marie" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, and Reginald Owen; and "New Moon" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Mary Boland.
- Jan. 12-13: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.
- Jan. 14: "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Hermione Gingold, and Isabel Jeans; and "Lili" (†).
- Jan. 15: "Wife Versus Secretary" (†) and "Too Hot to Handle" (†).
- Jan. 16: "At the Circus" (1939) and "Go West" (1941), both with the Marx Brothers.
- Jan. 17: "Sadie McKee" (†) and "Today We Live" (†).
- Jan. 18: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940), directed by Norman Taurog, with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "Broadway Melody" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

- ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM**, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—
Jan. 11 at 2:30: "Ann Vickers" (1933), directed by John Cromwell, with Irene Dunne, Walter Huston, and Conrad Nagel. ... Jan. 11 at 6: "Jalna" (1935), directed by John Cromwell, with Peggy Wood, Ian Hunter, C. Aubrey Smith, and David Manners. ... Jan. 11 at 8:30: "The Silver Cord" (1933), directed by John Cromwell, with Irene Dunne, Joel McCrea, and Frances Dee. ... Jan. 12 at 2:30: "Spitfire" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Bellamy, and Robert Young. ... Jan. 12 at 6: "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (1957), in German, directed by Kurt Hoffman, with Horst Buchholz; English subtitles. ... Jan. 13 at noon: "The Silver Streak" (1935), directed by Thomas Atkins, with Arthur Lake, Sally Blane, and Edgar Kennedy. ... Jan. 13 at 2:30: "Morning Glory" (1933), directed

- by Lowell Sherman, with Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. ... Jan. 13 at 5: "Spitfire." ... Jan. 14 at noon: "The Silver Streak." ... Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Bad Company" (1931), directed by Tay Garnett, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez. ... Jan. 14 at 5: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour; English subtitles. ... Jan. 15 at noon: "Whispers" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Ruben Gamez, English subtitles; "Song Dedicated to the World" (1972), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Rafael Corkidi, no English subtitles; and "Hua-mantla—Road to the Moon" (1977), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by José Manuel Osorio, English subtitles. ... Jan. 15 at 2:30: "Jalna." ... Jan. 15 at 6: A program of films by William Raban and Marilyn Halford. ... Jan. 16 at noon: "Whispers," "Song Dedicated to the World," and "Hua-mantla—Road to the Moon." ... Jan. 16 at 2:30: "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (1954), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren, and Marcello Mastroianni; English subtitles. ... Jan. 16 at 6: A documentary film, to be announced. ... Jan. 18 at 2:30: "In Name Only" (1939), directed by John Cromwell, with Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Kay Francis, Peggy Ann Garner, and Charles Coburn. ... Jan. 18 at 6: "Symphony of Six Million" (1932), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. ... Jan. 18 at 8:30: "Bad Company." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 14: "Tattooed Tears" (1978), directed by Joan Churchill and Nick Broomfield. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. ... Starting Jan. 16: "Children's Television Workshop: 10 Years of Film," a program of animated and live-action works. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6 and 7:30 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—
"Solzhenitsyn's Children Are Making a Lot of Noise in Paris" (1979), in French, directed by Michael Rubbo; English voiceover. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—The final programs in a series of films directed by Luchino Visconti. Jan. 10: "The Damned" (1969), in English. ... Jan. 11: "The Stranger" (1967), in French, with English subtitles. ... Jan. 12: "La Terra Trema" (1947), in Italian, with English subtitles. ... Jan. 13: "Senso" (1955), in Italian, with English subtitles. Showings at 8. (For information about tickets, call 799-2200, ext. 250, between 1 and 5.)

ENTERMEDIA, 2nd Ave. at 12th. St. (475-4191)—
Jan. 17 at 7: "The Crazies" (1973), directed by George Romero. ... Jan. 17 at 9:30: "Billy in the Lowlands" (1978), directed by Jan Egleson. ... Jan. 18 at 7: "The Blot" (1921), a silent film, directed by Lois Weber. ... Jan. 18 at 9:30: "Always for Pleasure" (1978), directed by Les Blank.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AIR FORCE (1943)—One of the "contribution-to-the-war-effort" specials—the biography of a Flying Fortress, a Boeing B-17 nicknamed Mary Ann, that heads out into the Pacific on the eve of Pearl Harbor and goes on to Wake Island and then takes part in the Coral Sea battle and, at the last, is about to participate in the raid on Tokyo. The film is one crisis after another, and the director, Howard Hawks, stages the air battles handsomely, but for the rest it helps if you're interested in the factors involved in getting a bomber somewhere and back. The script is credited to Dudley Nichols and William Faulkner, who provided a classic melting-pot crew; on board are John Garfield as Winocki, George Tobias as Weinberg, Gig Young as Williams, John Ridgely as Quincannon, Arthur Kennedy as McMartin, Harry Carey as White, etc. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 15.)

AUTUMN SONATA—In this Ingmar Bergman film,

Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from

laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 11. ... 72nd Street East; starting Jan. 17.)

THE BOYS IN COMPANY C—For what it is, this Sidney J. Furie film is very well done; the problem is in what it is. A comedy-melodrama about a group of Marine recruits who go to Vietnam, it attempts, while taking anti-Vietnam War attitudes, to show how comradeship builds character—as in Second World War movies. Rambunctious service-comedy situa-

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tions are given a raucous, hip updating and encrusted with four-letter words. Furie keeps the gags and the sentiment coming. It's an exploitation war movie—mostly, it's like dirty TV—and the highly volatile, predominantly male audiences it attracts really get with it. The relatively fresh cast includes Stan Shaw, James Whitmore, Jr., Lee Erney, Santos Morales, and Andrew Stevens. The mixed-up, messagey, schizophrenic script is by Furie and Rick Natkin. (With a John Wayne movie, you at least knew where you were.) (Olympia; through Jan. 16.)

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, and Festival.)

THE BRINK'S JOB—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Criterion, ... ♣ Gemini 2; through Jan. 11. ... ♣ Eastside Cinema; starting Jan. 12.)

BROADWAY MELODY (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. With Charles King, Jed Prouty, and Mary Doran. Harry Beaumont directed. (Originally in Technicolor, it is now in black-and-white.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel have been intercut, and the director, Herbert Ross, has bleached the space around the pairs of combatants to get rid of it as tastefully as possible. This look of sunstruck swank is appropriate to the mawkish, bittersweet Wasp playlets (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine) in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet (low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May) is directed apathetically, and the fourth (slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago) is a disaster, and not only because it has no comic rhythm. When the black doctors stumble around a flooded hotel room, crash into each other, step on broken glass, and Cosby bites Pryor's nose, the sequence has horrifying racist overtones. (Inadvertently, the movie seems to be saying that while these black men may be educated, they're still savages.) The audience doesn't get restless, because the pairs of actors keep whacking each other with insults; at the end, there's always the loneliness, the fear, and the reconciliation. Simon and Ross turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Loews Tower East, and National.)

CARAVANS—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall; through Jan. 17.)

CITY OF FEAR (1959)—With Vincent Edwards, Lyly Talbot, and John Archer; directed by Irving Lerner. (Little Theatre; Jan. 17 at 6 and 8.)

THE CLASS OF MISS MACMICHAEL—With Glenda Jackson, Oliver Reed, Michael Murphy, and Rosalind Cash; directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Greenwich; starting Jan. 17.)

COMING HOME—Allowing for the differences in the wars, this may be the post-Vietnam equivalent of the post-Second World War movie "The Best Years of Our Lives," which also dealt with returning veterans in smooth, popular terms. Throughout, there's a strong element of self-admiration in the film's anti-Vietnam attitude. The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/29/78) (D. W. Griffith; starting Jan. 12.)

DARLING (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete," in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Thalia; Jan. 14-15.)

DAYS OF HEAVEN—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Trans-Lux East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

DEATH ON THE NILE—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Waverly. ... ♣ Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 11.)

DOG DAY AFTERNOON (1975)—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (Cinema Village; Jan. 17-18.)

DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK (1952)—Marilyn Monroe as a psychotic babysitter. She wasn't yet a box-office star, but her unformed—almost blobby—quality is very creepy, and she dominated this melodrama. Roy Baker directed, from Daniel Taradash's screenplay, based on Charlotte Armstrong's novel. With Anne Bancroft, Richard Widmark, Donna Corcoran, Elisha Cook, Jr., Jim Backus, Don Beddoe, Jeanne Cagney, and Lurene Tuttle. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 17.)

DON'T LOOK NOW (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (Thalia; Jan. 14-15.)

A DREAM OF PASSION—With Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Quad Cinema.)

EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE—With Clint Eastwood, directed by James Fargo. (R.K.O. 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinema 2. ... ♣ Eastside Cinema; through Jan. 11.)

EYES WITHOUT A FACE (1959; "Les Yeux sans Visage")—This famous film by Georges Franju opened in this country on double bills in a dubbed version called "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus," but it's perhaps the most austere elegant horror film ever made. Franju called it "a poetic fantasy," and it's a symbolist attack on the ethics of scientists. Though in its way it's as simpleminded as the usual romantic young poet's denunciations of war or commerce, it has a vague, floating, lyric sense of dread which goes beyond the simpler effects of horror movies that don't make intellectual claims. Franju's approach is almost as purified and as mystic as Bresson's as he tells the story of a surgeon (Pierre Brasseur), who, in systematic experiments, removes the faces of beautiful young kidnapped women and tries to graft them onto the ruined head of his daughter (Edith Scob). He keeps failing, the girls are destroyed, yet he persists, in a terrible parody of the scientific method. In the end, the daughter—still

only eyes without a face—liberates the baying hounds on which he has also been experimenting, and they tear off his head. The film is both bizarrely sophisticated (with Alida Valli as the mad surgeon's mistress, doing the kidnapping in a black leather coat) and absurdly naïve in its plot elements. With Juliette Mayniel as Edna, and François Guérin and Claude Brasseur. The cinematography is by the great Eugen Schüfftan; the music is by Maurice Jarre; the superb gowns are by Givenchy. From Jean Redon's novel; Claude Sautet was one of Franju's troupe of co-writers. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18.)

FORCE 10 FROM NAVARONE—With Robert Shaw, Harrison Ford, Barbara Bach, Edward Fox, Franco Nero, Carl Weathers, and Richard Kiel; directed by Guy Hamilton. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Jan. 11.)

FOUL PLAY—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (72nd Street East; through Jan. 16.)

GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartian prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

GREASE—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The grease is the Elvis Presley sort of hair grease, the society is proudly sexist and ritualistic, the film's commercial calculation is obviously shrewd. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Embassy. ... ♣ D. W. Griffith; through Jan. 11.)

HALLOWEEN—With Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. (8th St. Playhouse.)

HARPER VALLEY P.T.A.—With Barbara Eden, Ronny Cox, and Nanette Fabray; directed by Richard Bennett. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Jan. 12.)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Gramercy; through Jan. 11.)

I CONFESS (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift) caught in a trap: either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. (Cinema Village; Jan. 14-15.)

THE INNOCENT—With Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; directed by Luchino Visconti. In Italian. (Gemini 2; starting Jan. 12.)

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality; a full-scale science-fiction horror fable, it's a realization of the potentialities of the material—a new classic. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Gemini 1, 86th St. East, and Rivoli.)

JUST CRAZY ABOUT HORSES—A documentary, di-

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rected by Tim Lovejoy and Joe Wemple. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 11.)

KING OF THE GYPSIES—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, Brooke Shields, and Eric Roberts; directed by Frank Pierson. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1.)

THE LAST WAVE—With Richard Chamberlain, directed by Peter Weir. (Beekman, and Paramount.)

THE LATE GREAT PLANET EARTH—A documentary narrated by Orson Welles, directed by Robert Amram. (Guild, Olympia, and Embassy 1; starting Jan. 17.)

LILI (1953)—Millions of schoolchildren chirruped "Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo" when this sickly-sweet musical whimsy from M-G-M was released. Mel Ferrer smiles his narcissistic, masochistic smiles as the crippled puppeteer who can speak his love to the sixteen-year-old orphan girl Lili (Leslie Caron) only through his marionettes. Caron is much too good for him, but the movie doesn't know it. With Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Kurt Kasznar. Charles Walters choreographed and directed, from Helen Deutsch's script, based on a Paul Gallico novel. Bronislau Kaper was given an Academy Award for that infernal score; Hollywood is shameless. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 14.)

THE LORD OF THE RINGS—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

MAGIC—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. The gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment—and the picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (Thalia; Jan. 17-18.)

MARATHON MAN (1976)—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled crosscutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 11.)

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (Greenwich, and Olympia; through Jan. 16.)

MOMENT BY MOMENT—With Lily Tomlin and John Travolta, directed by Jane Wagner. (Coronet.)

MOROCCO (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first Hollywood film, and perhaps Josef von Sternberg's most effective piece of romantic myth-making. It's enchantingly silly, full of soulful grand passions, drifting cigarette smoke, and perhaps a few too many pictorial shots of the Foreign Legion marching this way and that. Dietrich is Amy Jolly, a mysterious woman with a past she won't talk about, who arrives in Morocco and gets a job singing in a rough café. You feel that she's a

real performer here: when she comes out to sing, her energy level soars. For her first number, she appears in top hat, white tie, and tails; a Legionnaire (Gary Cooper) shushes the raucous, jeering crowd. She sings, in a deep, harsh voice, and then, in perhaps the most daring moment in all of her pictures, she eyes a woman at a table, takes a flower from her, kisses the startled woman on the mouth, and, turning, tosses the flower to Cooper. When, in a feather boa and a short leotard that shows off her long sleek legs, she sings "What Am I Bid for My Apples?", the Legionnaire knows just what to offer. Dietrich is at the peak of her naughty perfection—cool effrontery and a hint of amusement. The contrast of her high, rounded forehead and Madonna-like face with her low, uncouth voice provides an extraordinary sexual charge; her torso is sturdier than in her later movies, and her upper arms look full and strong, yet her face seems more ethereal than perhaps at any other time. Still the German Dietrich—not the almost abstract, international Dietrich she later became—she's charming throughout, and she and Cooper look great together. This is the movie with the classically giddy, ridiculously satisfying romantic finish: she says goodbye to rich, kind, worldly Adolphe Menjou, who loves her, kicks off her high heels, and follows Cooper and the departing Legionnaires into the desert. One could do with less of the eavesdropping café owner (Paul Porcasi). Jules Furthman wrote the script, based on the play "Amy Jolly," by Benno Vigny. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes, with additional work by Lucien Ballard. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 14 through the afternoon of Jan. 15.)

MOVIE MOVIE—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

MURDER BY CONTRACT (1959)—A cleanly constructed low-budget suspense picture about a hired killer (Vince Edwards). It was directed by Irving Lerner, who was perhaps better known as an editor. Lerner's technique here is a mode of high-contrast black-and-white atmospheric storytelling; his style is marked by unusual care for the psychology of the characters, and a desire that we share in his horror of the protagonist's brutal way of life. Lucien Ballard did the cinematography. With Herschel Bernardi, Michael Granger, and Joseph Mell. From a screenplay by Ben Simcoe. (Little Theatre; Jan. 16 and 18 at 6 and 8.)

MY LOVE HAS BEEN BURNING (1949)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio 2.)

OLIVER'S STORY—A sequel to "Love Story," with Ryan O'Neal again in the role of Oliver Barrett IV. Also with Candice Bergen; di-

rected by John Korty. (34th St. East, and Loews State 2.)

ONCE IN PARIS—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

PRETTY BABY—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). The film is astute in its understanding of the familiarity between blacks and whites that existed in the South. Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (New Yorker; through Jan. 11.... Thalia; Jan. 12-13.)

THE RITZ (1976)—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns. Lester's work is always to be seen, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (Cinema Village; Jan. 17-18.)

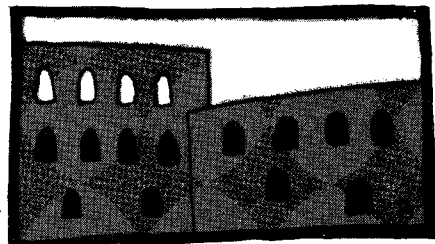
SADIE MCKEE (1934)—Joan Crawford, in her ruffles-on-the-shoulders days. She's a poor working girl, but with lots of glamorous men around her—Franchot Tone, Edward Arnold (as a rich, happy drunk), and Gene Raymond (who sings "All I Do Is Dream of You"). The picture has the M-G-M romantic gloss and glitter. Clarence Brown directed, from a John Mehan screenplay based on a Viña Delmar story. With Esther Ralston, Akim Tamiroff, Jean Dixon, and Leo Carrillo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A tepid, sweet meal. Gentle lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Cinema I.)

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (1934)—Josef von Sternberg turned the story of Catherine the Great into what he himself called a "relentless excursion into style;" the décor and the visual motifs became the stars, and Marlene Dietrich was used as a camera subject instead of as a person. She's photographed behind veils and fishnets, while dwarfs slither about and bells ring and everybody tries to look degenerate. Von Sternberg had a peculiar notion that all this showy pomposity proved that film was an art medium. The picture is egocentric and empty of drama, yet it has the fascination (and the tediousness) that bizarre, obsessional movies often have. Sam Jaffe, in a fright wig and smiling like a death's-head, plays mad, crippled Peter; Dietrich's daughter, Maria Sieber, appears in the opening scenes as the young Catherine; John Lodge, with dashing long hair and a mustache, swaggers about in furs. With Louise Dresser, strangely folksy as the old Empress, and Jane Darwell, Gavin Gordon, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 14 through the afternoon of Jan. 15.)

THE SERPENT'S EGG (1977)—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfired. (1/30/78) (New Yorker; through Jan. 11.)

A SLAVE OF LOVE—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovoi). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Plaza.)



SLOW DANCING IN THE BIG CITY—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn) who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. The film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner, and it never once lands on target. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture was "Rocky"), are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. (11/20/78) (Cinema II.)

A SPECIAL DAY (1977)—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." In Italian. (10/17/77) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 12-16.)

STAGE FRIGHT (1950)—A Hitchcock backstage thriller without much thrill. The story, with its opening flashback that turns out to be a cheat, doesn't hold together, and Jane Wyman is pallid and seems fatally miscast. But there is some diversion to be had from a movie with Marlene Dietrich, Alastair Sim, Sybil Thorndike, Joyce Grenfell, Kay Walsh, Miles Malleon, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding. (Cinema Village; Jan. 14-15.)

STUDS LONIGAN (1960)—Irving Lerner directed this small-scale version of the James T. Farrell material, set among the Chicago Irish in the twenties; clearly, Lerner didn't have the resources to do Farrell's characters and milieu justice, but it's an honorable low-budget try by a group of people trying to break the Hollywood molds, and there are a few passages of daring editing that indicate what the film was aiming for. It's an underfinanced American attempt at an "I Vitelloni." Christopher Knight plays Studs, but even when the picture came out audience interest centered on his teen-age pals—Frank Gorshin as Kenny, and the very young Jack Nicholson as Weary Reilly, who is arrested for rape. With Mme. Spivy as Mother Josephine, Jack Kruschen as Charlie the Greek, and Jay C. Flippen as Father Gilhooley. Also with Helen Westcott and Dick Foran, and Venetia Stevenson as Lucy, the girl Studs dreams about. Among the people who worked on the production were Haskell Wexler and, in the editing, Verna Fields and Melvin Shapiro. The adaptation (not inspired) was by Philip Yordan, who also produced. (Little Theatre; starting Jan. 16, shown nightly at 10.)

SUPERMAN—The film has its moments, but it gives the impression of having been made in panic—in fear that style or "too much" imagination might endanger its appeal to the literal-minded. Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see it: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, dead-pan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner, though there's so little consistency that each sequence might have had a different director and been color-processed in a different lab. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THINGS TO COME (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tententious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers in Raymond Massey's and Ralph Richardson's dialogue and acting. (Thalia; Jan. 17-18.)

TODAY WE LIVE (1933)—William Faulkner wrote a story called "Turn About," which had to do with the First World War rivalry between the aviators and the men in the torpedo boats; it had no heroine. Adapted to the screen, it became a vehicle for Joan Crawford, and the

subject became how she can be freed from her old love so that she can give herself (in marriage) to Gary Cooper. There are some (uninspired) flying scenes, and some sequences on the high seas; the personal relationships are rather baffling—maybe because although Crawford is the star, she really doesn't seem to have a place in the picture. The director, Howard Hawks, must have been confused, too; he gets minimal results from the cast, which includes Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns, and Louise Closser Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

TOO HOT TO HANDLE (1938)—A lively Clark Gable-Myrna Loy comedy based on some very strange notions of heroism and ethics. Gable is a hotshot unscrupulous newsreel cameraman who fakes war stories and will do anything for a scoop. One of his dirty tricks wrecks Loy's reputation, and they carry on a love-hate affair that jumps around from China to the Amazon jungle. (At one point, she rescues him by disguising herself as a witch doctor.) Laurence Stallings and John Lee Mahin thought up this movie, and it must be meant to be a satire, but who can be sure of what? Jack Conway directed, for speed and wisecracks. With Walter Pidgeon, Walter Connolly, Leo Carrillo, Marjorie Main, and Al Shean. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 15.)

TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records but directed as unemotionally as if Joan were a philosophy student taking an oral examination. Cold and mannered. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

VIOLETTE—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.... Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 12.)

A WEDDING—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way. (10/2/78) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 12-16.)

WIFEMISTRESS—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of hit picture M-G-M was famous for. The Faith Baldwin story still shows, but Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked to give it a brittle shine, and Harlow the comedienne is best when the surface is hard. Clarence Brown directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 15.)

WILDNESS FAMILY, PART 2—With Robert Logan, directed by Frank Zuniga. (Guild, and Embassy 1; through Jan. 16.)

THE WIZ—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced, Hecht and MacArthur did the script, Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 14.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON a recent night, a WALK sign lay on the sidewalk on Vesey Street near the World Trade Center. The post it was attached to had probably been knocked over by a truck backing up. The cable running through the post was intact, and the WALK sign was still flashing its signals in unison with its twin on the other side of Vesey Street. Unlike its mundane twin, however, this WALK sign, flashing its signals up into the night sky, was now part of a whole new intersection. The new intersection was vast and invisible. Its crosswalk lines presumably ran parallel to the World Trade Center towers for the first quarter mile or so, but the other side of the crosswalk was so far away that it could not be seen in the heavens. The people crossing Vesey Street, their minds on other things, did not notice the possibilities of the new intersection that the WALK sign had turned its face to. During the DON'T WALK cycle, crowds did not gather on this side of the new intersection to wait to start across. And on the other side were there pedestrians so far away that only hundreds of billions of years from now, when our earth had become a cold cinder, would they find out that it was O.K. to walk? What kind of pedestrians were they that could walk through space on conceptual planes? What kind of many-light-year boots would they have to wear to cross in the forty seconds of a WALK cycle? What would run over them if they didn't make it?

Wonderful

FOR reasons of their own, Christopher Little and David White firmly believe that this life, dammit, is a wonderful life. Annually, they throw a small party to celebrate that shared perception of reality. What they do at the

party is this: they have a few drinks and eat a few ham sandwiches and then they watch an old movie on television. Specifically, they watch "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946, Frank Capra, three handkerchiefs, happy ending). Every year, it is the same movie, and every year, with slight variations, the same audience comes to watch—fifteen or twenty friends who agree that Jimmy Stewart is a great guy and Donna Reed is a swell and pretty girl and Lionel Barrymore makes a convincing villain. The eighth annual "It's a Wonderful Life" party took place one night shortly after Christmas in David White's apartment, on the East Side. When we arrived, a few minutes ahead of the rest of the guests, White, who used to be a reporter for the *Times* and now spends his days finishing a novel, was busy with last-minute preparations.

"This thing always gets shown on television around Christmastime, and we pore over every word of *TV Guide* trying to find out when," he said as he sliced ham. "Once, we got stuck with a late-afternoon showing, which meant that we had to invite people to start drinking at four o'clock. Believe it or not, there were some people who weren't willing to leave work early to come to the party. We had to strike them from the invitation list. Nothing

strictly personal, of course, but they've been permanently banned. Well, it's not really a *permanent* ban. You can get back on the list if you've got a doctor's excuse or a note from your mother. This year, Channel 5 broadcast the movie on Christmas Day at *twelve-thirty*—in the middle of the day. Indecent. Naturally, we couldn't get anyone to show up for that, so we decided to hold the party tonight, even though Christmas is over. Fortunately, with great foresight we taped the movie last year on a Betamax machine for just such a situation. I think it's a pretty good tape. We edited out all the commercials, so you won't be seeing any Kitchen Magician or Crazy Eddie ads. The Betamax is over there." He pointed to a compact machine on top of a desk. "At the appropriate moment, the ground-service crew will move the television set into the most advantageous viewing spot in the room."

People began to arrive now. Christopher Little, a photographer who lives in Chelsea, was among them. He shook White's hand, nodded gravely, and said, "Wonderful life, David."

"Wonderful life, Christopher," White said sternly.

Several people in the room had seen the movie more times than they could remember. Jane Bayard, an assistant curator at the Yale University Art Gallery, did remember. "This is the seventh time for me," she said. "I've seen it more than any other movie."

"It's a violation of the rules to watch this movie out of town or during the off-season," said Little. "Hawaii in July, for instance—strictly forbidden. Technically, it's possible not to like the movie but to love this party as an institution."

"No," said Jane Bayard. "I think it's necessary to love the movie."

"For sheer raw emotional power," said a friend of hers, an architect named Patrick Curley, "I don't think you can beat the scene where Jimmy





"You take Republican Visa cards, I presume."

Stewart leans over that bridge railing, having decided not to commit suicide after all, and says, 'I want to live! I want to live!'"

"Patrick was in Jerusalem during last year's party," Jane said.

"I looked all through the Jerusalem television listings," he said. "I guess the movie isn't that popular over there."

Our invitation had noted that a special guest was going to be present. As we were surveying the room looking for someone charismatic, Little said, "Trying to pick out the special guest, I see. I'm afraid that fell through. David's girlfriend, Margaret Stanback, works with a woman who used to be a friend of the next-door neighbor of the girlfriend of Jimmy Stewart's nephew. We thought the nephew would be here tonight, but he had to go to Florida. If we had held this party last week, he would have made it. We're thinking of waiting until the tenth annual celebration before we get

Uncle Jimmy and Donna Reed involved. But I'm sure they'll accept."

It was almost time for the Betamax machine to be turned on. While Patrick Curley cleaned the television screen with Windex, David White made a brief speech. "You may wonder why you've all been invited here tonight," he said. "The story begins, in at least one important respect, the same way that the story of the birth of Jesus Christ begins, and that is that it begins on a dark and wintry night. It was 1970, and three desperate college students—Christopher Little, myself, and Christopher's sister Suzanne—home on vacation with nothing better to do, spent the evening watching a movie on television. That movie was 'The Miracle of the Bells.' And when it ended, at one-thirty in the morning, we flipped the channel selector and stumbled across another movie. Christopher watched a few frames and then uttered these immortal words: 'Wait.

I've seen this movie before. It's a *great* movie.' Christopher spoke as if another miracle were at hand, and we could only have faith. And he was right. So now, even though Christmas is over and you've all unwrapped your neckties and blouses, you still need Donna Reed and Jimmy Stewart to remind you that there may not yet be peace in the Middle East, the dollar may be unstable, inflation may be rampant, but it is a wonderful life."

There was brief applause. Then the lights went out, the television screen brightened, the opening credits rolled, and the room filled with the sound of deeply contented sighing. About fifteen minutes into the movie, Christopher Little, who had been lying on the floor, stood up and went to mix himself a drink.

"I'll be right back," he said to no one in particular. "Tell me what happens, will you?"

Homecoming

WE were coming back to the city from sylvan outer New Jersey on a frosty Tuesday afternoon when, as our train paused at the crumbly station of the once famous Erie Railroad in Paterson, we were unexpectedly joined for the sixteen-mile run to Hoboken by a friend of long standing—E. M. Frimbo, the inexhaustible railway buff. Some months ago, we recalled, he had reached his temporary goal of travelling two and a half million miles by train. "A trip like this is no way to make it three million miles, if that's your game," we remarked as he sat down beside us.

"I know," he said. "But there's a reason. I've just come from a sort of family reunion." And, without our asking for an explanation, he launched himself into one, exactly like this:

Homecoming at year's end is always a time of bliss for us old settlers, even when the homestead may have seen better days, and today Paterson had a celebration for a distinguished citizen, born there in 1910, who had come back to stay. Our family was deep in the Industrial Revolution, back in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and was still in it when some of us came across here to a new country. You've heard of it—the Thirteen Original Colonies. Paterson was its first, or nearly its first, industrial citadel; Alexander Hamilton was involved in the founding of Paterson, in the guise of The Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures. Then Major L'Enfant had a hand, and sometimes two, in the laying out of the town,

after he had been south to plan the intricate system of streets and avenues and circles for a new nation's new capital. At first, our family's Industrial Revolutionists were building waterwheels and other machinery for cotton and woollen mills in New England, but they began building steam locomotives in Paterson as far back as 1837, in the Rogers engine works. Oh, Paterson was quite the fine little industrial capital. There were three other important engine works; there were silk-weaving and silk-dyeing establishments by the dozen; John Holland built the first successful New World submarine there, and tried it out in the Passaic River, which flows through the town; it was there that Samuel Colt built the gun mill that turned out his famous revolver; and there, later on, the Wright Aeronautical people built the engine for Lindbergh's transatlantic hop, and engines for our air forces in both world wars. The locomotives made in the Rogers works, which was big enough to allow thirteen of them to be constructed at a time, were put on flatcars and hauled down Market Street by a team of horses to the Erie Railroad—right past the palace-size city hall. One of them was the General, a celebrated participant in the Civil War. It was by this course, in reverse, that the distinguished citizen of today came home. Not on a flatcar, though, because the rails have vanished, but on a flatbed truck, to which was nevertheless attached, at the business end, the traditional team of horses. It had to be a truck, for this citizen weighs in at forty-five tons, being a locomotive—one that had just recently been retired after years of service as a Usefull Manufacture, and had been built in Paterson in 1910 by the Cooke works, a comradely neighbor of the Rogers shops. My special interest in the occasion was that the Cooke was to be domiciled in what can justifiably be called our family manse in Paterson—the erecting shop of the Rogers works, which is a tall, peak-roofed, brick-walled, wooden-floored mill. It is in excellent health, despite its years, and is

at this moment being readied by an enthusiastic crew of Patersonian craftsmen to carry on through another century, as part museum, part repository, part offices. The fact is that everyone in Paterson seems to be enthusiastic about bringing the town back up to snuff, which is where it hasn't been since the modern Industrial Revolution began to pass it by, moving on out West and down South. Among the enthusiasts are the huntsmen who sought out an obtainable indigenous steam engine for the museum; they found the Cooke at a tourist railroad in eastern Pennsylvania. And there are the schoolchildren who contributed nickels and dimes to the project, and the substantial citizens who contributed time and cash and the flatbed truck and the team of horses, and also automobiles in which invited offshoots of the Cooke and the Rogers families travelled across town behind the locomotive this cold and blowy day from the Erie station to the new museum. My automobile was an open-air but splendidly upholstered Chalmers of 1911, still quite capable of propelling itself and six passengers. Right-hand drive, too; you don't get that every day. And—to go on with the list of enthusiasts—there is Joseph Bograd, the president of the Great Falls Development Corporation (it was the Great Falls of the Passaic, all of seventy-seven feet high, and its three-tiered raceway that gave the mills, including the Rogers, nestled el-

bow to elbow along its banks, their water power *and* their water, of which silk-dyeing uses plenty), which, along with the city, is dedicated to the task of bringing the factory complex back to life. The federal government has made the complex a National Historic Landmark—that is to say, a perpetually unendangered species—and in time it will be fully and usefully reoccupied. And there is Jack Stokvis, Special Projects Manager for the City of Paterson's Department of Community Development. I met him a couple of years ago in New London when that glorious red brick H. H. Richardson railway station, snatched at the last moment from the claws of "urban redevelopers," was rededicated after being splendidly put to rights by the Boston outfit that calls itself Anderson Notter & Finegold, Inc., which has done such good work in rehabilitating many of the nearly derelict Boston-waterfront warehouses. All over the Thirteen Colonies, there are, as these examples demonstrate, many chores to be done in defending and revivifying what you might term our American heritage. I do my share of preserving worthy railway artifacts, and in New London that day I sensed an ally in Stokvis. Now some more enthusiasts. The City of Paterson, Lawrence F. Kramer, Mayor, ten years in office. And Mary Ellen Kramer, wife to the Mayor. It's an odd thing about American girls who



are named Mary Ellen—they're all full of beans. My favorite Mary Ellen had been a wizard at re-covering difficult old furniture and at Greek belly dancing. Now I must add the Kramer Mary Ellen. When she heard that a certain set of predators—those who call themselves highway engineers—were planning to drive a six-lane elevated road right through the cluster of ancient mills along the Passaic, she set about organizing such a fulminating tumult that the scheme was abandoned; our family manse is now nestled forever in the arms of the City of Paterson.

Well, the parade this day had trouble getting started. It was to have been headed by the youngest and most energetic marching band I have ever heard—contributed by the town's John F. Kennedy High—but the conga prancing of its long-legged, short-skirted young ladies and the thunder of its drum corps nearly panicked the team of draft horses, so the band was commanded to fall in behind them. I and my companions, two of them out of City Hall, followed in the Chalmers, and other first-generation automobiles followed us. En route, along with

Kramer, Bograd, and Stokvis, I took any number of bows from the citizenry, Lord knows why. All other traffic was summarily repressed as we snailed down Market Street to the city hall, where a dozen commendably brief and literate felicitatory addresses were delivered. We then proceeded, again behind the locomotive and that clarion music, to the Rogers works, and climbed the wooden staircase, completely Colonial in its simplicity and handsomeness, to the top floor for a most congratulatory and convivial reception and a look across the town. There is still a good deal of the old Paterson to be seen: the early mills; the early post office, which is as soaring and flamboyantly Flemish as its progenitor in Haarlem; the Roman and Grecian temples that masquerade as banks; the small and serene Hamilton Club, amid whose fluted wooden pillars I later lunched with my co-enthusiasts Stokvis and Bograd. And there is still a good deal to be done to restore that old Paterson.

I guess I miss the Thirteen Colonies. It was a neat little country. Not a great many comforts—long hours, hard work—but reasonably homogeneous: a

mingling of us and the French Canadians and the mainland Portuguese and those from the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands, whom we imported to help run the mills of New England, and the Irish, in such numbers that much of downtown Paterson still bears the name of Dublin, and the Italians, who, along with the Irish, manned the silk mills. But you know how it is. We were merged into a conglomerate called the United States, and there went the neighborhood; the neighborhood began to *empty* as the enterprisers evacuated themselves to where the new factories were going to be built. And along came rayon and nylon and the diesel locomotive, and what the mills of New England and Paterson had been turning out no longer seemed to be such Usefull Manufactures. I wish that Americans were not in such a blooming hurry to take off from the old homestead when things go wrong, and look for that vanished frontier. If there is now a frontier on this continent, it lies in the upper reaches of the Thirteen Colonies, where underpopulated farmlands and villages, and even towns, are here and there giving way to the wilderness they once replaced. And I hope there are more Kramers and Stokvises and Bograds on whom we can count to do something about it.

At the Garden

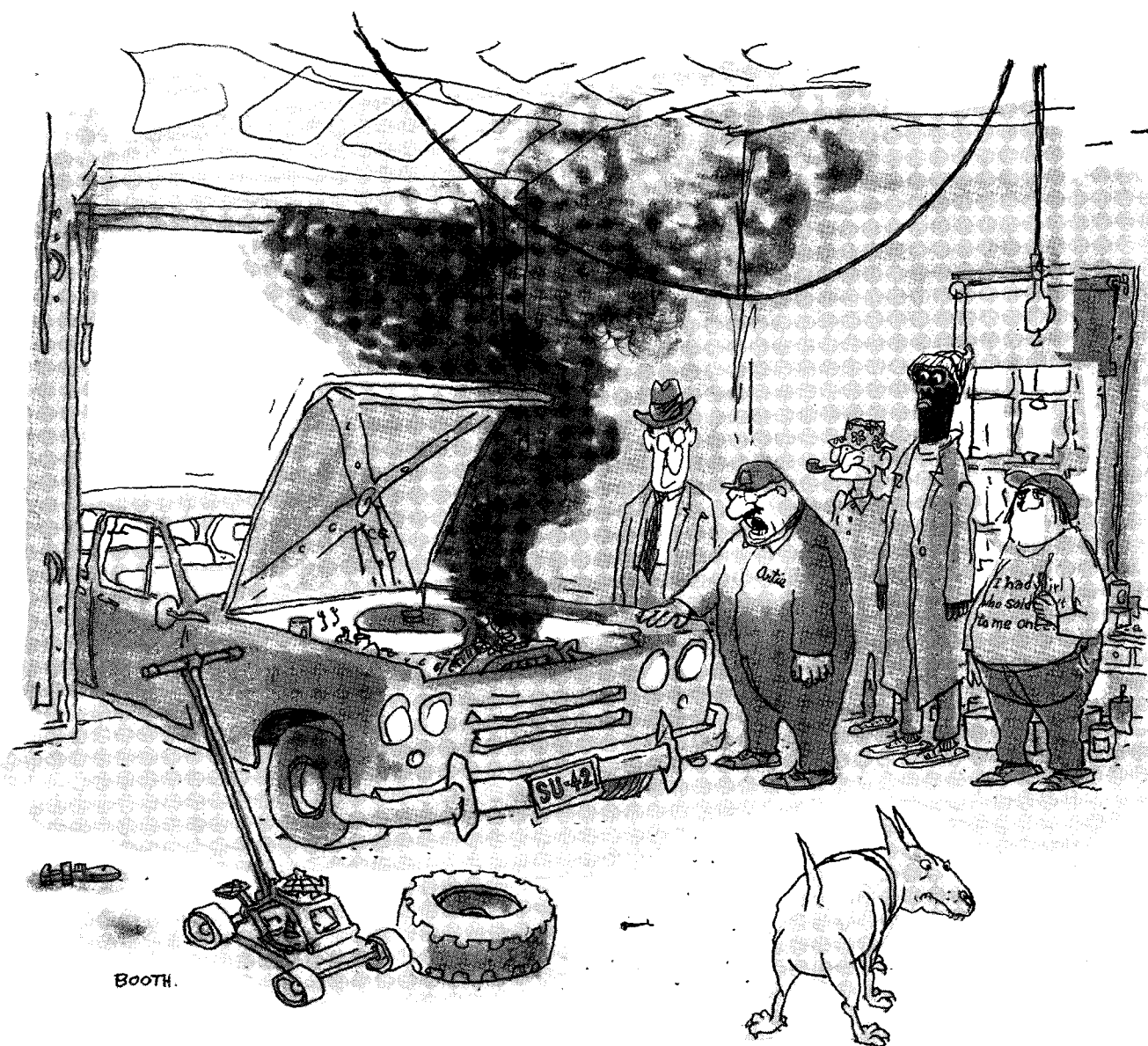
WE went with our two music-loving friends Angie and Louise to see Billy Joel at Madison Square Garden the other night. Angie is twenty-six and an art director; Louise is thirty-two and works for a historical society. Whenever Angie and Louise are together, no one else can get in a word, so we just took notes:

ANGIE: The last concert I went to at the Garden was Bruce Springsteen. I went with Marty, so we got good seats. Marty always gets good seats. He doesn't buy the tickets until the night of the concert. He comes early and looks for the best deal he can find from a scalper. I wish this line would move faster. It's below freezing.

LOUISE: Is that a scalper there? God, he's only about fifteen and he looks so tough. All those kids over there look tough. Especially the girls. Is it always like this at the Garden? The only other time I was here was for the Stones' concert three years ago. I hated it. I sat about four blocks back and six stories up, and I felt left out. Even Mick Jagger can't project that far.

ANGIE: What a weird crowd.





"That metallic grinding means her throwout bearings are shot. She's backfiring through her carburetor. The tick indicates transmission trouble, and the smoke means she's on fire."

They're either old or young, and they look as if they were from Long Island.

LOUISE: See those little girls? I bet Gilda Radner looked just like that when *she* was eleven. Are there always so many parents and kids?

ANGIE: I really love Billy Joel's songs.

LOUISE: Me, too. I mean, I only like three that I know of. The lyrics are witty and they have unexpected melodies.

ANGIE: I like Billy Joel's songs because they're mostly about the people I grew up with in Bayside. And I like the way he looks, too. His eyes are always bulging right off the record jackets.

LOUISE: To me, pop music is strictly eyebrows. A performer is only as good as his eyebrows are raised high. Have you ever seen Bobby Short? No one can beat Bobby Short when it comes to raised eyebrows. And he

shouldn't even be looking that intense or interested, because he's usually singing about being bored or jaded. Ever see Steve Lawrence on the Carol Burnett show? He's always got 'em up, right? And Bob Dylan, Arlo Guthrie, Robbie Robertson—so do they. If Billy Joel can raise his eyebrows as high in person as he does on his album covers, he must be pretty good.

ANGIE: I feel that way about Doritos.

LOUISE: These are great seats, but right under us is the ice-hockey rink. I wish I had on my furry boots.

ANGIE: After Bruce Springsteen, Marty said he'd never take me to another rock concert. He hates it when I gush over rock stars.

LOUISE: My mother saw Billy Joel on "Saturday Night Live." He's her idea of such a nice boy.

ANGIE: Is "Piano Man" one of your three favorites?

LOUISE: Sounds like Dylan on that one.

ANGIE: "The Stranger"?

LOUISE: Too punk-rocky.

ANGIE: "Vienna"? "Movin' Out"?

LOUISE: Too much like Paul McCartney.

ANGIE: Marty really gets me ticked off. He says I'll probably like Barry Manilow next. Marty says, "What's so special about Billy Joel? I went to high school with plenty of wisecracking New York kids just like Billy Joel. Most of them are probably carpet salesmen now."

[The audience begins chanting "BIL-LY! BIL-LY!" It sounds like twenty thousand people calling a little kid out to play. The lights go down.]

ANGIE: Hey! Billy Joel's not wearing a suit.

LOUISE: But his bluejeans are pressed.

THE CARTOONIST

I AM inking a multi-panel cartoon of an elephant on a desert island with two rabbits. The rabbits propagate rapidly from panel to panel, and finally a hundred rabbits push the elephant into the sea. The scratch of my pen, I know, can be heard through the hot-air vent on the floor near my desk and has unnerved Monsieur Marcel in the next room. He is the oldest son of the Boudet family, in whose house I am a tenant.

Monsieur Marcel is pacing back and forth in his room, tapping things with a coat hanger. "Why don't I write? Don't worry, I will write. Why don't I marry? I will marry—this year, even. Why should I? Because this is no way to live. Who needs me? Plenty of women, don't worry." Questions are tapped on wood—the dresser, the floor, the mantelpiece. Answers are tapped on jars and bottles. A muffled noise suggests he is hitting the stuffed gazelle above the fireplace.

I move nearer to the hot-air vent to enlarge the sound of my inking. The rip of the pen point is very shrill. Monsieur Marcel dashes about his room. I can smell him over the vent: old cigarettes, oil of bitter almond.

My rent is nominal, and I have a room on the fourth floor, with a fine view from a French window overlooking the Boudet garden. I also have my own bathroom—they say eighty per cent of the bathrooms in Paris are in this district—with my own large circular aluminum bathtub leaning against the wall. I lay it flat and attach a rubber hose with a sprinkler head to the faucet on the wall. When I am finished washing, there is the problem of lifting the tub, which bends with the weight of the water, and emptying it into the sink.

AT nine o'clock I decide to go out for a Pernod. At this hour there is little likelihood of running into any of the nosy Boudets, who wander the house. I put on my coat, turn out the light, and open my door slowly, just enough to slip out sideways, to avoid a squeaking hinge. Feeling for the hall-light switch, my hand runs over a face in the dark. The light goes on, and there stands Mademoiselle Céleste, the oldest daughter of the family. Earlier, her voice rose up through the heating vent, humming softly—no more than a murmur, like a bird beating its wings. She is still at large, so to speak, at thirty-six years of age. Dedicated to family needs, laughing most of the

time, she washes, cooks, scrubs, shops, and invades the plumbing, unstuffing pipes. Céleste works harder than she has to, lifting heavy furniture, cranking the family car, and carrying barrels of ash to the street. Her straw-blond hair in an exotic bush on top of her head, she waits for someone to take her away somewhere—next door, upstairs, outside, to her room. The only time she leaves the house without Maman is when she goes shopping on her bicycle in the morning. Seizing its handlebars by the ears, she pulls it close and pedals away. Céleste goes to bed at nine, just after the dishes. Through the hot-air vent I follow her pulse right into bed, where she stops laughing abruptly.

In the hall—the glow on her face, the flower in her hair—I am under a spell. I can't move. At the slightest sound Monsieur Boudet, the father, might run out of his room below and find Mademoiselle in my arms. The old mother is likely to wake up. I'm terrified of families.

The timed light switch goes off. An embrace, a kiss—our part of the stairwell is shaking. I tell Céleste to control herself. We brush against the wall, and Céleste vanishes into the shadows just as her brother flings open his door with a cry of "Qui est-il?" He sees me and says, "I saw some of your drawings in *Féminoscope*, Monsieur. You work long hours. You are confident that you can sell this? What are you doing, actually? Cartooning? It doesn't pay royalties like a play or a story sold. Perhaps you do not do it for money. I am a writer, and I still get royalties on a play I wrote ten years ago—'Le Ciel Est Bleu au Printemps.' Now I prepare to write another."

It was only yesterday that a postman, delivering a pneumatique, arrived with a great clamor, blowing a whistle, knocking at the wrong door, across the street, arousing the neighborhood, then



finally arriving at my room to announce in full voice that I had a hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar payment in francs from *Paris-Match* for some finished cartoons. He paid me in small bills and coins, so that it took him fifteen minutes to count the payment outside my door. The Boudet family, gathering in his wake, gazed at this fantasy as if I had robbed the national treasury.

I tell Monsieur Marcel I am glad to hear he is writing a new play, say good night, and go down the stairs in the dark toward the third floor. On the landing at the turn of the stairs I hear a light step, a bannister squeak—it's Mademoiselle Céleste. She's in my arms. I'm pushed against the wall by her caresses. I implore her to be silent.

"Céleste!" Madame Boudet's voice sings out sweetly from two floors below, in the living room. We are very quiet. Céleste is almost pulled out of herself, so compelling is her mother's first call. "Céleste!" The second call is a kindly bark with a slight threat. Madame shouts that she wishes to be helped out of her chair. The third time Madame calls "Céleste!" it echoes and vibrates throughout the old house. There is a definite threat in Madame's voice now.

Céleste has every reason to be downcast. She doesn't even know that she is pretty. The family has bewitched her. She whispers, "I will be back, Monsieur. I go to Maman."

Monsieur Boudet's door on the second floor flaps open, and the stairwell lights up. "Qu'est-ce que c'est?" he calls. He pops his head out and sees me at the turn above. The father of the family, a national tapestry expert and merchant, he has been decorated by the French government. On grand occasions he dresses up in a military tunic encrusted with battle ribbons, campaign ribbons, bronze and silver stars, and braided gold epaulets roping his shoulders and chest in the glory of France. Draped diagonally from the right shoulder, the sash of the Legion of Honor ties the total Papa together—seventy-five years in this world. A little man with a fine face, he has sharp and delicate features, exactly spaced. Tonight he is dressed in a worn, moth-eaten bathrobe, buttoned up and down and tied in the middle by a curtain cord with a limp tassel.

"Bon soir, Monsieur," Papa says, saluting me from below with a sweeping gesture. "How go your cartoons?"

"Very well, Monsieur Boudet. Tonight I finished a drawing of a bearded psychoanalyst standing alongside a

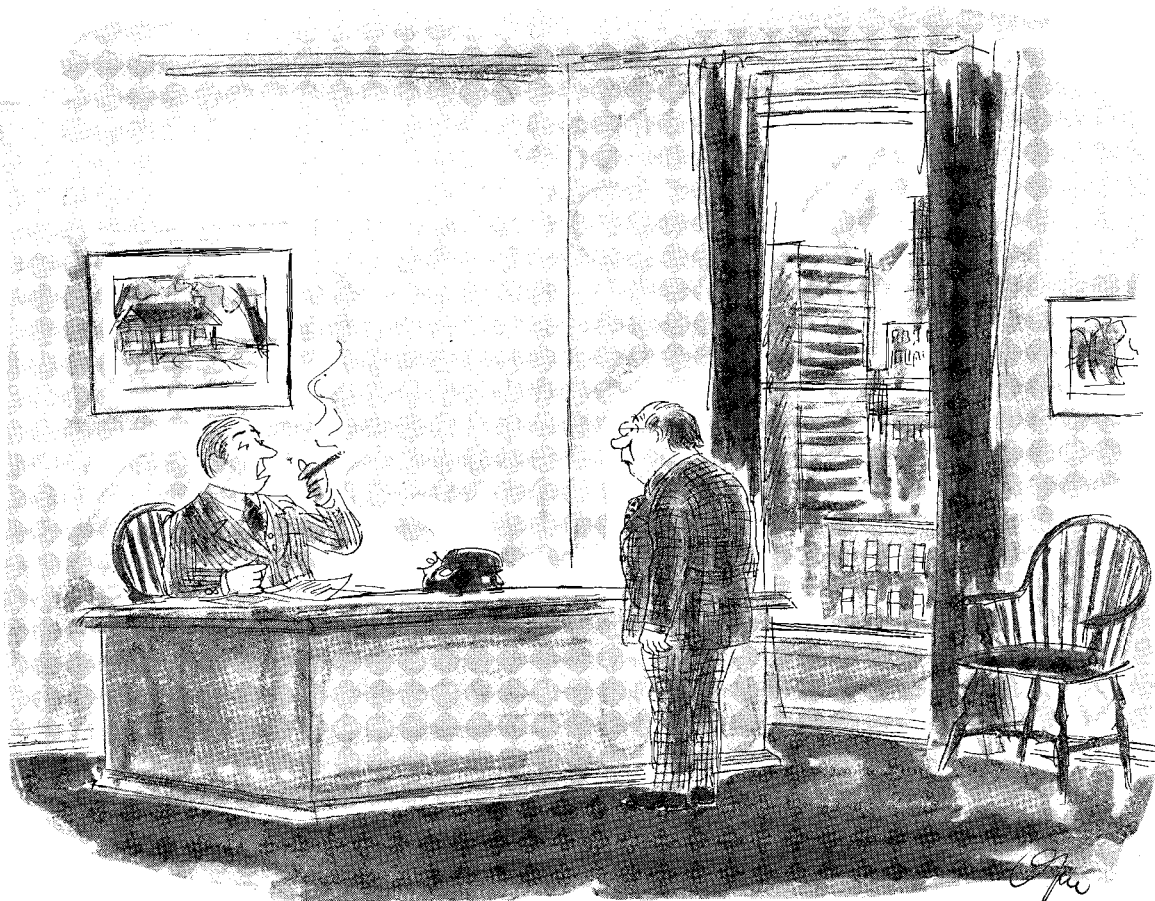
fatigued colleague who sits on a chair next to a sofa on which a woman who is unmanageable flails her arms and legs about. The standing analyst is saying to one of a number of other colleagues sitting on a bench, 'Kaplan, go in for Wilson,' as if he were a coach at a ball-game."

Monsieur Boudet asks in a dry, hollow voice, "You enjoy Paris, Monsieur?"

"Yes, I enjoy Paris enormously, sir. The not knowing where I am is the great charm for me. Coming out of a Métro station into streets that twist and tumble, hiding someone, maybe an old friend, history, a dead soul, something. This dear aimlessness is unknown and impossible back home in New York. The Zouave under the Pont de l'Alma, the boulangerie and the crémierie, Saint-Lazare and the Île de la Cité and Saint-Sulpice... Mainly, Monsieur Boudet, it's the people here—just as though you'd swallowed someone warm. When I was a boy, I was taken to the theatre quite often, and I became familiar with some of the great music-hall performers. But for high kicks and knocking out a few dance steps Simone Fournier at the Théâtre Mogador is unrivalled. I have discovered a coming star at the Olympia—one Émilienne, who lives only for her career. When she makes her entrance, the first thing you see is her face. She smiles to the left and right with an immense cheerfulness, wearing huge sprays of feathers on her head. Gliding like a swan, she reaches the footlights and starts to sing."

Monsieur Boudet has turned very pale. He leans against the wall, his eyes shut tight. I have been inking my cartoons for a week, building up a high tension, and unfortunately Monsieur Boudet has run into a loose wire. He excuses himself and hurries back into his room.

Céleste comes up the steps quickly and is about to speak when Madame Boudet's voice demands her return at once. "Try to mend your ways," she



"Crumpacker, you've come a long, long way. Perhaps too long a way."

calls out threateningly. "Think of... your family. Life is serious business at your... age. I wish to warn you... as a mother... for the last time... All this, my dear, leads me to take the darkest view."

I have never before seen Céleste in a bright color. She has changed into a tight-fitting dress, purple satin. She is remarkably pretty out of her house clothes, soft and tinted as a peach. She appears to dance all over.

From the dining room Madame bellows up a frightful "Céleste!" so loud the whole house echoes.

"It's Maman!" Céleste gasps, and I watch her run down the staircase, around and around, getting smaller.

When I start down again, Monsieur Marcel appears behind me and taps me on the arm. "Monsieur," he says, "when I write, I lie down and then sit up with pen to paper. I lie down again, sit up again. A physical vitality, exciting to the written word, Monsieur. In this morning's *Figaro*, you have a drawing of a man leaping from a moving Métro to escape the graffiti scribbled all over the car. The man also is covered with graffiti. Obviously this is a New York train. Here in Paris, graffiti belong in the W.C., n'est-ce pas?"

Madame Boudet comes out of her room on the second floor and, seeing me, smiles and waves as Monsieur Marcel retires downstairs to his ground-floor study. Still a girlish balloon at seventy, Madame was educated at home in this very house by tutors, in the style of the commercial class before the First World War.

"Bon soir, Monsieur. We have not seen you in... a long time. You have been... working. It is... good, good." From high joy Madame shifts to worldly medium gladness. "Today Céleste... and I... have been to visit my daughter Francine, who is... married... to Monsieur Iron Teeth."

I start to say something but am stopped by Madame's shift to deep sincerity communicated in low, confiding tones: "My daughter Céleste... and I... shall go to a tea tomorrow afternoon, given for the mothers of... priests. As you know, our son Honoré is a... priest... and has come home for... a visit."

I try to say something. "Madame Boudet, I think that..."

Her voice soars higher and higher, as if plaster cherubs were guiding each word heavenward: "Monsieur Boudet... Céleste... and I... have

been invited to visit . . .
Madame Albert, across
the roadway." She
turns and goes back
into her room, the big
brass bed shining past
the closing door.

I start downstairs
again, in the dark.
When I get to the first
floor, Mademoiselle
Céleste touches me.
Outside, it is pouring
now. The rain crashes
against the roof so
heavily we can hear it
spilling over the gutters
in torrents and water-
falls. We cling togeth-
er. The storm is driv-
ing the household cra-
zy. Doors are opening
and shutting. Lights go
on in rooms. Monsieur
Marcel runs out of his
study. He tilts his head
back, peering up. I
motion to Mademoi-
selle not to move:
maybe he'll go back
in of his own accord,
the pest. He hears us.
He's coming up. He
stops. He's carrying
a dozen or so folders.
A fit comes over him,
and he throws the
whole load of paper up
into the air. It rains
down all over the stair-
well. He turns and
goes back into his
study, slamming the
door.

We run up to my
room. Céleste's hair
has come loose. I cau-
tion her—the hot-air
vent. I implore, I
struggle, but she sobs,
her voice rising, "Mon-
sieur! Monsieur!" The
family could come up.
I'm terrified of the
family. The bed is
shaking. She's sighing
and moaning, and her voice grows
louder. I'm sure something's going to
happen. I try to hold her, to stop her
from moving. The house groans. The
whole family seems to spring up every-
where, their dreadful mumbling pour-
ing out of the vent and under the door.
Heavy footsteps clatter in the hallway.
Mademoiselle Céleste leaps up and is
gone.

A whistle blows, and the doorbell

ALL NIGHT

All night
I drift apart all night
In these bad times bad hours all night I look at what's to come

All night
The faces suddenly gone the sicknesses drifting past all night
The smiles of the lost adrift in the faceless dark

All night
Nothing to save them nothing left with which to save myself all night
I move toward the same path they travel as we drift apart

All night
Not in light but the deepest flight and mystery all night
The maps accumulate not to be sorted or known but suffered without release

All night
We discover in night all the traps that seem to fit in which all night
Our past lives fill the future in which the only traps are what we've been

All night
The sparrows at rest in the trees and the fingers that close the book all night
Ourselves and others caught on ice floes moving through the dark

All night
Where we go the day cares not the day awaits its new beginnings all night
The day prepares its survivors feast those who'll synchronize their watches with the sun

All night
But the night is different the night harbors the desolate all night
The angels at their portholes the gates in the moon that open or shut

All night
In extremity the night offers its one balm having gone so far go one step further all night
As in an instant at the sea's edge the madman leaps and the shapes of night relent

All night
Yet there are those other faces other voices that all night
Rise about us like white poppies as in a fever we drift in and out of the dark

All night
And if through love they'll enter through the deepest betrayal they'll leave yet all night
They return we hear them at our pillows all night the voices that whisper

All night
Of the dark that is the last chance and all the chances missed all night
The voices that say *forgive the unforgivable and you will heal else nothing lives*

All night
In these bad times bad hours as we drift through our sicknesses as all night
The fevers rise about us and sleepless once more all night we dream our passage through the dark

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

rings. I hear Monsieur Marcel's voice
shout, "Pneumatique, Monsieur. C'est
pour vous!"

The goddam postman is back with
a twenty-five-dollar payment in
francs. He can't add, and he counts
and re-counts, checking the sum again
and again. He asks about my cartoon
in *Franco-Soir*: "Monsieur, what does
it mean, the Tower of Pisa lying
down?"

I explain that I solve the problem of
the leaning tower by letting it fall,
then turning it into a motel, sectioning
the floor levels into room units. Mean-
while, Monsieur and Madame Boudet
have come up behind us, and Monsieur
Marcel's door has opened, and all three
count along with the postman.

At that moment Honoré, the young-
est son, the priest, visiting from Al-
sace; bounds up the stairs, cassock fly-

ing. He stops to shake hands and asks if I've been to Chartres or Rheims yet. "Monsieur," he says, "have you been to Saint-Denis to see the traceried windows? To experience the stained glass through a summer's afternoon is to realize the great glory of light, the quality of the old glass, holding sunlight within itself, so that the whole becomes a sea of colored fire. Amen." Father Honoré doesn't wait for an answer but explodes with sudden laughter. "Monsieur," he gets out, slapping me on the back, "Monsieur, that cartoon you show in *Paris-Match* of our Lord having a Negro butler to carry his cross to Calvary is very droll indeed. C'est très amusant, Monsieur."

We shake hands again, and he leaves, laughing all the way up to his room in the attic.

At the bottom of the staircase I find Mademoiselle Babette, the baby of the family, draped across the last few steps strumming a guitar. She sings softly in a sad voice about a street sparrow and hopeless love. She never helps Mademoiselle Céleste with the housework. She schemes to catch an eligible bachelor. She practices coquetry—lipping, dilating her nostrils, and opening her eyes wide at no matter what. Her head, covered with blond robin's-egg-size curls, cradles dreams of French dandies wrapped in tinfoil.

She smiles and says, "Bonjour, Monsieur. I have seen your cartoon, sans paroles, in *Éditions Denoël*. It is where the husband has come home unexpectedly to find his wife in déshabillé, without undergarments in bed, and the husband has rushed to open a closet door to seek the wife's lover, discovering instead a Métro full of standing men holding on to straps reading newspapers. The closet, it turns out, is a train station to the husband's bedroom, n'est-ce pas?" Mademoiselle Babette doesn't wait for me to explain. Instead, she asks, "What has happened to your hair, Monsieur? It is peach-color today. You are going out late tonight?"

I can't raise my head. She is sitting in a strange way, her guitar resting



"This much is certain. We're going to be a lot less thing-oriented in '79."

on one leg, the other hooked up high on the bannister, her panties showing.

"Yes, I go out, for a breath of air," I say. "Bon soir, Mademoiselle."

In the foyer I pass an embroidery hanging on the wall—the family tree of the ancient Boudet clan from the time of Clovis. There are perhaps a hundred male forebears on different limbs, branches, and twigs, in different clothing and hairdress, all resembling the father of the present family. It has stopped raining and the moon is out.

ON my return, an hour later, Mademoiselle Babette is still strumming her guitar at the bottom of the stairs. She tells me, in a facetious tone, that the man who weds Céleste will receive a rent-free apartment, that Monsieur Boudet would break down the wall between Monsieur Marcel's room and the room next door—my room—and make it one large grouping, that Monsieur Boudet would move Monsieur Marcel up into the attic.

On the second floor Monsieur Boudet looks out of his door, winks an eye, and says, "Monsieur, you went out without a parapluie in this unpredictable weather. Next time you may borrow one from the rack in the hallway."

As Monsieur Boudet goes back into his room, Madame comes out, smiling

at the return of the moon. "It floats in the sky like . . . a crêpe flambée," she says. Then she tells me about their dinner. "Monsieur, tonight we dined on gigot d'agneau en croûte, prepared by the . . . patient hands of our . . . dear daughter . . . Céleste." Madame rolls her eyes up into her head and whispers, "Monsieur, for dessert . . . melon mélange . . . avec café mousse. Tomorrow, we prepare to eat . . . médaillon of venison. Monsieur, after . . . Céleste and you are . . . married, you may take the deuxième étage, and my husband, Monsieur Boudet, and myself will . . . move up to the troisième étage, and our . . . son Monsieur Marcel will . . . move down to the rez-de-chaussée. Votre salon est une belle pièce, Monsieur, et nous avons . . . de beaux meubles . . . un piano, un divan, des fauteuils. Nous avons aussi un poste de radio et un poste de . . . télévision. . . ."

IT is past midnight, and the Boudets are asleep. I have packed my clothes and art supplies into a valise and my drawings into a portfolio. I open the door of my room, leaving the stairwell dark to awaken no one. The outside door squeaks as I walk out, setting Ru, a neighbor's dog, into a paroxysm of barks and howls. The lights in the Boudet house go on as I cross the garden to the outside gate. I walk quickly to Boulevard de l'Amiral-Bruix and hail a passing taxi. —LOU MYERS

BY THE SEA

BECAUSE she looked older than she was, eighteen, and was very pretty, her two slightly crooked front teeth more than offset by wheat-blond hair and green eyes, Dylan Ballyntyne was allowed to be a waitress at the Cypress Lodge without having been a busgirl first. She hated the work—loathed, despised it—but it was literally the only job in town, town being a cluster of houses and a couple of stores on the northern California coast. Dylan also hated the town and the wild, dramatically desolate landscape of the area, to which she and her mother had moved at the beginning of the summer, coming down from San Francisco, where Dylan had been happy in the sunny Mission District, out of sight of the sea.

Now she moved drearily through days of trays and dishes, spilled coffee and gelatinous ash-strewn food, fat cross guests or hyper-friendly ones. She was sustained by her small paycheck and somewhat more generous tips, and by her own large fantasies of ultimate rescue, or escape.

The Lodge, an ornately Victorian structure with pinnacles and turrets, was on a high bluff two miles south of town, surrounded by sharply sloping meadows which were edged with dark-green cypresses and pines, overlooking the turbulent, shark-infested, almost in-

accessible sea. (One more disappointment: talking up the move, Dylan's mother, self-named Flower, had invented long beach days and picnics; they would both learn to surf, she had said.)

Breakfast was served at the Lodge from eight till ten-thirty, lunch from eleven-thirty until two, in a long glassed-in porch, the dining room. Supposedly between those two meals the help got a break, half an hour for a sandwich or a cigarette, but more often than not it was about five minutes, what with lingering breakfasters and early, eager lunchers. Dinner was at six, set up at five-thirty, and thus there really was a free hour or sometimes two, in the mid- to late afternoon. Dylan usually spent this time in the "library" of the Lodge, a dim, musty room, panelled in fake mahogany. Too tired for books, although her reading habits had delighted English teachers in high school, she leafed through old *House Beautifuls*, *Gourmets*, or *Vogues*, avidly drinking in all those ads for the accoutrements of rich and leisurely exotic lives.

Curiously, what she saw and read made her almost happy, for that limited time, like a drug. She could nearly believe that she saw herself in *Vogue*, in a Rolls-Royce ad: a tall thin blond woman (she was thin, if not very tall) in

silk and careless fur, one jewelled hand on the fender of a silver car, and in the background a handsome man, dark, wearing a tuxedo.

Then there was dinner. Drinks. Wines. Specifics as to the doneness of steaks or roasts. Complaints. I ordered *medium rare*. Is this crab really *fresh*? And heavy trays. The woman who managed the restaurant saw to it that waitresses and busgirls "shared" that labor, possibly out of some vaguely egalitarian sense that the trays were too heavy for any single group. By eight-thirty or so, Dylan and all the girls would be slow-witted with exhaustion, smiles stiffening on their very young faces, perspiration drying under their arms and down their backs. Then there would come the stentorian voice of the manageress: "*Dylan*, are you awake? You look a thousand miles away."

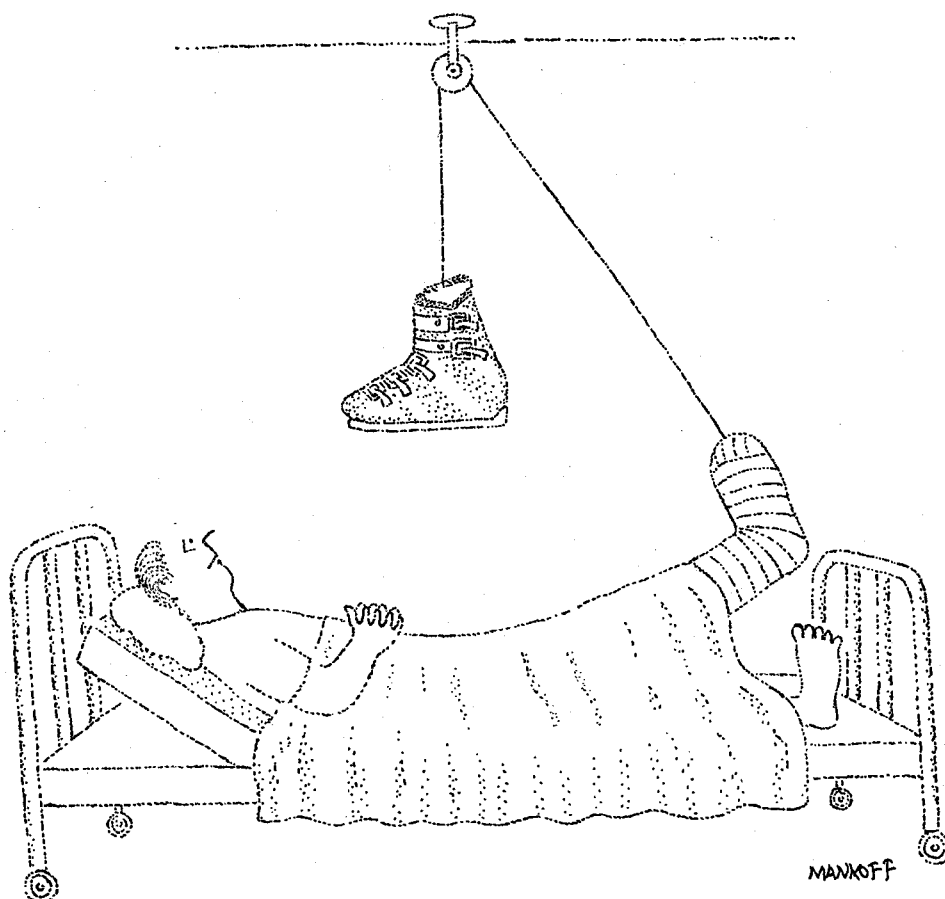
Actually, in her dreams, Dylan was less than two hundred miles away, in San Francisco.

One fantasy of rescue which Dylan recognized as childish, and unlikely, probably, was that a nice older couple (in their fifties, anyway: Flower was only thirty-eight) would adopt her. At the end of their stay at the Lodge, after several weeks, they would say, "Well, Dylan, we just don't see how we're going to get along without you. Do you think you could possibly . . . ?" There had in fact been several couples who could have filled that bill—older people from San Francisco, or even L.A., San Diego, Scottsdale—who stayed for a few weeks at the Lodge, who liked Dylan and tipped her generously. But so far none of them had been unable to leave without her; they didn't even send her postcards.

Another fantasy, a little more plausible, more grownup, involved a man who would come to the Lodge alone and would fall in love with Dylan and take her away. The man was as indistinct as the one in the Rolls-Royce ads, as vaguely handsome, dark, and rich.

In the meantime, the local boys who came around to see the other waitresses tried to talk to Dylan; their hair was too long and their faces splotchily sunburned from cycling and surfing, which were the only two things they did, besides drinking beer. Dylan ignored them, and went on dreaming.

THE usual group of guests at the Lodge didn't offer much material for fantasy: youngish, well-off couples who arrived in big new station wagons with several children, new summer clothes, and new sports equipment.



Apart from these stylish parents, there were always two or three very young couples, perhaps just married or perhaps not, all with the look of not quite being able to afford where they were.

And always some very old people.

There was, actually, one unmarried man (almost divorced) among the guests, and although he was very nice, intelligent, about twenty-eight, he did not look rich, or, for that matter, handsome and dark. Whitney Iverson was a stocky red-blond man with a strawberry birthmark on one side of his neck. Deep-set blue eyes were his best feature. Probably he was not the one to fall in love and rescue Dylan, although he seemed to like her very much. Mr. Iverson, too, spent his late afternoons in the Lodge's library.

Exactly what Mr. Iverson did for a living was not clear; he mentioned the Peace Corps and Vista, and then he said that he was writing; not novels—articles. His wife was divorcing him and she was making a lot of trouble about money, he said: a blow, he hadn't thought she was like that. (But how could he have enough money for anyone to make trouble about, Dylan wondered.) He had brought down a carload of books. When he wasn't reading in his room, or working on whatever he was writing, he took long, long walks, every day, miles over the meadows, back and forth to what there was of a town. Glimpsing him through a window, as she set up tables, Dylan noted his stride, his strong shoulders. Sometimes he climbed down the steep perilous banks to the edge of the sea, to the narrow strip of coarse gray sand that passed for a beach. Perfectly safe, he said, if you checked the tides. Unlike Dylan, he was crazy about this landscape; he found the sea and the stretching hills of grass and rock, the acres of sky, all marvellous; even the billowing fog that threatened all summer he saw as lovely, something amazing.

Sometimes Dylan tried to see the



"Here, Cartwright, let an old Eagle Scout have a go at that."

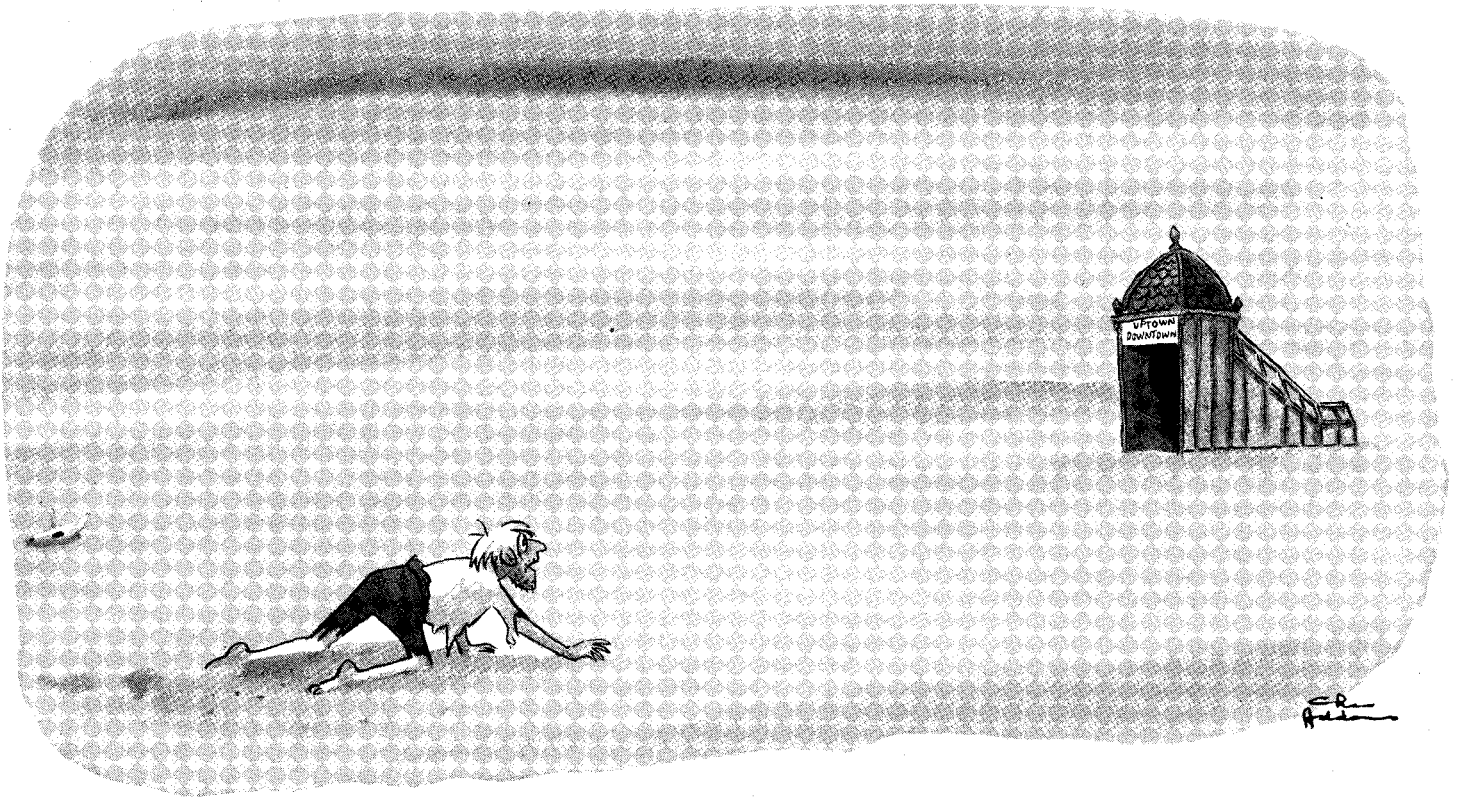
local scenery with Whitney Iverson's eyes, and sometimes, remarkably, this worked. She was able to imagine herself a sojourner in this area, as he was, and then she could succumb to the sharp blue beauty of that wild Pacific, the dark-green, wind-bent feathery cypresses, and the sheer cliffs going down to the water, with their crevices of moss and tiny brilliant wild flowers.

But usually she just looked around in a dull, hating way. Usually she was miserably bored and hopelessly despondent.

THEY had moved down here to the seaside, to this tiny nothing town, Dylan and Flower, so that Flower could concentrate on making jewelry, which was her profession. Actually, the move was the idea of Zachery, Flower's boyfriend. Flower would make the jewelry and Zach would take it up to San Francisco to sell; someday he might even try L.A. And Zach would bring back new materials for Flower to use—gold and silver and pearls. Flower, who was several months behind in her rent, had agreed to this plan. Also, as Dylan saw it, Flower was totally dominated by Zach, who was big and dark and roughly handsome, and sometimes mean. Dylan further suspected that

Zach wanted them out of town, wanted to see less of Flower, and the summer had borne out her theory: instead of his living with them and making occasional forays to the city, as Flower had imagined, it was just the other way around. Zach made occasional visits to them, and the rest of the time, when she wasn't working or trying to work on some earrings or a necklace, Flower sat sipping the harsh, local red wine and reading the used paperbacks that Zach brought down in big cartons along with the jewelry materials—"to keep you out of mischief," he had said.

Flower wore her graying blond hair long, in the non-style of her whole adult life, and she was putting on weight. When she wanted to work she took an upper, another commodity supplied by Zach, but this didn't do much to keep her weight down, just kept her "wired," as she sometimes said. Dylan alternated between impatience and the most tender sympathy for her mother, who was in some ways more like a friend; it was often clear to Dylan that actually she had to be the stronger person, the one in charge. But Flower was so nice, really, a wonderful cook and generous to her friends, and she could be funny. Some of the jewelry she made was



beautiful—recently, a necklace of silver and stones that Zach said were real opals. Flower had talent, originality. If she could just dump Zach for good, Dylan thought, and then not replace him with someone worse, as she usually did. Always some mean jerk. If she could just not drink, not take speed.

From the start Flower had been genuinely sympathetic about Dylan's awful job. "Honey, I can hardly stand to think about it," she would say, and her eyes would fill. She had been a waitress several times herself. "You and those heavy trays, and the mess. Look, why don't you just quit? Honestly, we'll get by like we always have. I'll just tell Zach he's got to bring more stuff down, and sell more, too. And you can help me."

This seemed a dangerous plan to Dylan, possibly because it relied on Zach, who Dylan was sure would end up in jail, or worse. She stubbornly stuck with her job, and on her two days off (Mondays and Tuesdays, of all useless days) she stayed in bed a lot, and read, and allowed her mother to "spoil" her, with breakfast trays ("Well, after all, who deserves her own tray more than you do, baby?") and her favorite salads for lunch, with every available fresh vegetable and sometimes shrimp.

When she wasn't talking to her mother or helping out with household chores, Dylan was reading a book that

Mr. Iverson had lent her—"The Eustace Diamonds," by Trollope. This had come about because one afternoon, meeting him in the library, Dylan had explained the old *Vogues*, the *House Beautifuls* scattered near her lap, saying that she was too tired just then to read, and that she missed television. The winter before, she had loved "The Pallisers," she said, and, before that, "Upstairs, Downstairs." Mr. Iverson had recommended "The Eustace Diamonds." "It's really my favorite of the Palliser novels," he said, and he went to get it for her—running all the way up to his room and back, apparently; he was out of breath as he handed her the book.

But why was he so eager to please her? She knew that she was pretty, but she wasn't all that pretty, in her own estimation; she was highly conscious of the two crooked front teeth, although she had perfected a radiant, slightly false smile that almost hid them.

"I WONDER if he could be one of the Iversons," Flower mused, informed by Dylan one Monday of the source of her book.

"The Iversons?" In Flower's voice it had sounded like the Pallisers.

"One of the really terrific, old San Francisco families. You know, Huntingtons, Floods, Crockers, Iversons. What does he look like, your Mr. Iverson?"

Dylan found this hard to answer, although usually with Flower she spoke very easily, they were so used to each other. "Well," she hesitated. "He's sort of blond, with nice blue eyes and a small nose. He has this birthmark on his neck, but it's not really noticeable."

Flower laughed. "In that case he's not a real Iverson. They've all got dark hair and the most aristocratic beaky noses. And none of them could possibly have a birthmark—they'd drown it at birth."

Dylan laughed, too, although she felt an obscure disloyalty to Mr. Iverson.

And looking at Flower Dylan thought, as she had before, that Flower *could* change her life, take charge of herself. She was basically strong. But in the next moment Dylan decided, as she also had before, more frequently, that probably Flower wouldn't change; in her brief experience people didn't, or not much. Zach would go to jail and Flower would find somebody worse, and get grayer and fatter. And she, Dylan, had better forget about anything as childish as being adopted by rich old people; she must concentrate on marrying someone who really had *money*. Resolution made her feel suddenly adult.

"Honey," asked Flower, "are you sure you won't have a glass of wine?"

"MY mother wonders if you're a real Iverson." Dylan had not quite meant to say this; the sentence

spoke itself, leaving her slightly embarrassed, as she sat with Whitney Iverson on a small sofa in the library. It was her afternoon break; she was tired, and she told herself that she didn't quite know what she was saying.

Mr. Iverson, whose intense blue eyes had been staring into hers, now turned away, so that Dylan was more aware of the mark on his neck than she had been before. Or could it have deepened to a darker mulberry stain?

He said, "Well, I am and I'm not, actually. I think of them as my parents and I grew up with them, in the Atherton house, but actually I'm adopted."

"Really?" Two girls Dylan knew at Mission High had got pregnant and had given up their babies to be adopted. His real mother, then, could have been an ordinary high-school girl? The idea made her uncomfortable, as though he had suddenly moved closer to her.

"I believe they were very aware of it, my not being really theirs," Whitney Iverson said, again looking away from her. "Especially when I messed up in some way, like choosing Reed, instead of Stanford. Then graduate school..."

As he talked on, seeming to search for new words for the feelings engendered in him by his adoptive parents, Dylan felt herself involuntarily retreat. No one had ever talked to her in quite that way, and she was uneasy. She looked through the long leaded windows to the wavering sunlight beyond; she stared at the dust-moted shafts of light in the dingy room where they were.

In fact, for Dylan, Whitney's very niceness was somehow against him; his kindness, his willingness to talk, ran against the rather austere grain of her fantasies.

Apparently sensing what she felt, or some of it, Whitney stopped short, and he laughed in a self-conscious way. "Well, there you have

the poor-adopted-kid self-pity trip of the month," he said. "'Poor,' Christ, they've drowned me in money."

Feeling that this last was not really addressed to her (and thinking of Flower's phrase about the birthmark, "drowned at birth"), Dylan said nothing. She stared at his hands, which were strong and brown, long-fingered, and she suddenly, sharply, wished that he would touch her. Touch, instead of all this awkward talk.

LATER, considering that conversation, Dylan found herself moved, in spite of herself. How terrible to feel not only that you did not really belong with your parents but that they were disappointed in you. Whitney Iverson hadn't said anything about it, of course, but they must have minded about the birthmark, along with college and graduate school.

She and Flower were so clearly mother and daughter—obviously, irrevocably so; her green eyes were Flower's, even her crooked front teeth.

Also, Flower had always thought she was wonderful. "My daughter, Dylan," she would say, in her strongest, proudest voice.

But what had he possibly meant about "drowned in money"? Was he really rich, or had that been a joke? His car was an old VW convertible, and his button-down shirts were frayed, his baggy jackets shabby. Would a rich person drive a car like that, or wear those clothes? Probably not, thought Dylan; on the other hand, he did not seem a man to say that he was rich if he was not.

In any case, Dylan decided that she was giving him too much thought, since she had no real reason to think that he cared about her. Maybe he was an Iverson, and a snob, and did not want anything to do with a waitress. If he had wanted to see her, he could have suggested dinner, a movie, or driving down to Santa Cruz on one of her days off. Probably she would have said yes, and on the way home, maybe on a bluff overlooking the sea, he could have



"Do you fly to any countries where the moral climate hasn't hopelessly deteriorated?"

parked the car, have turned to her.

So far Dylan had had little experience of ambiguity; its emerging presence made her both impatient and confused. She did not know what to do or how to think about the contradictions in Whitney Iverson.

ALTHOUGH over the summer Dylan and Whitney had met almost every day in the library, this was never a stated arrangement, and if either of them missed a day, as they each sometimes did, nothing was said. This calculated diffidence seemed to suit them; they were like children who could not quite admit to seeking each other out.

One day, when Dylan had already decided that he could not come, and not caring really—she was too tired to care, what with extra guests and heavier trays—after she had been in the library for almost half an hour she heard running steps, his, and then Whitney Iverson burst in, quite out of breath. “Oh . . . I’m glad you’re still here,” he got out, and he sat down heavily beside her. “I had some terrific news.” But then on the verge of telling her, he stopped, and laughed, and said, “But I’m afraid it won’t sound all that terrific to you.”

Unhelpfully she looked at him.

“The *Yale Review*,” he said. “They’ve taken an article I sent them. I’m really pleased.”

He had been right, in that the *Yale Review* was meaningless to Dylan, but his sense of triumph was real and visible to her. She *felt* his success, and she thought just then that he looked wonderful.

SEPTEMBER, once Labor Day was past, was much clearer and warmer, the sea a more brilliant blue, than during the summer. Under a light, fleecy-clouded sky the water shimmered, all diamonds and gold, and the rocky cliffs in full sunlight were as pale as ivory. Even Dylan admitted to herself that it was beautiful; sometimes she felt herself penetrated by that scenery, her consciousness filled with it.

Whitney Iverson was leaving on the fifteenth; he had told Dylan so, naming the day as they sat together in the library. And then he said, “Would it be O.K. if I called you at home, sometime?”

The truth was, they didn’t have a phone. Flower had been in so much trouble with the phone company that she didn’t want to get into all that again. And so now Dylan blushed,

and lied. “Well, maybe not. My mother’s really strict.”

He blushed, too, the birthmark darkening. “Well, I’ll have to come back to see you,” he said. “But will you still be here?”

How could she know, especially since he didn’t even name a time when he would come? With a careless lack of tact she answered, “I hope not,” and then she laughed.

Very seriously he asked, “Well, could we at least go for a walk or something before I go? I could show you the beach.” He gave a small laugh, indicating that the beach was really nothing much to see, and then he said, “Dylan, I’ve wanted so much to see you, I *care* so much for you—but here, there would have been . . . implications . . . you know . . .”

She didn’t know; she refused to understand what he meant, unless he was confirming her old suspicion of snobbery: his not wanting to be seen with a waitress. She frowned slightly, and said, “Of course,” and thought that she would not, after all, see him again. So much for Whitney Iverson.

But the next afternoon, during her break, in the brilliant September weather the library looked to her unbearably dingy, and all those magazines were so old. She stepped outside through the door at the end of the porch, and there was Mr. Iverson, just coming out through another door.

He smiled widely, said, “Perfect! We can just make it before the tide.”

Wanting to say that she hadn’t meant to go for a walk with him—she

TRANSIT

A woman I have never seen before
Steps from the darkness of her town-house door
At just that crux of time when she is made
So beautiful that she or time must fade.

What use to claim that as she tugs her gloves
A phantom heraldry of all the loves
Blares from the lintel? That the staggered sun
Forgets, in his confusion, how to run?

Still, nothing changes as her perfect feet
Click down the walk that issues in the street,
Leaving the stations of her body there
As a whip maps the countries of the air.

—RICHARD WILBUR

was just getting some air, and her shoes were wrong, canvas sandals—Dylan said neither of those things, but followed along, across the yellowing grass, toward the bluff.

He led her to a place that she hadn’t known was there, a dip in the headland, from which the beach was only a few yards down, by a not-steep narrow path. Whitney went ahead, first turning back to reach for her hand, which she gave him. Making her way just behind, Dylan was more aware of his touch, of their firmly joined warm hands, than of anything else in the day: the sunlight, the sea, her poorly shod feet.

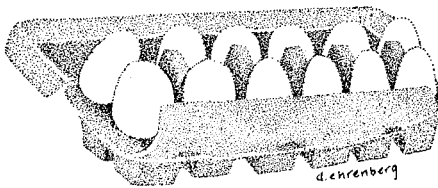
But as they reached the narrow strip of land, instead of turning to embrace her, although he still held her hand, Whitney cried out, “See? Isn’t it fantastic?”

A small wave hit Dylan’s left foot, soaking the fabric of her sandal. Unkissed, she stared at the back of his shirt collar, which was more frayed even than his usual shirts, below his slightly too long red-blond hair.

Then he turned to her; he picked up her other hand from her side, gazing intently down into her face. But it was somehow too late. Something within her had turned against him, whether from her wet foot or his worn-out collar, or sheer faulty timing, so that when he said, “You’re so lovely, you make me shy,” instead of being moved, as she might have been, Dylan thought he sounded silly (a grown man, shy?) and she stepped back a little, away from him.

He could still have kissed her, easily (she later thought), but he did not. Instead, he reached into one of the pockets of his jeans, fishing about, as he said, “. . . for something I wanted you to have.”

Had he brought her a present, some





"So it's ticktock, is it?"

small valuable keepsake? Prepared to relent, Dylan then saw that he had not; what he was handing her was a cardboard square, a card, on which were printed his name and telephone number. He said, "I just got these. My mother sent them. She's big on engraving." He grimaced, as Dylan thought, Oh, your mother really is an Iverson. "The number's my new bachelor pad," he told her. "It's unlisted. Look, I really wish you'd call me. Any time. Collect. I'll be there." He looked away from her, for a moment out to sea, then down to the sand, where for the first time he seemed to notice her wet foot. "Oh Lord!" he exclaimed. "Will you have to change? I could run you home..."

Not liking the fuss, and not at all liking the attention paid to those particular shoes (cheap, flimsy), somewhat coldly Dylan said no; the guests had thinned out and she was going home anyway as soon as the tables had been set up.

"Then I won't see you?"

She gave him her widest, most falsely shining smile, and turned and started up the path ahead of him. At the top

she smiled again, and was about to turn away when Whitney grasped her wrist and said, with a startling, unfamiliar scowl, "Call me, you hear? I don't want to lose you."

WHAT Dylan had said about being able to leave after setting up the tables was true; she had been told that she could then go home, which she did. The only problem, of course, was that she would earn less money; it could be a very lean, cold winter. Thinking about money, and, less clearly, about Whitney Iverson, Dylan was not quite ready for the wild-eyed Flower, who greeted her at the door: "We're celebrating. Congratulate me! I've dumped Zach."

But Dylan had heard this before, and she knew the shape of the evening that her mother's announcement presaged: strong triumphant statements along with a festive dinner, more and more wine, then tears. Sinking she listened as her mother described that afternoon's visit from Zach, how terrible he was and how firm she, Flower, had been, how final. "And we're celebrating with a really great fish soup,"

finished Flower, leading Dylan into the kitchen.

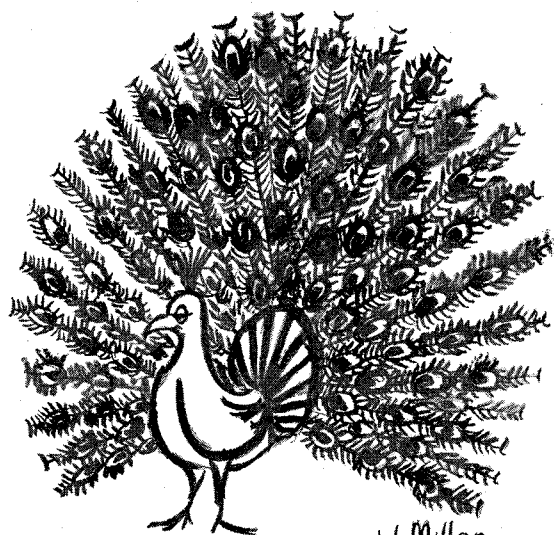
The evening did go more or less as Dylan had feared and imagined that it would. Ladling out the rich fish soup, Flower told Dylan how just plain fed up she was with men, and she repeated a line that she had recently heard and liked: "A woman without a man is like a mushroom without a bicycle."

Dylan did not find this as terrifically funny as Flower did, but she dutifully laughed.

A little later, sopping French bread into the liquid, Flower said, "But maybe it's just the guys I pick? I really seem to have some kind of instinct."

Flower had said that before, and Dylan always, if silently, agreed with her: it was too obvious to repeat. And then, maybe there really weren't any nice men around anymore, at her mother's age? Maybe they all got mean and terrible, the way a lot of women got fat? Dylan thought then of Whitney Iverson, who was only about ten years younger than Flower was; would he, too, eventually become impossible, cruel and unfaithful?

In a way that would have seemed



W Miller

alarmingly telepathic if Dylan had not been used to having her thoughts read by her mother, Flower asked, "What ever happened to your new friend, Mr. Iverson? Was he really one of them?"

"I don't know. I guess so," Dylan muttered, wishing that she had never mentioned Whitney to her mother.

Over salad, Flower announced that she was going on a diet. "Tomorrow. First thing. Don't worry, I'll still have the stuff you like around for you, but from now on no more carbohydrates for me."

At least, this time, she didn't cry.

AT some hour in the middle of the night, or early morning, Dylan woke up—a thing she rarely did. Her ears and her mind were full of the distant sound of the sea, and she could see it as it had been in the afternoon, vastly glittering, when she had been preoccupied with her wet shoe, with Whitney's not kissing her. And she felt a sudden closeness to him; suddenly she understood what he had not quite said. By "implications" he had meant that the time and place were

wrong for them. He was shy and just then not especially happy, what with his divorce and all, but he truly cared about her. If he had felt less he probably would have kissed her, in the careless, meaningless way of a man on vacation kissing a pretty waitress and then going back to his own real life. Whitney was that rarity her mother despaired of finding: a truly nice man. On her way back to sleep Dylan imagined calling him. She could go up to see him on the bus, or he could come down, and they could go out together, nothing to do with the Lodge. Could talk, be alone.

HOWEVER, Dylan woke up the next morning in quite another mood. She felt wonderful, her own person, needing no one, certainly not a man who had not bothered, really, to claim her. Looking in the mirror, she saw herself as more than pretty, as almost beautiful; it was one of her very good days.

Flower, too, at breakfast seemed cheerful, not hung over. Maybe there was something in the air? Passing buttered English muffins to Dylan,

Flower took none, although she loved them. "Tomato juice and eggs and black coffee, from here on in," she said. She did not take any pills.

Later, walking toward the Lodge, Dylan felt lighthearted, energetic. And how beautiful everything was! (Whitney Iverson had been right.) The sloping meadows, the pale clear sky, the chalky cliffs, the diamond-shining sea were all marvellous. She had a strong presentiment of luck; some good fortune would come to her at last.

At the sound of a car behind her she moved out of the way, turning then to look. She had had for a moment the crazy thought that it could be Whitney coming back for her, but of course it was not. It was a new gray Porsche, going slowly, looking for something. Walking a little faster, Dylan began to adjust her smile.

—ALICE ADAMS

(28) IN PERFORMANCE AT WOLF TRAP Beverly Sills and Henry Price in "La Traviata." (2 hrs., 30 min.)

—TV Guide.

Waste of time.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

CONSTITUENCIES

THE Democratic Party gathered in Memphis in December for the second midterm Party Conference at, as it happened, a very delicate moment in the history of the Carter Administration—a time when it was making decisions that were among its most fateful, and most controversial internally. Before the conference convened, there was a question about what its purpose was. As matters turned out, it laid bare the contradictions and dilemmas facing both the Administration and the Party, and it also served some purposes that not even the few people who were optimistic about it had expected. The midterm conference is a new institution that grew out of efforts by a number of people both to democratize the Party and to strengthen it—aims that are in some ways contradictory. The first midterm conference, held in 1974, was mandated by the 1972 Presidential Convention simply to adopt new rules by which the Party would be run. But there was some thought within the Party that midterm conferences also should be held as a way of establishing a Party agenda, of moving toward Party accountability, and, when the Party was in power, of acting as a check on the Administration. At the 1976 nominating Convention, Jimmy Carter and his lieutenants were more concerned with holding a harmonious convention and obtaining liberal support for Carter's fall campaign than with the consequences of a midterm conference if Carter was elected, so they supported a proposal that a conference be held in 1978. And then, after making some efforts to wriggle out of it—the White House didn't want it, and the Democratic National Committee had some research done on the question of whether it was legally bound to hold the conference—the Administration was stuck with it.

As the time for the conference approached, the Administration was locked in what can only be described as a ferocious internal battle over its policy for the next two years. It was faced with persistent inflation and a possible, if not probable, recession, and in dealing with both problems it had to take into account certain publicly stated Presidential pledges. The President had pledged to hold the deficit in the budget that he would present to Congress this month for the fiscal year 1980, which begins next October, to

no more than thirty billion dollars—a pledge that was arrived at by a most curious route—and, at the same time, to increase military spending by three per cent over the cost of inflation. (Exactly what the President pledged on this was under some dispute.) The arguments over how these problems were to be addressed and these pledges fulfilled had reached an intensity without precedent in the Carter Administration, a major reason for the intensity being that the decisions would have important implications for the President's political future and for his power to govern. And there were contradictions between the implications—as viewed from the White House—for the President's renomination by the Democratic Party and the implications for his reelection. In a conversation in Washington a week or so before the Memphis conference, one of the President's top assistants said to me, "The decisions we're making are going to help us in the general election and hurt us in the primaries." It was in this context

that, on Friday, December 8th, the Democrats convened in Memphis.

ON the Thursday evening before the conference is to open, two liberal groups, the Democratic Conference and the Democratic Agenda, are holding a caucus in a large room in the Rivermont Holiday Inn, in Memphis. The Democratic Conference is an ad-hoc coalition formed in 1975 by Don Fraser, a Democratic representative from Minnesota, who was defeated in 1978 in an attempt to win nomination to the Senate, and who is a former president of the Americans for Democratic Action. Fraser had long been concerned with making the Party both more open and more accountable, and had headed one of its reform commissions. The Democratic Conference has among its members the A.D.A. and various liberal unions, including the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (A.F.S.C.-M.E.) and the United Auto Workers. The Democratic Agenda, which was



"This is a first!"

founded in 1977 and is headed by the author Michael Harrington, is a coalition of reformers and activists and liberal unions. The President, the Vice-President, and the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, John White, will stay at the Rivermont, as will much of the press, and a number of pre-conference events will take place here. The sixteen hundred and twenty-five voting delegates will be housed, by delegation, around the city. About a third of them are ex officio—members of the Democratic National Committee, members of Congress, governors, mayors. The others—eleven hundred-odd—were elected in some fashion, usually by congressional-district caucuses or primaries. (In one California district caucus, only twelve

people showed up.) The Democratic National Committee called early Carter supporters in the various states and encouraged them to run. The degree of effort made by liberal labor unions to get delegates to the conference varied: the United Auto Workers will have forty-six delegates here; A.F.S.C.M.E., twenty-six; the National Education Association, eighty-three; the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, eighteen. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. is taking its traditional position that it is, of course, not a part of the Democratic Party, but a number of its representatives have managed to get on the state delegations. Because so many Democrats were uninterested in this conference, a number of the delegates are people who have

never attended a national Party gathering. The Democratic National Committee and the White House pored over the "profiles" of the delegates and decided there wasn't much to worry about.

Earlier this evening, at a dinner at the Tennessee Club, a number of labor leaders—including Douglas Fraser, the president of the U.A.W.; William Winpisinger, the president of the Machinists; and John Ryor, the president of the N.E.A.—together with Don Fraser, Michael Harrington, leaders of the A.D.A., and representatives of other organizations, decided to back a resolution that would criticize the President's current budgetary course. Before the conference, these groups had been uncertain whether to challenge the President, and on what grounds.

The Democratic Conference had been concentrating mostly on the rules and the schedule for the midterm conference; the rules for getting issues before the conference and for voting on those issues were tight, and the schedule allowed for little debate on issues, which is not to begin until Sunday. Several of the differences over the rules and the schedule have been worked out by Don Fraser and John White with the help of Douglas Fraser, but a number of delegates are still unhappy and have gathered in this room tonight to protest the compromises. The Democratic Agenda had been focusing on issues to bring before the conference, and had succeeded in having three resolutions accepted for debate and in getting a sufficient number of signatures (of twenty-five per cent of the delegates) on petitions to bring four additional issues to the floor—health care, inflation, energy, and protecting the family farm.

Over the past few months, representatives of the liberal unions had held a series of discussions about how to approach this conference, and had made a preliminary decision not to take the President on, based on at least two considerations: that the Administration, because it controlled



"Tell me, Clarisse. Do you think you'll ever stop seething?"

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the rules and the program and presumably had a high proportion of the delegates, was in a sufficiently strong position to defeat any challenge, and there was doubt whether it would be worthwhile to take on the President and lose. One official of a liberal labor union said to me before Memphis, "We decided that we couldn't afford to have stories come out of Memphis saying that we took on the President and lost. We especially couldn't afford that after a Congress in which labor didn't do very well on its issues." Another union official told me, "Even if we could win—and there is an argument that we could—our decision might not be any different. We would be using up a lot of energy and resources, and for what purpose? We had to calculate, given Carter's personality, whether this was the best way to try to affect things." Besides, the unions, like the Democratic National Committee, had been concentrating on the November elections, which preceded Memphis by a month. Finally, there was the question of what, exactly, would be the issue on which it would be worthwhile to take the President on. One labor activist said to me, "Suppose we went to Memphis prepared to throw down the gauntlet to the President and we won. What do we win? A resolution on energy?" Douglas Fraser had attempted to establish a liberal force within the Party by calling a meeting of a number of liberal and labor organizations in Detroit in mid-October, but not much appeared to have come of that as yet. National health insurance is an issue on which Douglas Fraser and Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, have differed with the Administration, but the differences perhaps are not as profound as they have been portrayed. Moreover, neither Kennedy and the U.A.W. nor the White House, for various reasons (the U.A.W., for instance, was aware that it would need White House support to get any health-insurance program at all through Congress), wanted an open

RUDENESS GALORE



R. Chast

floor fight on the subject at the midterm conference, and so negotiations on a compromise resolution on it were under way before the conference opened.

Then came the President's statement, in his speech on inflation on October 24th, that he would attempt to hold the budget deficit to thirty billion dollars, at the outside. And then came stories in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* on December 3rd saying that in order to meet the deficit goal the President would have to make substantial cuts in domestic programs—below the increases needed simply to keep up with inflation, and in some cases below current spending levels—and that at the same time he might increase defense spending by three per cent above what was needed to keep up with inflation. The stories themselves appeared to be part of the internal battle: just about every fall, stories come out indicating cuts in the budget which later turn out to be less severe; it is all part of the bureaucratic warfare over the budget, and fairly predictable. What was different this time was that the President's twin pledges did point to severe cuts in domestic programs. Some of the numbers had already been aired, but the news stories—whatever their purpose—helped to crystallize opposition to the President within his own party.

At the dinner earlier this evening, Douglas Fraser and others were concerned that the liberal groups would expend their energy at the conference on rules fights that would seem relatively unimportant and would make them appear a bit silly, and that the conference would have no substantive content. And they agreed that if there was to be a substantive fight it should be over the budget. This was an issue on which the liberal groups had strong feelings and on which their position could be drafted in a way that would paper over disagreements among them, and their action might just serve as a warning to the President. And so it was agreed to circulate a petition to get a resolution before the conference on the subject of the budget. (A Committee on Conference Procedures had been ap-

pointed by White to decide which proposed resolutions would be considered by the midterm conference. If a resolution had not already been approved, there were other ways to get it to the floor: by gathering the signatures of twenty-five per cent of the delegates on a resolution and submitting it to the National Committee three days before the conference was to begin—a very difficult requirement—or by submitting a resolution to the Procedures Committee before it met on Saturday evening in Memphis, or, if the committee still did not approve it, by submitting it again, with the signatures of twenty-five per cent of the delegates, to the D.N.C. on Sunday morning. These procedures were considerably looser than the original ones.) The budget resolution was first drafted by Leon Shull, the national director of the A.D.A.; it was redrafted at the dinner meeting, to tone down a direct attack on the President ("economic policies of the Administration" was changed to "current economic policies"). The resolution said that the next budget "will cut many social programs below 'current services' levels, while allowing the military budget to grow," and that "the proposed reductions, together with current economic policies, may well result in a recession and a rising unemployment rate." The key words in the resolution were its

conclusion—drafted by the U.A.W.—which said that the next budget should contain “in no case less than the current services budget for human and social services.”

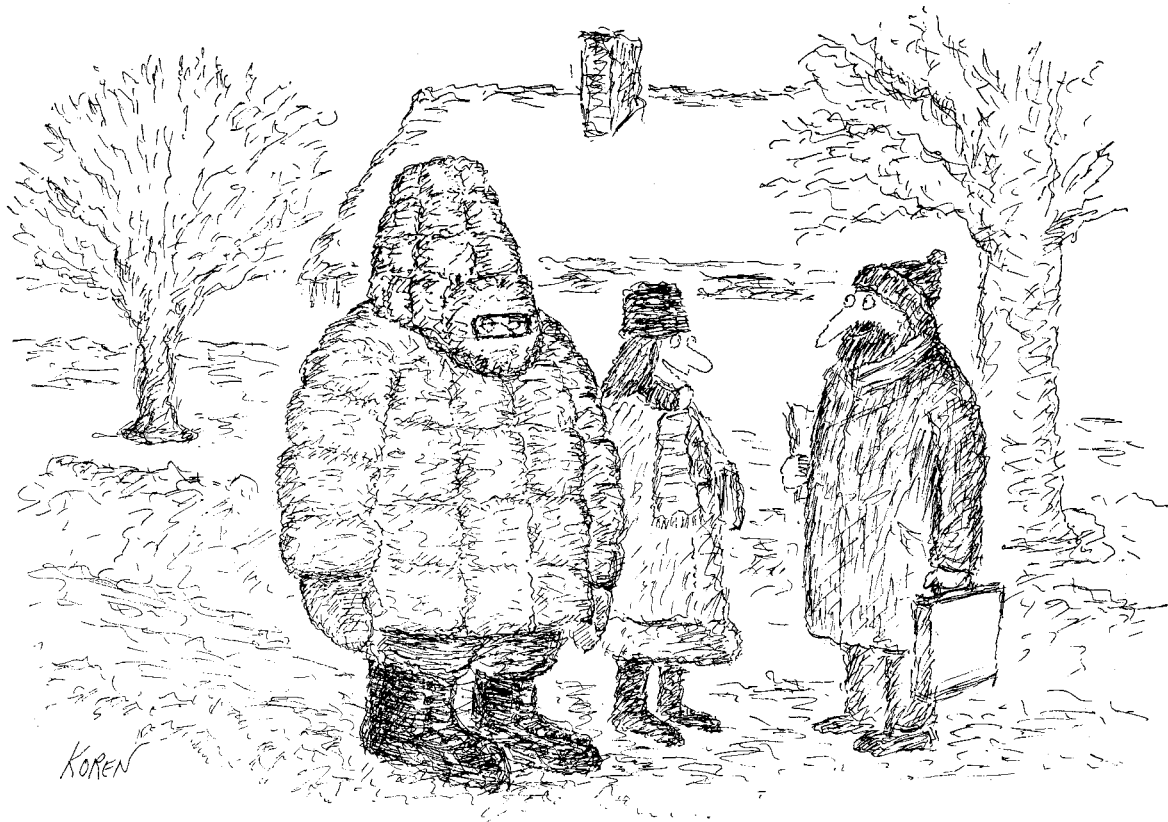
THE problem for the Administration was that the President had made the pledge to hold the budget deficit to thirty billion dollars. With a few more billion dollars, Administration officials believed, they could still produce a stringent budget but one that would not make such deep cuts in social programs and would therefore reduce what has been termed “the scream factor.” One official told me, “Ten million here and twenty million there would do wonders.” (An Administration can juggle its budget figures in a number of ways—with proposed changes in programs which it knows Congress is unlikely to make and with optimistic forecasts of revenues, inflation, and so on. “By definition,” a White House aide said to me before Memphis, “a President’s economic projections are more optimistic than others’.”) No one inside the Administration was arguing that all programs were so meritorious as to warrant funding at current levels (allowing for inflation), not to mention increases—and, in fact, few outside the Administration were making that argument. The argument within the Administration was over whether and how the President could face his Democratic Party constituencies while offering severe cuts in so many of the programs they favored and at the same time raising military spending and taking a number of other actions that were under consideration, such as raising the price of oil to the world price and amending the minimum-wage law to allow young workers to be paid less than the minimum. (This proposal, which very nearly passed the House in 1977, particularly upsets labor, which fears that such an amendment would lead to a substitution of young workers who did not have to be paid the minimum wage for older workers who did.

Proponents of the change assert that requiring the minimum wage for youths is inflationary, and that removing the requirement would lower unemployment among teen-agers.) Within the Administration, the figures being argued about were not large ones in relation to the total budget (which is not to say that several people, including some in the White House, did not feel that the alternatives were within too limited a range). The problem was the inflexibility of the President’s thirty-billion-dollar figure. So the interesting question is how he arrived at it.

As early as last spring, when officials of the Office of Management and Budget began the process of “budget review” with the President, it was clear that the next budget would have to be a stringent one if the President was to make progress toward his oft-stated goal of presenting a balanced budget by 1980 (for the fiscal year 1981). The President decided to try to make a substantial decrease in the deficit he would propose at the beginning of 1979 for fiscal 1980, leaving one more year in which to come as close as he could to his balanced-budget pledge; at least, it was hoped, he could go into the 1980 election saying that the deficit had been sixty-six billion when he ran for office, and he had reduced it to one that was somewhere in

the teens. (By the end of the first year of the Carter Administration, the President’s aides had persuaded him to drop the pledge of a balanced budget for fiscal 1981, and in a year-end television interview in December, 1977, he did so.) Carter has frequently said that he has reduced the deficit from the one “when I ran for office” of sixty-six billion to one in the forties. However, aside from the fact that several of the reductions were not his doing, the sixty-six-billion-dollar deficit was for the fiscal year that ended in September, 1976—thus the phrase “when I ran for office.” Actually, at the beginning of 1976 President Ford submitted a budget for the next fiscal year with a deficit of forty-three billion, which ended up, in the course of 1977, at forty-five billion. In 1977, Carter proposed a deficit of almost fifty-eight billion (it turned out to be almost forty-nine billion), and in 1978 he proposed a budget (for fiscal 1979) with a deficit of almost sixty-one billion. For various reasons, including the failure of Congress to pass several of the President’s programs and its reduction of the size of his proposed tax cuts, the final figure for fiscal 1979 was expected to be somewhere between thirty-eight and forty-one billion dollars.

When the time came to prepare the President’s October anti-inflation speech, it was agreed among some of



“Daniel has become indifferent to weather conditions.”

his advisers that as part of his fight against inflation he should state (as he had already decided to do) that he intended to lower the budget deficit some more. The remaining questions were by how much and whether a firm figure should be set forth in the speech. Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal was arguing that a figure should be set, and that it should be *under* thirty billion dollars. The President is portrayed by some of his associates as being more eager to achieve a balanced budget as an end in itself than most others in the Administration are, and therefore as sympathetic to Blumenthal's argument. A number of economists argue, of course, that the size of the deficit is not in itself the question, nor is a balanced budget in itself a goal; they argue that these things must be measured against the size of the economy, whether or not there is a "tight" labor market, and whether the economy is "heated," and they say that with a few exceptions, such as home-building, it is not. They also argue that the size of the deficit is only one factor in inflation, another critical one being the "wage-price spiral." Other factors often cited are recent government actions which do not have to do with the size of the deficit—such as raising the minimum wage, increasing the payroll tax, putting acreage controls on some farm products (thus raising the price of food). Even raising interest rates to fight inflation can be inflationary. But Carter, who comes from a state that requires a balanced budget, apparently believes in one, and he talked about one during his 1976 campaign, even as he made a number of pledges—partly to gain the support of some important Democratic Party constituency groups—that seemed to make a balanced budget an impossibility. One of the President's advisers said to me, "Rightly or wrongly, the American public believes that the greatest cause of inflation is government spending. So we can

never convince them we're serious, or get them to do their bit, unless we show them we're serious about cutting government spending." Those within the Administration who believe that a balanced budget is not an end in itself know that this argument has been lost politically, both within the Administration and with the public—in part because Carter made such a point of his intention to balance the budget. One White House official remarked to me ruefully not long ago, "We lived by the sword and now we're dying by it." Among the President's aides, Stuart Eizenstat, his chief aide for domestic matters, argued strenuously that the President should not commit himself to an inflexible figure—that there were too many unknown factors, and that, in any event, this was no way to set a budget. Some advisers argued that circumstances might change and the President would have saddled himself with a goal that couldn't be met. After some argument, it was finally agreed that the President would pledge to cut the deficit to at least half the size of the one he says he inherited; that is, to about thirty-three billion dollars—

not all that much more than the thirty billion he ultimately set but, some inside the White House said, enough to give them at least more leeway. (In effect, as some in the White House pointed out, the argument was over less than one per cent of a budget that would total more than five hundred billion dollars and over something like two-tenths of a per cent of a 2.2-trillion-dollar economy.)

On the day of the speech, in an effort to show that Congress was being consulted, a few members of Congress were called in for a briefing by White House aides on what the President was going to say. Some of those who were invited were Democrats who were seen to be in close reelection races; another was Henry Bellmon, a Republican from Oklahoma, who is the ranking minority member of the Senate Budget Committee. In the meeting, Bellmon said that the President should set a definite figure and that the figure should be thirty billion dollars or less. By the time the President joined the group, his speech was completed and was being put on a TelePrompTer. Bellmon repeated his argument to the

President. After the meeting, the President called James McIntyre, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, and Charles Schultze, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, into his office and said that he wanted to commit himself to a maximum of thirty billion dollars. Eizenstat was not consulted, and was reported afterward to have been quite upset. Vice-President Walter Mondale, who tended to side with Eizenstat on these matters, was out campaigning for Democrats for the fall election. The copy on the TelePrompTer was changed, and the words "to thirty billion dollars or less" were added to a sentence that said, "I plan to reduce the budget deficit to less than one-half what it was when I ran for office." Subsequent events showed that the



"Simon & Schuster just bought my no-holds-barred life with you."

President's stating of the figure did not, as Blumenthal had argued that it would, stabilize the dollar, and a number of people around the White House said that the President had got himself into a commitment that had gained him nothing. In the following weeks, as the work on the budget proceeded, it became clearer that in order to meet the goal there would have to be drastic cuts in domestic programs. "The numbers were incredible," one White House aide has said.

Meanwhile, there was the issue of defense spending. In May of 1977, the NATO heads of state met, and issued a communiqué saying that "an annual increase in real terms in defense budgets should be aimed at by all member countries." It said that "this annual increase should be in the region of three per cent." It also said that it recognized that "for some individual countries economic circumstances will affect what can be achieved." Presidents want to tell their counterparts that they have met their commitments—during the recent budget struggles, Carter has remarked that he wants to be able to look Helmut Schmidt in the eye and say, "I met this commitment." He also expressed the view that British Prime Minister James Callaghan had taken steps to increase defense spending and must not be let down. Carter's NATO commitment, too, has a curious history. The President is described by some of his associates as aware now that he made a commitment then—early in his term—whose full implications he was not aware of. Such an increase was backed by the President's foreign and military advisers, including Zbigniew Brzezinski, his national-security adviser, and Harold Brown, Secretary of Defense, and was recommended in a Presidential Review Memorandum on our defense posture which was being worked on in the spring of 1977. NATO forces were seen to be in some state of disrepair; it is not the job of these men to concern themselves with the domestic or budgetary implications of such a commitment, and the President's White House domestic advisers apparently were unaware that it was under consideration. When some of these implications were pointed out by O.M.B. officials to Bert Lance, who was then the O.M.B. director, Lance in effect dismissed the issue and said that future problems could be dealt with in the future. Carter is reported to believe now that he was had by some of his people, and to be annoyed, and to be more conscious now of the implications of any such "Presidential

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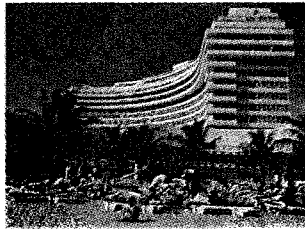
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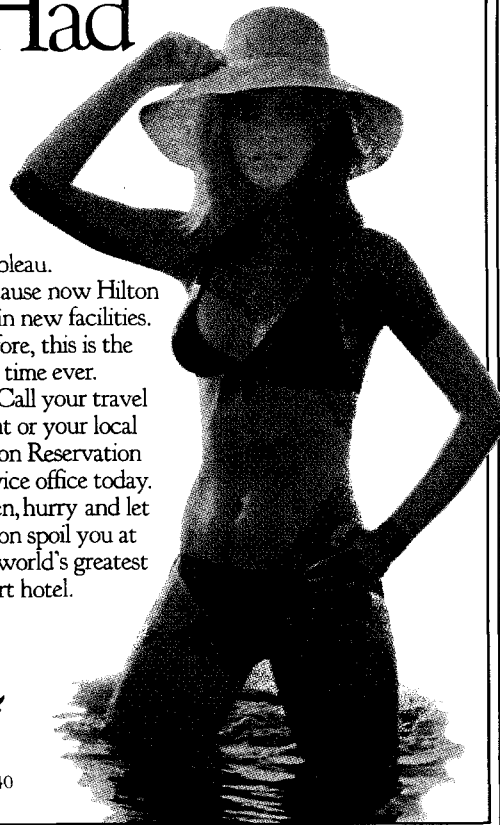
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cough," but also to feel that the commitment must be honored. So, last year, defense spending was increased by almost three per cent above inflation, and the issue then arose by how much it should be increased this year. (If the NATO communiqué were taken literally, defense spending would have to be increased three per cent over inflation every year, indefinitely. One argument within the Administration has been over how many years the commitment lasts.) A three-per-cent increase over inflation amounts to an actual increase of about ten per cent. O.M.B. and many of the President's domestic advisers said that spending for defense should be increased by less than three per cent. In the subsequent struggles over the budget, the Administration fell into an internal dispute over whether the commitment applied to spending just for NATO forces or to all defense spending. The Pentagon argued that the commitment applied to the entire defense budget, and that in any case spending for NATO and for the rest of defense were not separable. (The amount of the defense budget that is attributed to NATO changes, depending on the argument that is being made. A few years ago, when there were moves to reduce the United States' commitment to NATO, the figure cited was about thirty-five per cent. More recently, to show how much we are doing for NATO, the figure cited has been about eighty-five per cent.) O.M.B. argued, among other things, that there is real waste in the defense budget and that promising such an increase did not give the military much incentive to tighten up. Some in the Administration suggested that since the NATO communiqué said "economic circumstances" could be taken into account, this provided the President with an out; others said that this language was intended to apply only to the poorer NATO members. While the argument over how much the defense budget should be increased was going on, the President, in a press conference in Kansas City, Missouri, on November 9th, said that he intended to meet the NATO commitment to increase defense spending by three per cent beyond the amount of inflation. Three weeks later, after some uproar both inside and outside the Administration, the President said at another press conference that it was the "goal" to increase the real level of defense expenditures; that defense expenditures "will be much more carefully assessed this year;" and that "I'll be responsible to make sure that the social and other domestic needs of our nation are met" and "that there be a

proper balance among these different, sometimes conflicting, demands."

The argument within the Administration in behalf of the increase in military spending actually went beyond the one that the President must meet his commitment to his allies, and even beyond the one that it might help satisfy critics of the expected Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) agreement. The increase would also fit the President's political imperatives as viewed by some of his advisers. One of the President's aides told me early last fall that he thought the debate over the SALT treaty would be concerned more with the United States' over-all military strength (however that is measured) than with the specific terms of the treaty itself—thus pointing to a demonstration by the President that he is increasing our strength. Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger, whose support for the SALT agreement could be crucial, had been hinting that their backing might hinge on our military strength, and there were those in the Administration who believed that some congressional critics of SALT who had failed to be appeased by other moves might be appeased by an increase in military spending. Others in the Administration argued that a three-percent increase did not address real defense questions—and that it would fail to satiate those seeking large increases or opposing SALT, and at the same time would further upset domestic groups that were faced with cuts in their programs. There has also long been a view within the White House—held by Hamilton Jordan, one of the President's top advisers, and by other Presidential aides, including Gerald Rafshoon, who was the President's media adviser and joined the White House staff last June—that it was important politically for the President to appear "strong" on defense, and that he had taken a number of actions, including cancellation of the B-1 bomber and delay in the deployment of the neutron warhead, that might make him appear "weak" on defense. Rafshoon has argued that the public feels that the United States is no longer "No. 1" militarily—that the trend has been to cut the ratio of defense expen-



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ditures to domestic spending, and that this is not in tune with what the public wants. When Rafshoon joined the White House staff, he wrote a long memorandum saying, in effect, that the American public is "pro-military," that the President should appeal to the suburban vote, and that the liberal base is illusory. Rafshoon argues, essentially, that the middle class is the basic Carter constituency—that it made him the nominee and elected him—and that the middle class is fed up with waste, bureaucracy, and spending.

Before the Memphis conference, I had conversations with a number of people within the White House in which I asked them what they thought the President's constituency was, and how they squared what his political needs might be in order to secure the nomination with what they might be to secure the election. The question was inextricably linked with the argument over the budget, because the groups that Carter is most likely to offend by his budget decisions played a critical role in his obtaining the Party nomination. While the President gave more conservative signals during his campaign for the election, when he was trying to appeal to a wider and presumably more conservative audience, than he had during his campaign for the nomination, he managed to do so without fatally alienating those groups. Those groups mattered, and they will continue to matter, because they work

to get candidates to the nominating Convention and they provide organizational support in the primaries and in the fall election. Jimmy Carter more or less invaded the Democratic Party from the outside in 1976, and he would not have won the nomination if he had not succeeded in picking off some of the Party's own troops and winning their help in key states. The U.A.W., for example, was promised national health insurance: Carter's speech in April of 1976 pledging nationwide, mandatory health insurance was negotiated with the U.A.W., line by line. Moreover, the U.A.W. and other liberal unions saw Carter as the best vehicle for heading off George Wallace. The National Education Association was promised a separate Department of Education in June of 1976, before the nominating Convention, and in September the N.E.A., for the first time, endorsed a candidate for President—Carter. Carter played to the liberal constituency in various ways in order to secure his nomination and also to secure his election—for instance, by selecting Walter Mondale as his running mate. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. had favored other candidates in the primaries but provided important organizational help for Carter during the general election. Now the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leadership was seriously disaffected by Carter's wage-and-price program; by his signing of the 1978 tax bill, which provided for greater breaks



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for the upper middle class than for those less well off, and also substantial capital-gains relief; and by his economic policy in general. If a Democrat were to challenge Carter in 1980, the role of the labor unions could be crucial.

In a conversation before the Memphis conference, one White House aide listed the unions that would be important in an election contest. His list included the U.A.W., A.F.S.C.M.E., the N.E.A., the American Federation of Teachers, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education, and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. He explained, "All of these are players at the state and local level. When you send your local organizer into Ohio, he has a series of fifteen, twenty, thirty meetings he has to have right off the bat as he puts together his plan. He'll have to see people from some combination of those unions. It varies from state to state. They're probably the most important group in Democratic Party politics. No other group in the Democratic Party has the money. When you get into voter registration, that's who you go to. And these groups get involved in the primaries—and they will. It's very dicey. The basic thing is the economic reality and the way the budget numbers fall out in terms of the symbolism. The big risk we're taking with our constituency is if there is seen to be a big differential in the way we treat domestic programs and the way we treat defense."

In the course of the debate within the Administration last fall, Jordan convened a meeting of several of the participants and said to Eizenstat that he had a good argument as far as the primaries were concerned and to Harold Brown that he had a good argument for the general election.

One White House man said to me before Memphis, "We're going through such a difficult period because there is a collision between a party that has traditionally argued for expansion of government and meeting human needs and an economy that is going through an unacceptable inflation, with no clear remedies, and an energy problem that remains unsolved. You have an Administration that ran on a program of full employment and keeping the oil and gas boys under control, national health insurance, and so on—a pretty traditional Democratic campaign. And suddenly we're finding the circumstances of an unanticipated high inflation rate—we did not anticipate a third of what we have—and we did not anticipate a sud-

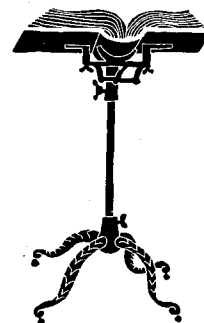
den drop in the value of the dollar. And the perceived remedies seem to be at war with our campaign promises and our constituencies: the blacks, the Hispanic Americans, the labor unions—the people that elected us."

As this man went on, very calmly, explaining the Administration's problem, I asked him where the thirty-billion-dollar figure had come from.

He answered with an expletive, and called it "the dumbest God-damned thing ever."

I asked him why it was so dumb.

"There are a lot of things in that budget that had to go up," he said. He listed a number of factors that would bring pressure on the budget: the commitment to NATO, the adjustments for inflation which would be required in programs that work according to formulas established by law, higher interest rates, reduced economic growth, which would bring in smaller revenues. He continued, "That leaves that small pool of programs—health, education, housing, jobs, and aid to the cities—and they take the full burden of the pressure on the budget. Even without the thirty-billion-dollar limit, they'd have been under a lot of pressure, but the inflexible figure makes it very difficult. The difference between a deficit of thirty billion and thirty-five billion in terms of real impact on the economy is not significant, but it is significant in trying to get a balance between fighting



inflation and trying to be fair to the people who suffer the most. I'm not sanguine about how the leaders of these groups will react under the best of circumstances, but it's very important how we're seen. If it looks as if the priorities and commitments are such that only the programs for those people take the heavy cuts, we have a terrible problem. I think you

can get out of the room alive if you say, 'It's tough, but we're doing it fairly.'"

I asked one of the President's aides what would happen if a great many of the constituency groups were alienated.

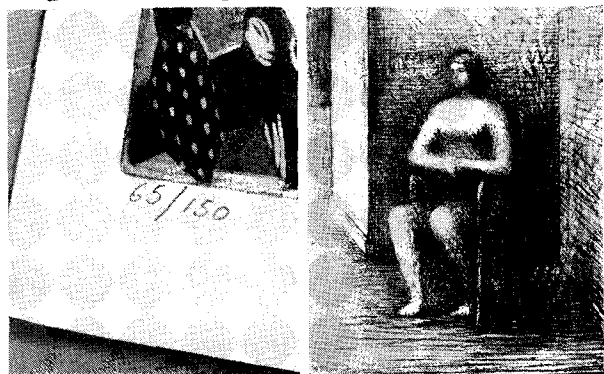
He replied, "They gang together against you." And he added, "The good thing about New Hampshire is that those forces aren't all that important up there. If they were, we wouldn't be here." As a matter of fact, there is also an analysis of the New Hampshire primary which suggests that if there had been fewer liberals in it, dividing the vote, Carter would not have won.

When I asked another White House

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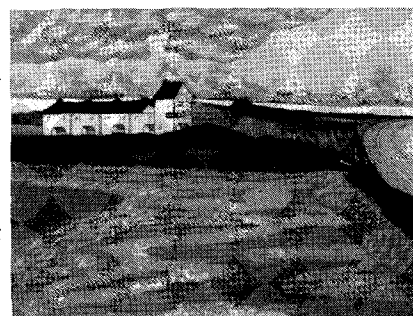


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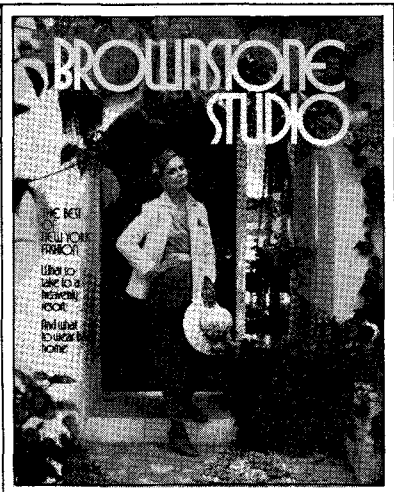
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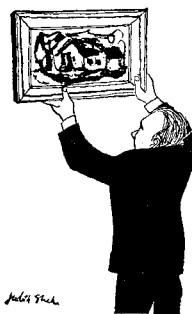
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aide what he thought Carter's constituency would be, he replied, "I don't know. The President is going to have to define what the new Democratic coalition is that is going to elect a Democratic President on an austere budget. There are six governorships we'd have won in November if the old group had turned out. Carter can't put together the Roosevelt coalition, but he can't afford to lose it. He could say to the old Roosevelt coalition, 'You're not going to like what I'm doing, but it's important to get in the mainstream of American thinking. Bear with me. We have to get inflation under control; then we can get on with some of the things you care about. Bear with me now, and think of the alternative: remember how the Republicans governed.'" The aide concluded, "Maybe it'll work. The question is, can you get a large share of the independent-conservative vote and not have the old base stay home? The Democratic Party is in a terrible bind—it has to find a new base without losing the old base."

Another White House aide said to me before Memphis, "We're in a period of no happy choices, and this makes it increasingly difficult to put together the traditional coalition. Carter had certain elements of the old coalition—blacks, the U.A.W., and so on—and you can't hope to get reelected without substantial portions of that coalition backing you. But if we don't get inflation under control we're out of the ballgame with everybody. For political reasons, and in terms of your ability to govern, you have to do it in a way that seems fair. That's the fight that's going on in the White House now. There is going to be very little good news for our constituencies. There are limits on how far we can go in getting the U.A.W. and the other liberal unions and groups mad. You can't govern if you don't have political support." This man had landed on an important point. Beyond the question of the President's political exigencies was the question of his ability to govern. Obviously, it is in the interest of the interest groups to demand all they can and to scream when they are not satisfied—their leaders and their Washington representatives get paid to do that—and it is obvious that not all of them can or should be satisfied. There are limits to what can be done, and there are programs that should be revised or scrapped. I have been told by more than one person who has been through the process that the

pressures on the budget were not particularly turned to advantage in terms of sorting out which programs work best. "That's not how people in the White House think," said one man in the White House. "People in the White House don't sit around and say, 'This program doesn't work all that well; now we can use inflation to get rid of it.' They just don't think that way. They say, 'How can we cut without having the interest group scream too much?'" A President needs a base



from which to govern, and must work through the political equations that will give him that base—must figure out the balance between what's "right" and how to maintain a constituency. The problem is complicated for Carter now by the fact that some constituents express themselves through interest groups that fight for federal

programs and some express anger at big government—and also by the fact that often they are the same people.

Another difficulty for Carter is that he still has not implanted deep roots in his party. In order to achieve his legislative victories, Carter worked from ad-hoc, floating coalitions put together by his White House staff. The coalition that was put together for the energy bill, for example, wasn't necessarily a Democratic constituency (nor was the final bill very much like the one that the President had proposed). The final bill passed with the support of some Republicans in Congress and also with the support of a number of corporations—among them Arco, Anaconda, and Burlington Industries, according to a White House official—and other groups, which will not necessarily help out on another issue, not to mention support the President's reelection. Some defense contractors helped the White House in its fight to sustain the President's veto of the bill authorizing funds for defense, because they had nothing invested in the nuclear aircraft carrier to which Carter objected and which the bill authorized. Moreover, if the carrier was deleted from a new bill—as it was—there might be more funds for other defense purposes. "We had to go out and define constituencies for each issue," one White House aide told me. "We'll have to start all over for 1980. We don't have a prevailing philosophy in the Democratic Party. Therefore, you don't have people who respond to the issues or programs, or both, without a rationale for doing so, and you don't



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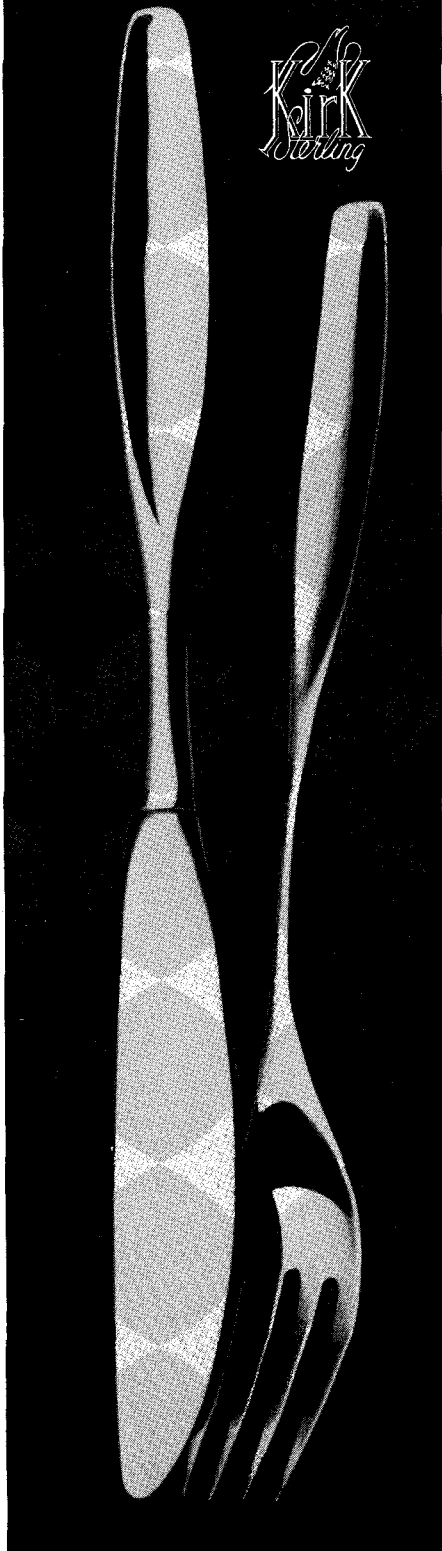
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have anyone saying, 'I'm for So-and-So because I'm a Democrat.'"

I asked Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, in a conversation before the Memphis conference, whether he saw a problem for the President in either maintaining or constructing a constituency. He replied, "There is no doubt that we'll be faced with serious problems in that area, but I don't see any way around it. Besides, at least in some cases, I think there are a lot of people in those constituencies who are a lot more sophisticated than they are given credit for being. A lot of people recognize that the real threat to their programs is not that they might be cut back a little bit this year but that the commitment of society to those programs is in danger of eroding. If you don't pay attention to the fact that some of the programs are poorly run and are seen as ripping off the taxpayers, then you do run the risk of delivering them into the hands of those who want to dismantle them. Most people don't see the President as using the words 'waste' and 'mismanagement' as code words for dismantling. I think that's the key to it. A lot of people, when we present our budget, will say that we're no better than Ford or Nixon, but they'll know that's not true." Liberals have, in fact, got themselves into a bit of a bind by not facing up to the necessity of shaking out and sorting out some of the programs. A few have talked in the past decade about the necessity of doing this, but they were lonely voices. And one can detect among some liberal groups a certain degree of self-pity, and even paranoia, that makes rational discussion of hard choices difficult or impossible. Many people do see the words "waste" and "mismanagement" as code words for dismantling, because for some years in recent history they were.

Powell continued, "But the fact is that there are going to be a lot of unhappy people. I don't see any particular constituency that will be happy with this budget, and it presents an opportunity for a fight from the left, and we expect that. But I think that if we can show some success in dealing with inflation over the next year, without a big jump in unemployment, then we'll come out all right, and if we can't, then we've got a problem." There is a feeling within the White House that the Presi-

dent may well be challenged for the nomination, but the theory is that if he doesn't get inflation under control the nomination won't be worth having, and that if the President is enjoying a measure of success it will be difficult to put together a coalition to oppose him. Besides, many of the President's advisers have drawn the conclusion, which others find debatable, that the 1978 elections showed the country to be turning more conservative. Powell said to me, "Let's say we had a reasonably loose budget and hopped in with a big health-insurance program; the same people who might challenge us if we don't do these things would challenge us anyway, because a President with big economic problems would be weak and vulnerable. People run for President basically because they want to be President, and basically they are going to make the decision to run or not run on the basis of how weak the President is. If the economy is in bad shape because we spent every dollar they wanted us to, they'll still run—they'll just write different TV spots."

"One of the few good things we did in the general election was that we made peace within the Party, so that when there were bad times they helped; there was a base of support there, and we weren't ever going to go below forty-seven or forty-eight per cent in the election."

I asked him if this meant that Carter would have to build such a base again.

"Yes," he replied. "You're going to have to have some committed support. You can't do it all with TV commercials. We wouldn't run without having done some spadework. But it's difficult, because you can't just tap and pick up blocs of support that you could have ten years ago—or even two years ago."

I also put the question of how the President's aides think about constituencies to Hamilton Jordan.

"No politician's constituency is static," he replied. "On the other hand, if a politician's constituency changes drastically, he or she usually loses. Jimmy Carter is a non-ideological President, at a time when the country is non-ideological. The country wants results. If something works, it's O.K. with them." Jordan said that when Carter began his race for the nomination a lot of people assumed that no Democrat could get elected by talking about a balanced



budget, government reorganization, and efficiency, but events showed that Carter was ahead of the country. Jordan argues that Carter was able to balance such talk with talk about concern for people, and that the Democrats who had trouble in the 1978 election were the ones who did not know how to strike that balance. He continued, "You may call that a non-ideological approach, but it's compatible with the mood of the country—which is 'How does it affect me?'"

I also talked with some representatives of liberal labor unions before the Memphis conference, and they all said that Carter would not be able to put together a coalition for 1980 the way he did for 1976. One said, "There was an element to his getting the nomination that was similar to what happened in 1960, when people said we had to get past the idea that a Catholic couldn't be President. And now the Wallace factor is gone. I'm not sure that the labor unions that supported Carter in the election were unaware that he is an economic conservative. I think they felt that Mondale was a potentially useful countervailing force, and also that there would be Democratic majorities in Congress. I think we may have misread the nature of those congressional majorities while we were rationalizing."

Another said, "One of the reasons he was nominated was that everybody in the Democratic Party agreed on one thing: they wanted to win. They had been bruised by McGovern and by Wallace, and they wanted someone who could cut across all that and take the White House. It's unclear to me whether the White House mistakes that for a non-ideological party. There's a hell of a lot of ideology in the Party. The 1976 experience does not lead to a non-ideological conclusion."

Another said, "The mechanics and dynamics by which he put the delegate selection together in 1976 aren't available to him in 1980—and there is no strong Party to help him."

Another said, "Carter can't put together what he did before. It will be different. The calculation he's making is that he'll get the middle-class, cut-the-budget, relief-on-taxes crowd. That could win him the election in 1980, but it leaves a lot of groups that helped get him nominated uneasy and unhappy."

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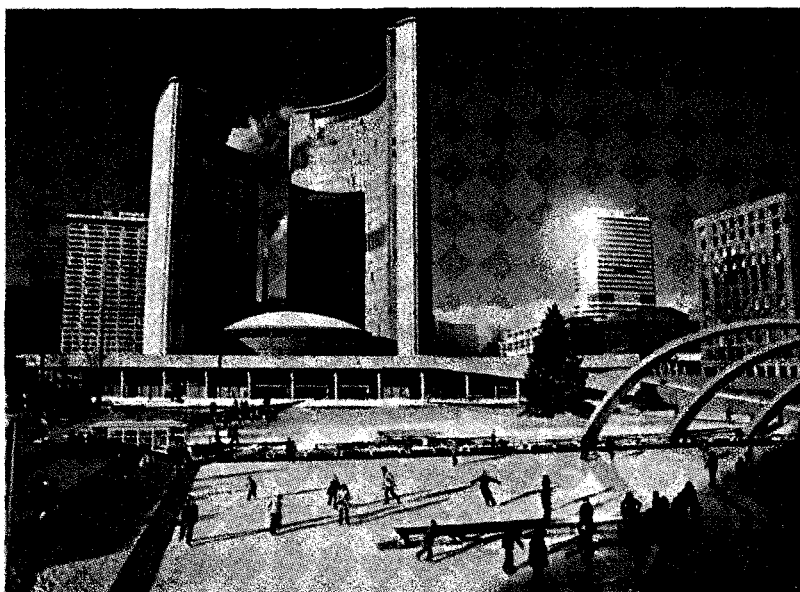
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union is passing out blue buttons that say, in white letters, "Kennedy." Some people are wearing green buttons that say "Still 4/76," meaning that they are still for the 1976 Democratic platform. One young man is handing out "Kennedy/Brown" buttons. The caucus has already voted to reject the compromises on procedures which were negotiated by Don Fraser and John White. Among the objections that were raised were that the rules themselves will not be adopted until Sunday, two days after the conference begins, and that there will be no debate of substantive issues until then. Saturday will be taken up with workshops on various subjects, and no Saturday-night session is planned. (There is reason to believe that the Administration wanted the conference to be not only tightly controlled but dull, or considered dull, so as to discourage future ones.) Don Fraser told the caucus that he tried to get a conference session on Saturday evening and that in response White agreed to begin the deliberation on substantive issues at a definite time on Sunday—at 11 A.M. But Don Fraser and Douglas Fraser, who also spoke in behalf of the compromise, could not pacify the group. "I didn't come all the way to Memphis to come to a cocktail party," one delegate said. "I didn't come here to go to a movie," another said. (There will be a film about the President at the opening session, tomorrow night.) So, over the protest of their leaders, this group voted to try tomorrow evening to suspend the rules at the outset, in order to debate the rules and the schedule of the conference. Now Douglas Fraser talks about the budget resolution that will be circulated for signatures so that it can be presented to the conference on Sunday. He says, "To me, it's incomprehensible that we're talking about reductions of billions of dollars in social programs and in the same breath are talking about an increase in the military budget." He says he doesn't want to get caught in an argument over military versus domestic spending—it's just that "we're being fooled by a lot of cock-eyed propaganda." He refers to the thirty-billion-dollar deficit figure. "You don't just look at the dollar figure," he says. "You look at what our wealth is."

Tom Quinn, who is one of the key advisers of Governor Jerry Brown, of California, and three other Brown associates are here. Brown has avoided coming to the conference, in order to head off speculation as to his motives and escape questions about his intentions with respect to 1980. But his

lieutenants are here to look around, make contacts. As the caucus proceeds, Tom Quinn, standing in the back of the room, is introduced to Charles Gifford, a United Auto Workers official in Iowa who did a lot to help Carter achieve his victory in the Iowa precinct caucuses at the beginning of 1976. (Actually, "Uncommitted" came in first and Carter second, but it was a public-relations triumph for Carter and set him on his way.) Gifford opens his jacket to reveal that pinned inside it are three "Kennedy" buttons. Tom Quinn asks him, "When are the Iowa caucuses next time?" (Late January or early February.) "What part of Iowa are you from?" (Des Moines.) "Doesn't the President control the caucuses?" To this, Gifford responds, "I think Carter is in very serious trouble in Iowa right now." Quinn asks him for his card.

At dinner later, Quinn asks some reporters a number of questions about Edward Kennedy. How bright is he? How able is he? Why didn't he run in 1976? Will he run in 1980? He is asked, in turn, why Brown wouldn't wait until 1984 to run. He replies matter-of-factly: Brown wants to be President; Brown was "hot" in 1976; who knows whether he will still be "hot" by 1984?

FRIDAY. At a meeting of the Democratic National Committee at the Rivermont this morning, the liberal organizations are circulating a petition containing a proposed resolution on Party responsibility. It calls for the establishment of a commission to study ways to assure that control over Party nominations rests with Party members and ways to encourage elected Democratic officials to carry out the policies and programs of the Democratic Party. One purpose of the resolution is to prevent non-members of the Party from "crossing over" and helping to determine the Party's nominees (this idea has been around for a while, and "cross-overs" were among the factors that contributed to Don Fraser's defeat in Minnesota) and another is to hold Party officials accountable to the policies of the Party. Just what those policies are and how they are to be determined is not clear.

There is, in fact, a great deal of confusion in the discussions of what role the parties should play. The only thing that is generally agreed upon is that they now play a much diminished role—as reconcilers of conflicts among various groups, as a point of definition for politicians. What there is very little

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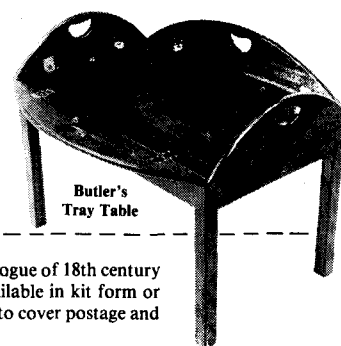


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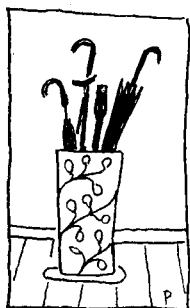
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agreement on is whether very much can be done, or even should be done, about this, and, if so, what. It is commonly accepted that what parties could once accomplish through patronage has been supplanted by the civil service and by government programs. It is also generally recognized that, for a variety of reasons, candidates have become self-starters. Where candidates for the Presidency or the Senate or the House of Representatives might once have sat down with state and local chairmen to get the nod and advice and money, and even instructions, they now hire their own pollsters and "campaign consultants." With the aid of people who specialize in such things, they "package" themselves and design their own advertising (no one seems even to think twice anymore about the fact that it is called advertising) and raise much of their own money. Politics has, in effect, been removed from politics. Similarly, interest groups have become increasingly adept at using mailing lists, raising money, and working in other ways to have their own impact on campaigns and in Congress. Even the recent increased use of referenda is a reflection of people's seeking means to affect policy outside the framework not only of the parties but also of the election of politicians to make policy. The decline of the bosses and the democratization of the Democratic Party (most people argue that the decline of the bosses—helped along by such things as civil service, prosecutors—began before the democratization) encouraged the development of caucuses of this group and that to promote their own interests at Party gatherings. People make issue links and racial links rather than state Party links. (A similar thing has been happening in the House of Representatives, which has a rural caucus, a steel caucus, and you name it.) An argument can be made that all these developments would have occurred in any event, as patronage declined and political communications techniques became more sophisticated and more important, and that there is no turning back. A thoughtful Democratic strategist in Washington has said, "How do you form majority opinion within a government if all the decisions are individualized? Parties had made it possible to resolve ideological issues, or give the appearance of letting that happen. If all a congressman signs on to is a public-opinion poll, how do you get any resolution on tough questions?"

One gets a sense from talking to people in Washington that they feel that the nature of politics is changing

very fast, and they don't know where it is all going. One man told me, "The political system is changing much more rapidly than our ability to see it." It is just possible that the process of coalition-building will take place in some other way, irrespective of the parties. Another man in Washington has said, "The proliferation of the single-issue groups is self-limiting. It can go only so far. It's a great game when the environmentalists are out fighting the 'dirty dozen'"—a list of members of Congress that Environmental Action, Inc., compiles for its members to oppose on the ground of their record on environmental issues—"but when the field gets too cluttered, perceptions get dulled, politicians get less scared. If you're a congressman, you get numb; the groups get less effective. Pretty soon, they'll have to figure that they had better find some allies—fuzz the issues, join up, and find some friends."

It was some of these dilemmas that led to the holding of a midterm conference. The idea that parties had to be "revitalized" and made more "accountable" goes back many years. Many people eyed the European party system as a model. In the nineteen-fifties, there were proposals that the American political parties should be ideological, require card-carrying members, hold midterm conferences. But the argument can be made that it was ideological flexibility that kept our parties from flying apart even further, from splintering into a multi-party system, which would bring its own problems, including possible paralysis. In 1964, the Democrats had their first open dispute over the internal structure of the Party, when they fought at the Presidential Convention over the seating of the Mississippi delegation. The 1968 Convention, under pressure from the reformers (who had become involved in the anti-war, Eugene McCarthy, and Robert Kennedy movements), established two commissions—one to democratize the rules on delegate selection, one to democratize the rules of the Conventions. Both were, in effect, efforts to diffuse authority in the Party. Eventually, the two groups merged, and produced a Party charter and presented it to the D.N.C. Rules Committee at the 1972 Party Convention; it would have required card-carrying members and issue-oriented midterm conferences. But in 1972 the Party was sufficiently wor-



ried about what it had wrought with the McGovern nomination that it rejected the proposed charter and called for a commission to draft a new charter and present it at a midterm conference, to be held in 1974. And now some of the Party liberals (in this context, the term "liberals" refers to style rather than to issues)—those who have traditionally been behind Party reform—are moving beyond their traditional focus on Party democracy. One of them told me before the Memphis meeting, "The effect, if not the intent, of reform has been to reduce the ability of leaders to control parties. Liberals today are going through an intellectual process in which they are trying to reconcile Party democracy with Party structure. The midterm conference is seen as a step toward this. The motive was to provide the Democratic Party

with a mechanism for strengthening the Party. I think parties can afford dissent, and in the process you do strengthen ideas. People can come away feeling they've been listened to. It gives them a reason to stay within the Party. Maybe it doesn't need to happen in 1978 or 1982, but the mechanism should be there." He explained that this was why the liberal groups had been pressing so hard on the rules for this conference—so that the right precedent for a midterm conference would be there. He also expressed regret that the search for a new role for the Party had got bogged down in fights over rules. The reformers were also disturbed to find that an instrument they had designed in part to offset the power of an incumbent President was being dominated by the White House. But there is reason to wonder why they should have expected it to be any other way.

This midterm conference bears little resemblance to what some of the reformers originally had in mind. Among the things the reformers suggested were that such conferences take place before the midterm elections, so that they could set the agenda for the issues in the fall campaign and hold candidates accountable to that agenda. The idea was to give the Party (whatever that was) "leverage" over congressional candidates—an idea that naturally would horrify those congressional candidates who paid any attention to it. Another idea was to have the Party chairman selected during the midterm conference, so that the chairman would not simply be someone



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hand-selected by the Party nominee at the nominating Convention. These were among the proposals rejected at the 1974 conference.

When I talked to John White in Washington before the conference in Memphis, he said, "I don't see either national party being the great spiritual leader of political thought in the country. I don't see the parties playing a great service role in the country. So what role should they play? It would be silly for me to try to do the job Jim Farley did." James Farley was chairman of the Party from 1932 to 1940. "What Boss Crump did in Tennessee is being done by H.E.W. John Bailey was chairman of the Party for seven years, and there never was a dissenting vote. Now it would be impossible to have a meeting of the Democratic National Committee and not have a vote on whether the sun will come up tomorrow. And when the Party meets, some faction of it might not have even twenty per cent of the votes, but they play confrontation politics, and they know that it's my role to present an appearance of unity. So you end up making compromises with them."

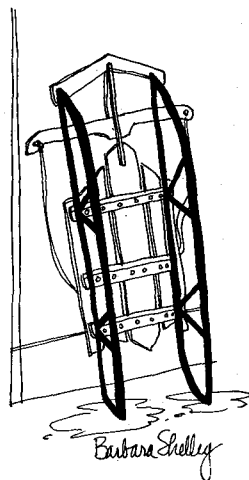
Now, at the Friday-morning meeting at the Rivermont, White is making a speech to the Democratic National Committee. White is a tall man, with reddish hair and rounded features. He speaks with a gentle Texas accent (he was born on a tenant farm in Clay County, Texas), and his style is low-key—quite different from that of his flamboyant predecessor once removed, Robert Strauss. White, who has been active in Democratic politics for many years, began in the Carter Administration by serving as Deputy Secretary of Agriculture; he was selected by the White House to be Party chairman in December, 1977, after it became dissatisfied with his immediate predecessor—Kenneth Curtis, a former governor of Maine. White tells the National Committee, "If we try to set the same standards for this party that Jim Farley did in the thirties, then we will fail, because the nation has changed. Technology and mass communications have revolutionized the political party in this country. We must continue to change or we will just be a party that will meet every four years to pick a President and make rules. I think our

mandate is more than those two things. We've opened up this party to where it's the most democratic Democratic Party there has been in ten years. The question now is, what are we going to do with it? What new role should the Democratic Party play? What is our real role? I don't come to you with any pat answers. I don't know what our real role should be. But I know the American people expect us to define that role."

While White is speaking, some people are circulating the liberal groups' budget resolution and other petitions for signatures. (There are several petitions having to do with abortion.) Some are just wandering around. I encounter James Flug, who is the director of an organization called Energy Action, which was established a few years ago to fight for what it saw as consumer interests on energy issues. I ask Flug what he is doing. "Milling," he replies. "But it's affirmative milling." Like a lot of other people, Flug is here to see what is going on, and to make contact with people—among them, in his case, people who formulate energy policy in Washington—whom he might not otherwise have an opportunity to talk with. Events of this sort are not without value in that respect. They do become traffic centers, offering people a chance to meet. They also offer

opportunities for network-building. Hispanic Americans—representing Mexican-Americans, Cuban-Americans, and Puerto Ricans (onshore and islanders)—who have about a hundred and twenty delegates here, met yesterday to form a new organization, called Hispanic-American Democrats. Last night, Barbara Mikulski, a Democratic member of Congress from Baltimore—a tiny woman with a large voice and a spirited personality,

who headed a commission on reform of the rules on the selection of delegates to the 1976 Convention—told me why she was here: "I'm a new-idea junkie. In 1968 and 1972, the Party wasn't in touch with what was going on out there with the people. The midterm conference was meant to be at where the people were at. It wasn't meant to challenge or ratify but to talk about what's happening, to be in touch with the best thinkers, to formulate what our domestic and foreign policy ought to be. I'm



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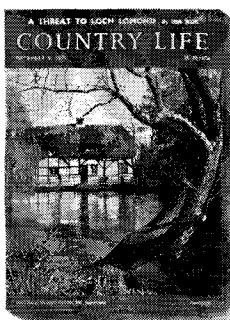
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afraid this conference is just going to be an a-cappella choir for the Administration. But I'm in it for the long haul. We have to find ways to build coalitions. I don't agree with the theory that the parties should be built along European, ideological lines. We need flexibility, and we need to build coalitions that can work over the long haul. That's why I'm here. There are a lot of folks here who feel the way I do. I want to meet them and stay in touch." Tomorrow, women who have run for office or have been appointed to office will meet to establish a network. White House officials, including Jordan, will be using the occasion to meet with representatives from various states to talk about organizing for the President's 1980 campaign. Chip Carter, the President's second son, who works at the Democratic National Committee, is milling around the room where the committee is meeting. Like other members of the tribe, he worked hard for his father's election in 1976. A woman comes up to him and says, "Hello. You stayed at our house two years ago."

ON the way to the Hyatt Regency Hotel for a luncheon of the Democratic Finance Council, which is composed of people who gave or raised five thousand dollars for the Democratic National Committee in the last year, John White talks to me about the problems he has to face before this midterm conference ends. He is disappointed that the compromises on the rules and procedures were rejected last night at the caucus of the liberal groups, and he has to figure out, among other things, how to deal with the expected motion to suspend the rules when the conference formally opens tonight. Before Memphis, he was in touch with some groups such as the National Education Association, the Communications Workers of America, and the United Auto Workers, and thought he had gained sufficient support to make the compromises hold.

I ask him if he sees a way to overcome the splintering of the Party.

He replies, "That's part of what we're doing here—having a dialogue. In the past, the Party could take issue groups and get each one of them to lower its demands just a little bit and be a little more accommodating. If I can bring the groups together and get them to be a little more accommodating, then we can rebuild the coalition. It's going to happen. It can start right

here, by giving everybody a chance, by trying to be accommodating. That's the reason I'm disappointed about the meeting last night—because the leaders understood the need to be accommodating but their people wouldn't go along. I'm just going to keep talking about the necessity of accommodation. We've got to make people aware that if we're going to keep on brawling, then the American people aren't going to pay any attention to us. That doesn't mean that we have to have a corona-



tion every time we meet. Come to think of it, it just means that we've got to grow up, be a little more mature in our process. We can have disagreement and openness and we can still win."

White tells me that one of the reasons he is coming to this lunch is to meet with Douglas Fraser, who called him this morning, and that he hopes that a compromise can be reached on the budget resolution. Shortly after White arrives at the Hyatt Regency, he encounters Hamilton Jordan, and tells him that the two big remaining problems are the budget resolution and the issue of how many votes will be required to adopt resolutions on Sunday. The rules require approval of a resolution by a majority of all the delegates—a "constitutional majority"—and some of the reformers want approval by just a majority of those present and voting. Their argument is that a constitutional-majority requirement will make it harder for them to win, because the conference managers could simply have some delegates sit out a vote, and because some delegations are scheduled to leave before the conference ends. The conference managers, on the other hand, are worried that if a constitutional majority is not required it will become easier to pass a resolution that the White House does not like, especially as delegates begin to depart. White tells Jordan that he thinks he can negotiate both issues. Jordan asks to be kept informed.

A few minutes later, White and Douglas Fraser and three of Fraser's aides—including Howard Paster, a young man who is the U.A.W.'s legislative director—duck into the kitchen to talk. Fraser is a thin man with stiff gray hair, a ruddy complexion, and fine, even teeth. He asks White, "Who do I meet to talk about national health insurance?" Before the conference, a member of Kennedy's staff and a member of Stuart Eizenstat's staff had agreed to a compromise for Memphis which would simply repeat the 1976

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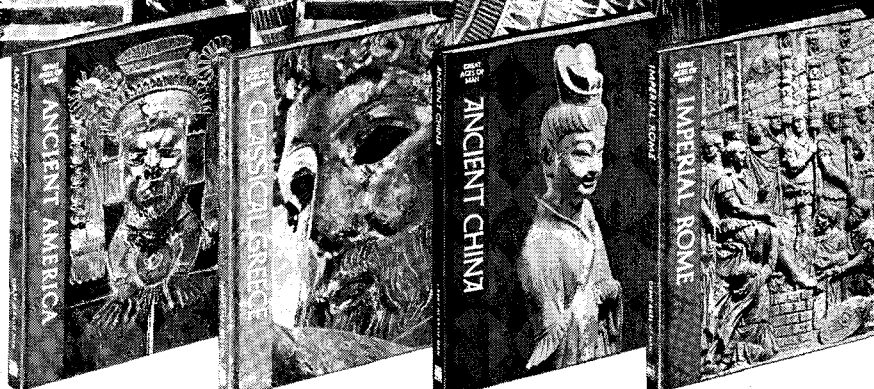
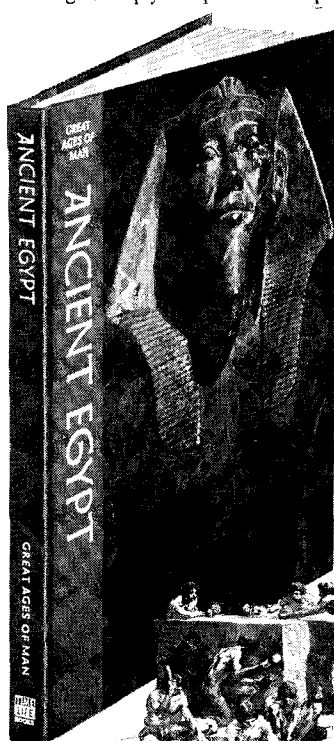
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Party platform commitment to a comprehensive national-health-insurance system. But the Democratic Agenda group wants a resolution calling for the implementation of a national-health-insurance program within one year. The White House has merely pledged "principles" stating that health insurance will be enacted by stages, as economic circumstances allow; it has not yet proposed any actual legislation. The Agenda group has empowered Douglas Fraser to negotiate this issue. The White House had already objected to the one-year requirement, and Kennedy's office and the U.A.W. agreed to try to find a compromise; Howard Paster has changed the resolution to say that the program should be implemented by the Ninety-sixth Congress. Fraser gives White the new draft and says, "Show it to whoever you need to."

White says, "We may need to play around with it some."

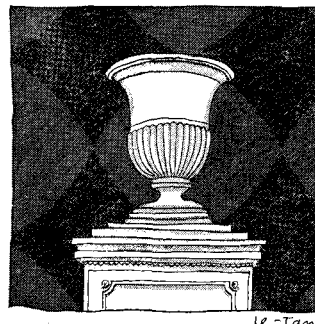
Fraser says, "Play around with it." Fraser tells White that the U.A.W. delegates to the conference are going to meet at two-thirty. He says, "We're going to tell them that we have an agreement with you about the rules, and that, despite the action of last night, we're going to stick with it." One of Fraser's aides says that the forty-six U.A.W. delegates will be told at their caucus this afternoon that Fraser supports the rules and that they should go back to caucuses of their state delegations and say that they support the rules. White and Douglas Fraser are distressed that Don Fraser could not "deliver" his troops. Douglas Fraser offers White some advice on the expected motion tonight to suspend the rules. White has been thinking of having one of his allies call for a voice vote on whether to adopt the rules. Fraser says he is worried that a motion to suspend the rules might be put to a roll-call vote, which would put a lot of people on the spot. He tells White, "I suggest you say, 'This is the schedule and we have agreement on the rules and most people are satisfied, and, rather than quibble, let's have a show of hands to see how many people agree.' You'll get ninety per cent of them, and then if anyone says 'Point of order' you can say 'Please, the majority of the delegates have spoken.'"

White tells Fraser that he likes the idea but that he would prefer to tell

the press he hasn't yet figured out what to do. White says, "I've got four minutes when I open the proceedings tonight. I'll take two minutes to call them to order and then I'll follow your suggestion. I like that, Doug."

Several Cabinet members are at the luncheon. There is now a freezing rainstorm here, and their arrival was delayed. Hamilton Jordan says to me, "I was arguing with some of the Agenda people last night. There are some things we're going to have to disagree on. We can't

fuzz everything over. We can't let them write the damn budget for us. If they push it, we're going to have to take them on and beat them." White comes over and shows Jordan the new health-insurance resolution. Jordan remarks to me on the irony in the



fact that Douglas Fraser may be having trouble with his own people because the Carter people have not followed through on a commitment they made to the U.A.W. in the primaries. He also tells me he is aware that wounds from the disagreement with the unions over the budget could last a long time. He says, "How much good is it to have Doug Fraser really mad at you?"

I ask Jordan if there's any thought that it might nevertheless fit into the Administration's political scheme to have a fight over the budget here, to show that the President is to the right of the most liberal elements of the Party.

Jordan says that it is not such a bad thing for the President to show that he is not with the most liberal elements of the Party on this. He adds, however, "That depends on how dramatically you show it and how you do it. It's a lot better to do it with vetoes in the Congress than to alienate a group like the U.A.W."

I ask Douglas Fraser how serious he thinks the budget issue is.

His reply, like Jordan's, indicates the kinds of problems that can arise when such questions become reduced to fights over resolutions, which require language that tends to oversimplify the issues. "We care very much about it," he says. "We're sort of boxed in by the petition process, which requires specific language; that makes it hard to compromise. We'll fight on it; we won't compromise to the degree that it takes the substance out of it."

I ask Fraser whether he thinks that

the Administration, if it follows its apparent current budget policy, is in danger of losing his union's members.

He replies, "You never know how far these things will go, but I think there will be a real rupture with the liberals in the Party if they go forward with their current budget plans. If they make severe cuts in social services, I think they're in real trouble."

There are other people at the conference, and at this lunch, who have other purposes. Coleman Young, the mayor of Detroit, is here because he is vice-chairman of the Party, but he and his associates are also busy lobbying on behalf of Detroit as the host city for the next Democratic National Convention. Norman Dicks, a Democratic congressman from Washington, is here partly to lobby for holding the Convention in Seattle. Seattle was also a contender for this meeting, but some thought that it was too inaccessible. I was told that Memphis was acceptable because Tennessee had ratified the Equal Rights Amendment (it is also in the South, which Carter will have to hold in 1980), but in fact Tennessee has voted to rescind its ratification of the amendment. When I asked about this, it was explained to me by Democratic National Committee officials that the logic of holding the conference here anyway was that it signified that the Party did not recognize rescission.

On the way out of the lunch, White sees Howard Paster, takes his arm, and says, gravely and quietly, "It's going to work. It's going to work." Also on the way out of the lunch, he tells Coleman Young that he can understand that many of the delegates want a chance to express themselves on an important issue. Young, a black, a mayor, is in a difficult position here. He needs Jimmy Carter—there are many things Carter can do to help him—and he must also be responsive to the constituencies he represents. White is doing what he can to strike balances and soothe people.

AT the Cook Convention Center Friday evening, shortly before the conference is to open, White attends a meeting of the floor whips, who have been appointed by the National Committee to help deal with challenges to the Administration. "I just want to visit with you a minute," he says. "The President's arrived in Memphis, and I haven't changed my clothes yet, or even brushed my teeth. So I just want to say this. We're the incumbent party. We've got responsibilities. We've got responsibilities to the President and to the



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White next drops in on a reception that Vice-President Mondale is holding for Minnesota delegates, and then ducks out to change his clothes and to open the conference. He already seems tired and tense. Tonight is the President's night, and nothing must go wrong.

In the center of the conference floor, Dan Horgan, the executive director of the National Committee and the conference floor manager, is in front of the stand for the television cameras. He will be positioned here as much of the time as possible, so that people will know where to find him. Now he is talking to Jack Touhy, the chairman of the Illinois delegation. Horgan, who is forty-seven, has a flat face, blue eyes, and dark hair that is touched with gray; he holds a pipe

and gestures with his hands as he talks. He is from Jersey City, New Jersey, and his accent and mannerisms are almost caricatures of the Jersey street pol. In the early seventies, Horgan served as executive director of the New Jersey state Party. In 1972, he ran the McGovern-Shriver campaign in New Jersey, and in 1976 he ran the Carter-Mondale campaign in Ohio. Talking to Touhy about the vote to suspend the rules, he says, "Jack, we gotta win this one. The chairman will say he wants the sense of the delegates, and that's a nice thing to say. He'll ask for a yes-or-no vote. 'No' is a louder word than 'yes'—have you ever noticed that? But still you have to roar. It's the only time you'll have to get a hernia saying 'No.'" Horgan goes over to Patrick Cunningham, a former New York state Party chairman. Horgan grins, gets down on one knee, and says, "Your Holiness"—he turns to me and says, "I always call him 'Your Holiness'—"—"we gotta win this vote." Cunningham tells him he doesn't have to worry about New York. Horgan continues to circle the floor, making sure people will know about the motion White will make, and how they should vote.

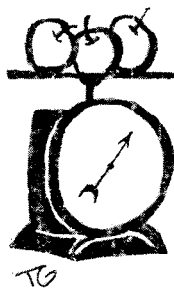
The National Committee has established a very extensive floor organization. When I spoke to Horgan in Washington before the conference, he said, "We'll have the floor very well wired." He showed me a map of the floor and explained that there would be at least four deputy floor managers—members of the executive committee and experienced politicians, such as Cunningham and Don Fowler, the chairman of the South Carolina state Party—and regional whips, area whips, state whips, issue whips, row whips. (A U.A.W. official from California was to have been a deputy floor manager, but bowed out because of the budget issue.) The original plan was to have about a hundred and sixty whips. For various reasons, there turned out to be about two hundred. Horgan said, "Some of them won't do anything. It gives them an ego trip, it makes them feel they're important, and it keeps them from going over to the other side, all things being equal." He continued, "I said 'wire,' and 'wire' I meant, but there is also a need to get information out to people. There is nothing worse than standing there as a delegate and not knowing what's going on—otherwise, they've got to sit in their chairs

and listen. The guys who want to stand in the aisle, politic, chase broads—they want to be clued in, and not sit and listen to a debate on agriculture. So some guy will come along and say 'What's going on?' And you can say 'Some guy from Oregon wants to do some crazy thing and the President wants to do something else and he'll say something about it in the State of the Union Message, so vote it down.' And he'll say 'O.K.'" Horgan also has eight internes—whom he refers to as "munchkins"—to act as "delegate-serving persons." Once the delegates were elected, they received letters from the President congratulating them, then from the Vice-President, then from John White. Then the internes would call up and ask if they could be of any help.

Now, on the floor, Horgan is worried about the fact that the V.I.P. section, just in front of the rostrum, is virtually empty; it was to be filled by Administration officials and whatever members of Congress are here. Few are. They aren't interested in this sort of proceeding; they don't want to get caught in an intra-Party squabble (their time to vote on these issues will come all too soon); they are travelling abroad. Many have stopped bothering with Party Conventions as a result of a reform rule that prevented them from attending the 1972 and 1976 Conventions unless they ran for a seat at them. A senator, say, who had been elected by his state, was not very inclined to stand for election to a Party Convention—he might get beaten, or might

win but not by enough votes to protect his reputation and his pride. Increasingly, as the politicians saw it, the Conventions were attended by "amateurs," who wrote platforms, which sometimes included subjects the politicians wouldn't touch and which they could safely ignore. So, as the reforms made the Party more

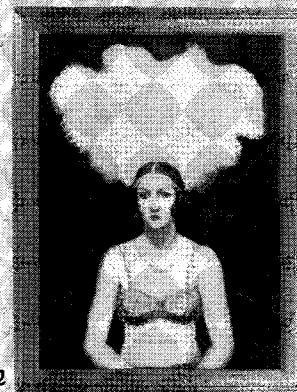
"democratic," they also drove away the very people who were in a position to implement the platforms and whom the reformers were most anxious to hold accountable. (This phenomenon has also occurred in some states.) The rules have been relaxed to make it somewhat easier for officials to attend the 1980 Convention. The White House tried to get House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill to make a speech tonight; it was hoped that he would give a rousing speech about the great traditions of the Democratic Party as the party of the people and all that, and some remarks were prepared for him,



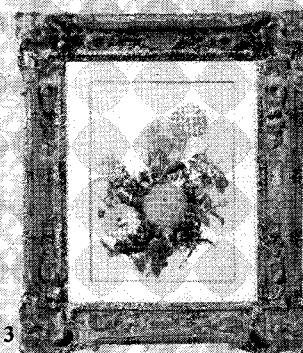
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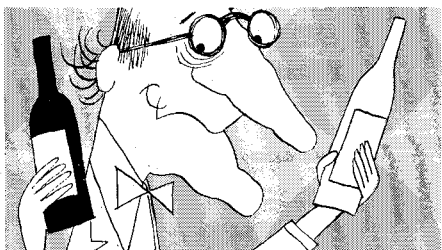
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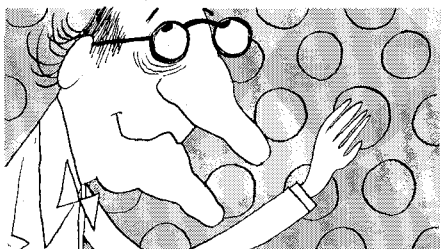
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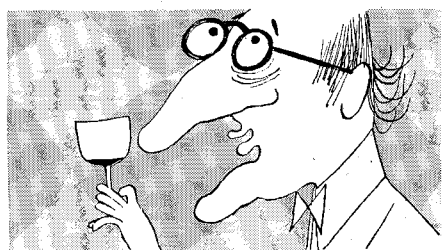
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and he was flown to Memphis on the President's plane. But the Speaker declined, figuring, apparently, that he would have troubles enough in the forthcoming Congress. Horgan is concerned about how the empty seats will look in television shots of the President speaking. He turns to Rory Wilcox, a petite young woman with long blond hair, who is his administrative assistant. "Rory," he says, "you and I are about to become 'Honored Guests.'" He and Miss Wilcox sit in the V.I.P. section for a few minutes, and then they return to the area outside it. "That was driving me nuts," Horgan says. "I gotta be on the floor."

Shortly after eight o'clock, White calls the conference to order and makes his little speech about the rules—hardly anybody is listening—and says, "All of you who are in favor of changing the program, please rise." Horgan is now standing by the Ohio delegation, just to the left of the television cameras. He shouts to the Ohio delegation and anyone else standing in the aisle "Get down! Get down!" and he and Miss Wilcox squat beside the Ohio delegation. Not very many people are standing. The California delegation caucused this afternoon and, though divided, voted to back a move to change the conference rules; but only about half the California delegates are standing. "O.K., it's over," Horgan says after a few minutes. There is no noticeable protest against White's maneuver. "God love Ohio!" Horgan shouts.

I ask him why the matter ended so peacefully.

"They're beat, and they know they're beat," he replies. "They made the wrong mistake. Sometimes you can make the right mistake. They created a situation in which we could win."

I ask him what his duties are for the rest of the evening.

"The rest of tonight, I'll try to make nice with the people," he replies, "so that if we need them it won't be the first time they saw us."

I talk with Tim Hagan, a thirty-two-year-old delegate from Ohio. Hagan, who comes from a political family in Cleveland, is chairman of the Cuyahoga County Democratic Party and has been a political consultant for the last six years. "A midterm conference is a good catharsis," he says. "It gives people a chance to talk to each other, and it is a real safety valve in case there is a big issue facing the country.

It's not a waste, because at least we're committed to coming in and focussing on things that are disturbing people." Hagan, who has been among the Party reformers, says that he now thinks the Party should be strengthened. "I think people are making a serious mistake in abandoning the machinery," he says. "Jimmy Carter didn't need the Democratic Party in order to become President of the United States. I would like to see the President understand the seriousness of the situation—that the Party doesn't stand for anything."

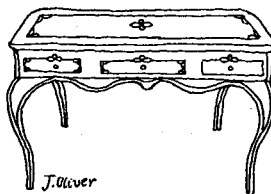
I ask him how he thinks the Party could get back together.

He replies, "You put it together with a strong President who believes in

the Party. The regulars want to know if Carter is going to use the Party. Too much is getting depoliticized. I came out of the Kennedy-McCarthy wing of the Party in 1968, but now you can't get ten Democrats in a room and say 'Boys, here's the policy.' I'm not saying reestablish the bosses, but would someone please tell me what the agenda is?"

An argument can be made that Jimmy Carter could well use a strong Party—that such an instrument would be helpful for his reelection—and Hagan's question about the agenda gets to a key point about the Democratic Party at this moment in its history. Whatever its divisions, there had been for decades a wall that it set before the public, and on that wall were such themes as social justice, economic programs, beneficent government. Behind the wall, the power-brokering could go on, and a James Eastland and a Richard Daley and a Paul Douglas could function. But now the wall has collapsed.

The film that is shown tonight celebrating Jimmy Carter—a mistake, it seems, for it just emphasizes the idea that this is an occasion to celebrate Carter rather than to discuss ideas—is heavy-handed. (At first, the sound is a bit off, and Carter sounds a little like Donald Duck. I am told that the film was not quite finished.) It stresses the high points of the past two years: the walk down Pennsylvania Avenue, Camp David (at great length). The deep voice of E. G. Marshall, the narrator, speaks lines like "The Presidency is an awesome job," and we see pictures of Jimmy Carter with his hand on his brow and Jimmy Carter with his chin in his hand. We see him greeting foreign ministers, walking in Norman-



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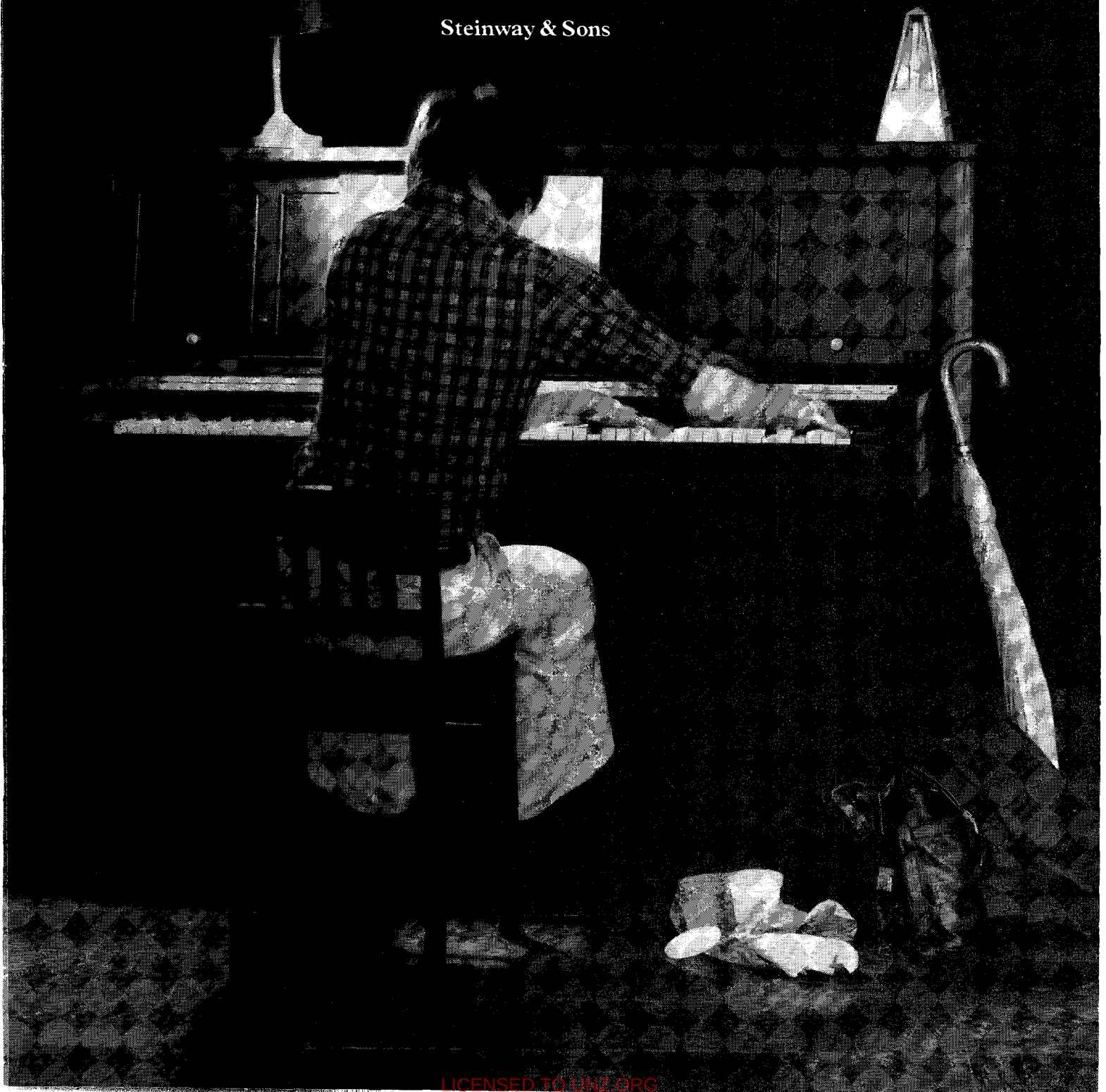
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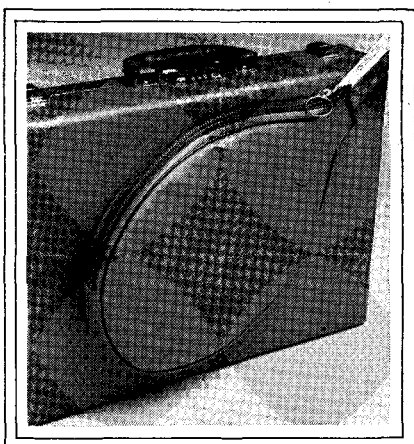
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dy with French President Giscard d'Estaing. This is the kind of film the Nixon people presented. Carter's 1976 Convention film at least had some wit.

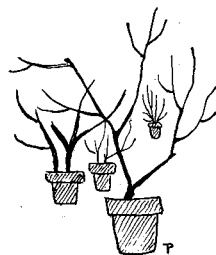
Then Carter speaks. (By now, the V.I.P. section is filled.) One of Carter's aides told me in Washington that Carter would give a "Democratic speech" here; the problem is that it is not clear now what a "Democratic speech" is. His speech indicates the confusion. He attacks the "break-ins and buggings" that went on in the Nixon Administration. He says, "Instead of leadership by veto and government by stalemate, we now have a new Democratic partnership: President and Congress, governors and mayors, legislators and local officials." But some of his proudest accomplishments of the past year were his successful vetoes. He looks aged and tired. It seems a long way, in time and in spirit, from his triumphant 1976 Convention acceptance speech. He says, "I'm proud to be a member of the Democratic Party," and it seems odd that he has to say it. He praises the congressional leaders and then the Vice-President, whom he refers to as "my eyes and my ears," and he also speaks of Mondale's "rapidly increasing experience"—which may not be an intentional dig, though it sounds like one, or may even be an attempt at humor. He talks, as he did in the campaign, about how he has seen "rural electrification programs transform the life of a young farm boy in the rural South"—a good, traditional Democratic point. The response of the audience is tepid—embarrassingly tepid. He says, "We Democrats have cut taxes nearly twenty-five billion dollars," and he says, "We have added new resources for human needs, strengthened the American dollar overseas, and cut the deficit thirty billion dollars." He gets the most applause when he praises former Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir, who died today, and when he endorses the E.R.A. The band plays "Happy Days Are Here Again" as he concludes, and the applause is perfunctory.

One wonders what the point of the whole evening was, and what it left people with. One state chairman, a Party regular, says, "I've never heard such a lukewarm response to a President's speech." It is true that Carter does not have as easy, as crowd-pleasing, a message to bring as have those who could ring the traditional Democratic chimes, but there must be more

compelling ways of saying what he feels he has to say. And his real problem, it seems, is that he hasn't provided people with something to be for—with some sense of purpose or mission. One Democratic member of Congress said to me not long ago, "We need a marching song, and we don't have one." There is no sense of national purpose, of getting at the hard things, of going to work on them, and Carter doesn't seem to know how to instill one. People need some kind of sustenance to keep at it, to work at getting things done through politics. It is difficult to see how this evening provided any. As the session closes, a Brown man remarks, "We're having twenty-five copies of that film made."

SATURDAY. While the workshops—twenty-four of them—have been taking place at the convention center today, the Administration and the liberal forces here have been negotiating. The workshops, covering such varied subjects as agriculture, defense, inflation, the cities, and the platform-development process, have succeeded to a degree that was not generally expected. Delegates and representatives of various groups have had a chance to raise questions, and representatives of the Administration have had to listen and answer.

Carter himself attended the workshops on inflation and defense policy—one can't imagine Richard Nixon or Lyndon Johnson doing such a thing—and in each instance delegates were not at all reluctant to speak their minds.



How much of all this sank in is another question, but at the least its taking place seems preferable to its not taking place. Carter told the inflation workshop, "When I make decisions about the 1980 budget, the question will be has Jimmy Carter been fair. . . . I can

guarantee you that I'll do the best I can." He continued, "If I do make a mistake, it will be on the side of those most dependent on the government—the poor and the deprived and the disadvantaged."

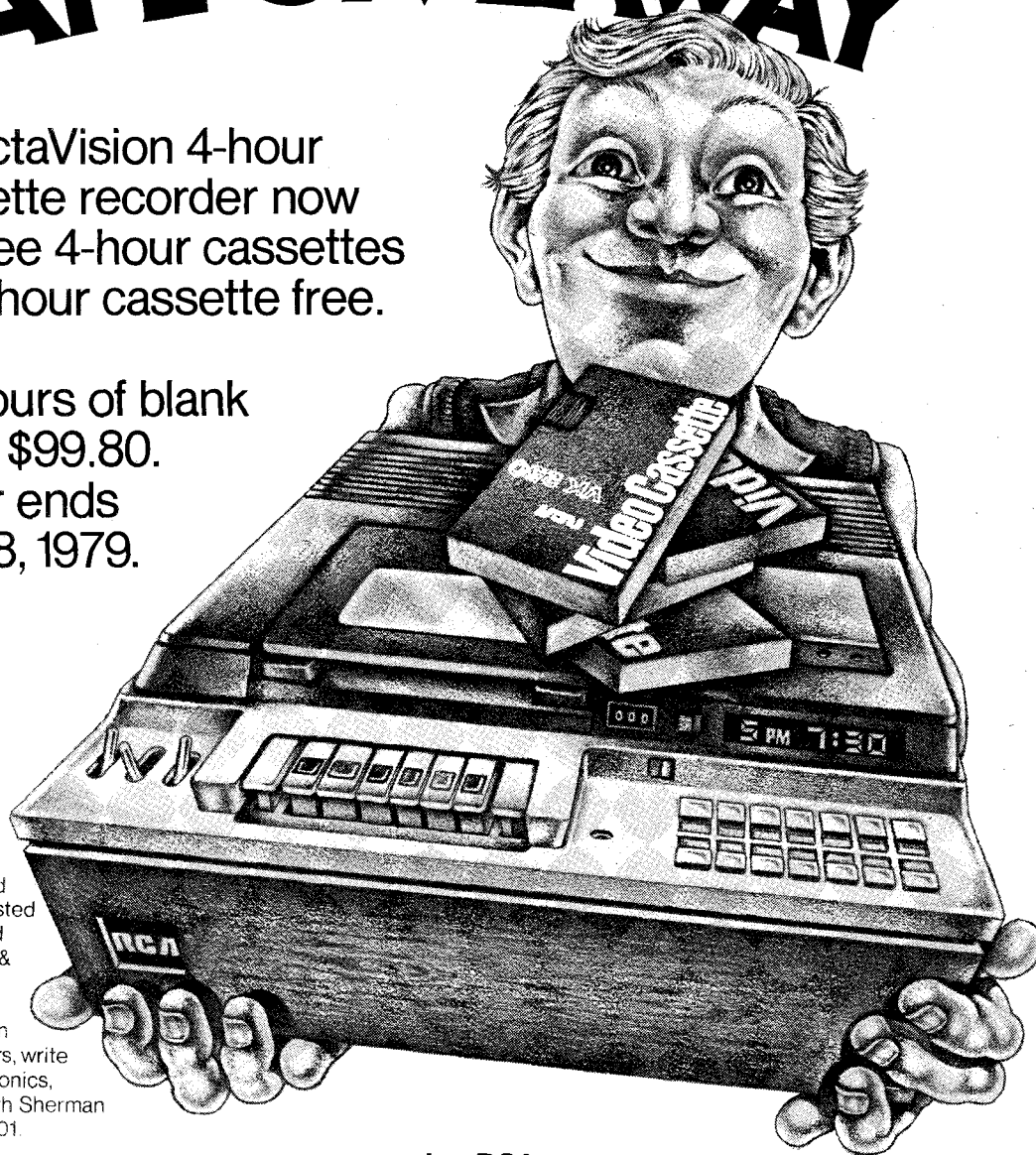
In the course of the morning, Stuart Eizenstat, David Rubenstein (Eizenstat's deputy), and James McIntyre met with Coleman Young and Douglas Fraser in Young's suite at the Rivermont on the issue of the budget resolution. During the noon break in the workshops, Rubenstein encounters Hamilton Jordan in a hallway at the convention center and tells him that

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he thinks the health-insurance issue has been worked out but that the two sides cannot reach a compromise on the budget resolution, and he shows Jordan a draft of the Administration's latest offer. After paying obeisance to the 1976 platform and talking about the Administration's accomplishments on social programs, it says that because of "clear economic constraints" the Administration and Congress "may be unable to fund certain domestic programs at the levels the Administration and the Congress would like," that "all areas of the budget, domestic as well as defense," should be "fully scrutinized," and that "a special effort" should be made "to avoid unnecessary reductions in programs which aid the poor and the disadvantaged and which aid our urban areas."

Jordan remarks, accurately, "This ain't much."

Rubenstein says that Young and Fraser won't compromise.

Jordan says, "Let's stop short of obscuring differences to the point where it creates problems for us in the future."

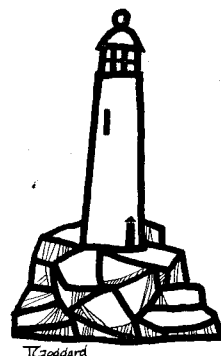
Rubenstein says he is worried that the Administration forces could lose the vote on Sunday on what constitutes a majority, and that if there is then a fight on a budget resolution the other side could win. He points out that the Administration has until eight o'clock this evening, when the Committee on Conference Procedures will meet once more to clear resolutions for floor debate, to decide what to do.

Jordan asks him to check with him and Powell later. He says, "Let's not get trapped in terms of smoothing everything over here and ending up with something we can get beat over the head with. I don't want to fight with people, but let's not get into trouble in the future."

After lunch, Stuart Eizenstat is walking around the convention center looking worried. But then he usually looks that way. At three o'clock, John White is in his office on the third floor of the convention center, looking weary. He is trying to find Douglas Fraser, to work out a compromise on what will constitute a majority in the voting tomorrow. He has been, he says, "visiting with people," trying to find out how the negotiations are going on health care and the budget. Talking about the negotiations, he says, "In every conversation, you try to develop a

relationship so that you can move it from A to B to C to D. You can't always do it. You try to get down to real issues, and not get overwhelmed by side issues. You work out as many compromises as you can. We may not be able to resolve them all, but we'll resolve as many as we can." He has also been trying to figure out the order in which resolutions should be brought up tomorrow. His theory is that he should start out with a couple of noncontroversial items, "just to get people to sit down and pay attention," and then "try to bring it to a pitch." So, with the debate on resolutions scheduled to begin at eleven, he figures that the budget and health-care resolutions should be brought up at about noon. That is also when most people will be in attendance. A resolution on the cities had been way down the list, but, because of the interest in it on the part of Coleman Young and others, it has been moved up to "prime time"—between twelve and two. "You put the least interesting items first and last," White says. Another factor is that he wants to give key people, including governors, a chance to speak at a good time. "That's an important part of our strategy," he says. "They're an important part of the Party, and the Party has to give them a chance to play a significant role."

The Administration has accepted the U.A.W.'s suggestion that the health-care resolution state that the Ninety-sixth Congress should enact legislation implementing national health insurance. Neither side wants a fight on the issue, and each side has allowed itself, and the other, leeway to interpret the pledge its own way. To the U.A.W. it means that the Administration must press in the next Congress for a full national-health-insurance program, which might be implemented in



stages over a period of perhaps five years or so; to the Administration it means a pledge only to press for passage and implementation of some first phase of national health insurance. Douglas Fraser's view is that the fight for health insurance, piece of it after piece of it, cannot be sustained over a decade.

Later in the afternoon, Powell calls White and asks him to stop by the blue-curtained booth that the White House is maintaining just off the floor, to talk to him and Rafshoon. The White House aides are growing concerned

that there may indeed be a fight tomorrow over the budget resolution, and they don't rule out the possibility that they might lose; they are even beginning to try to figure out what "spin" to put on it for the press in that event. It is agreed that there will be another meeting, in White's office, at five.

White and I decide to look in on the health-care workshop. As we enter the room where it is taking place—a large one—Senator Kennedy is speaking. He is saying, "No fight against inflation can be effective or successful unless that fight is fair." The crowd cheers and applauds. Kennedy continues, "The party that tore itself apart over Vietnam in the nineteen-sixties cannot afford to tear itself apart today over budget cuts in basic social programs." More cheers and applause. Kennedy, unlike Carter, is an orator, and he knows how to work an audience, get it with him. Moreover, he is saying what most of the people who have come to hear him want him to say. (Some White House aides are in the audience, as are some Brown associates—all of them watching intently.) But might it not serve Kennedy's purposes if the Party did "tear itself apart" over the budget? No one, for all the speculation, knows yet what Kennedy is going to do about 1980—probably not even Kennedy himself. He is clearly, as they say, "keeping his options open," his lines out. (There is a bit of a buzz here as the news spreads that he has just hired Carl Wagner, a talented young political organizer.)

A White House aide remarks to me, "Too big a hall."

I point out that if the room were smaller the press would have been able to write that Kennedy had drawn an "overflow" crowd.

He replies, "Yes, but a thousand people standing and cheering is too much."

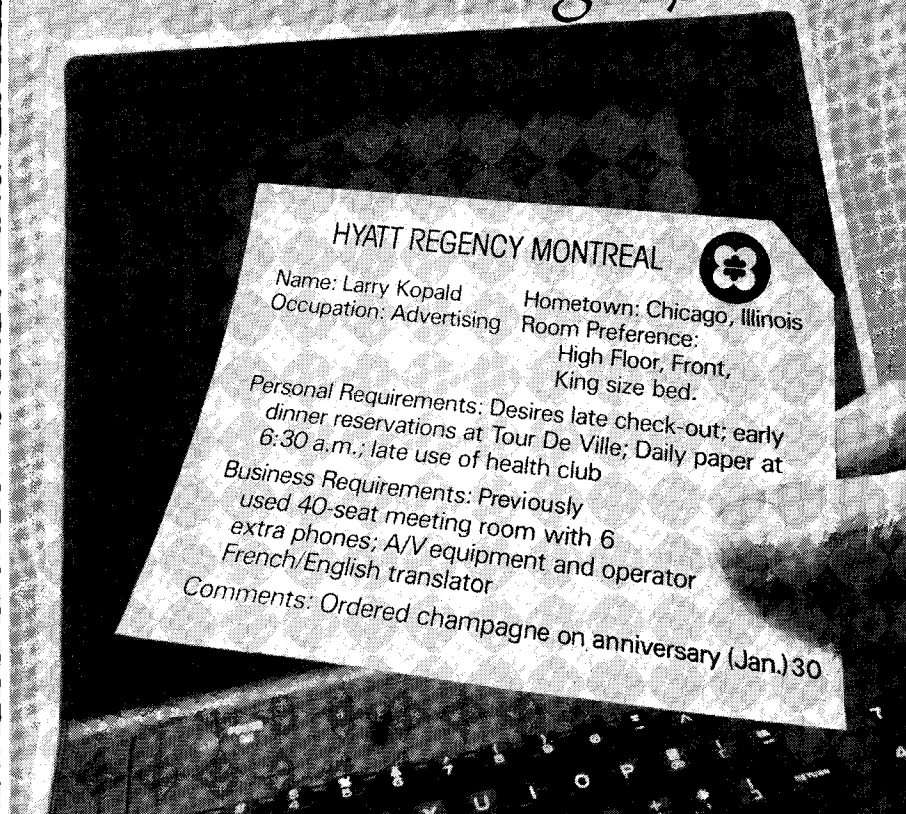
Another White House man asks me if there is much talk about the fact that Kennedy has hired Carl Wagner.

I ask him if it troubles the White House people.

He replies, "I'm not concerned, but a lot of people are."

Kennedy seems to enjoy the speculation, which, at the least, draws even more attention to what he does and says, and increases his influence. He is a true liberal, and a force for liberalism in the Senate, and has been disturbed by recent political trends (as they are generally interpreted). He also enjoys a good political fight. He had good reason to believe that he would have

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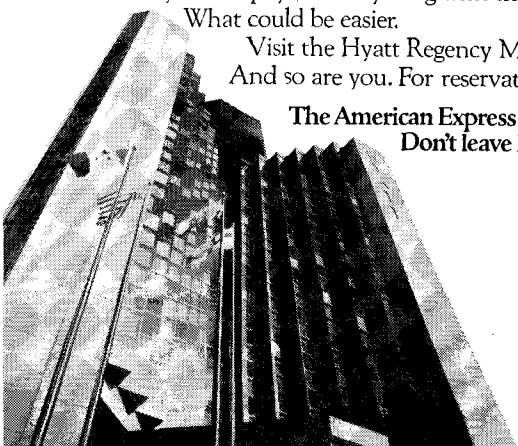
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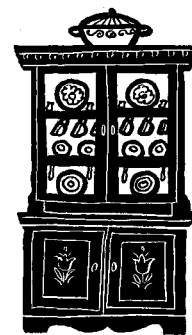
a receptive audience here, and he's not altogether reluctant to upstage Carter. And he is, after all, Kennedy. One doubts whether there would be quite the same reaction if, say, George McGovern were giving this speech. It is not just Kennedy's name but his forcefulness. Tentativeness is not a very energizing force in politics, and Kennedy is not tentative. His constituency, represented here, is more energized and more concerned than Carter's; what is going on here is Kennedy talking about issues that stir passions to a group that is ready to be stirred, and being able to do it passionately. He had clearly been toying with the Vietnam analogy. One of his associates said to me more than a week ago in Washington that the budget fight might be "the domestic Vietnam."

"There could be few more divisive issues for America and for our party than a Democratic policy of drastic slashes in the federal budget at the expense of the elderly, the poor, the black, the sick, the cities, and the unemployed," Kennedy continues, to more cheers. He is correct as far as he goes. But he does not really say what he would do about inflation. What he is saying appeals to their hearts and evokes their humane instincts, and it allows them to set aside such dreary considerations as trade-offs and numbers and constraints. There is no question that he is rousing this audience as it wants to be roused, but where is he taking it? Is he, instead of leading it to think in terms of a more complicated world, encouraging it to dream old dreams—taking it in a direction where it will end up more vulnerable?

Other business is being transacted at this workshop. It has been designated the collecting point for the copies of the budget petition that the liberal groups have been circulating for signatures; they knew that many of their troops would be here to hear Kennedy and see him take on Administration officials. U.A.W. people and White House people and Kennedy people are conferring on the health-resolution compromise; the Kennedy people give it their O.K., so it will go forward. Also, David Rubenstein and Howard Paster hold a conversation in which they agree that a compromise can't be reached on the budget issue.

In the course of the discussions that have been going on all day about the

liberals' budget resolution, White House officials asked Douglas Fraser if he didn't think there were any programs that should be cut, and Fraser offered language, which he drafted himself, saying that waste should be cut out of existing programs but that there should be no absolute cuts in current services. This was not acceptable to the White House. Fraser has told me that his group's proposal never meant that all programs had to keep going at current levels, that there could not be some shifting of money among programs. But neither could he accept a White House compromise suggesting that there be no cuts in "critical" services—who was to decide what was a "critical" service? In the discussions, Eizenstat and others pointed out to Fraser that what he was proposing might create a budget deficit of about forty-five billion dollars, to which Fraser replied, in effect, so what? He cited figures from Arthur Okun, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers in the Johnson Administration and now an economist at the Brookings Institution, showing that each additional ten billion dollars in the deficit adds less than one-fourth of one per cent to the consumer price index, or inflation. "It seems to me that's a reasonable social cost," Fraser says. His point is that the difference between what the Administration was talking about and what he was talking about, which would include the cutting of waste,



was not enough to wreck the economy. Moreover, he points out that he supports the Administration's program of wage-and-price guidelines, though he feels that they might have to become mandatory. Before it reached that stage, however, he would hope that the Administration could work out a "social contract" among business and labor and the government, in

which there would be agreement to reduce inflation.

It is clear that the liberal groups' budget resolution has sufficient signatures to get to the floor. (The petition on Party responsibility was given lower priority and is not succeeding.) One of their strategists says to me, "It's an issue that unites the progressive community, such as it is here—labor, the black caucus, the women's caucus, and the city people. There are a lot of special-interest resolutions floating around, and others are signing those just to go along. The budget is the one that pulls the progressives together." In

a sense, then, coalition-building is taking place right here. To be sure, the budget resolution is vague—blurring the hard questions of where cuts should be made and pulling a large assortment of people together under the tent of “compassion.” But if coalitions are to be built, differences have to be blurred to some extent, and what is taking place here is that members of different groups at least are getting together, getting to know each other, working together. Even the negotiations between the Administration and the groups opposing it are useful: these people spend most of their time on opposite sides of the White House fence; some of them have never met. The discussions can get beyond the press releases issued by the paid representatives in Washington, whose job it is to give worst-case analyses, and so the people gathered here are having an opportunity to find out more clearly just what their differences are and are not. The factions flourish best as factions when they are operating out of contact with each other, talking with members of Congress through their paid representatives. Here they meet and drink and talk and negotiate.

At five o'clock, a large number of Administration officials and officers of the conference gathered in John White's office at the convention center to discuss strategy on the budget issue. This conference is not unlike other political conventions, where, gradually, some issue or other crystallizes as *the* issue: both sides become excited, meetings are held, strategies are plotted, the adrenalin flow increases, and what began as a difference of opinion turns into an all-out fight. Among those meeting in White's office this evening were Jordan, Powell, Rafshoon, Tim Kraft (assistant to the President for political affairs and personnel), Rick Hutcheson (who also works in the White House on political matters), White, Strauss, Patrick Caddell (the President's pollster), Eizenstat, Rubenstein, other members of Eizenstat's staff, Frank Moore (who heads the White House congressional-liaison office), Jim Free (who works in Moore's office), Evan Dobelle (the Party treasurer), John Rendon (director of political affairs at the D.N.C.), and some whips. The group discussed the implications of fighting and the implications of fighting and losing. White told the group that he was confident the Administration could win, and they agreed that nothing should be left to chance—that the whip system should be put to work and calls should be made to key delegates and



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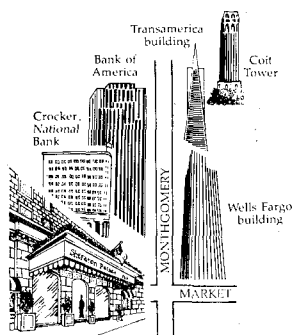
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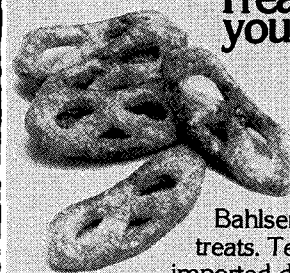
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governors. Moore was eager to try out the whip system. ("Hell," one of the participants remarked to me later, "this was a rehearsal for the 1980 Convention.") Some thought that this was a good opportunity to find out who the Administration's friends are. Some saw it as an opportunity to show "them" who had the strength. Jordan and Powell argued that it would be better to fight for something that appeals to the country at large and lose than to give the appearance of caving in to the liberal forces. The decision was made that if the Administration did by chance lose, the President would say, in effect, "I appreciate the advice, but I can't accept it." (One of the participants told me, "We aren't battling over the words in the resolution—we're battling over the headlines that will be written.") Others were less eager to fight, and so it was agreed that one more attempt should be made to compromise, by offering the other side two more draft resolutions, but there is not much confidence that they will be accepted. The consensus was that if they are not accepted the Administration will have to take on the opposition and beat it. One compromise draft is close to what the opponents are offering, and talks about cutting waste but maintaining essential services, and the other one is a stronger endorsement of the Administration's policy. The theory is that if both are rejected the Administration will go before the conference with the resolution that endorses what it is doing. But it appears that both sides are too far along, and too worked up, to compromise. One side has the signatures, and the excitement of taking on the Administration, and the other has a position to defend, and its fight is up. Some of the Administration people are beginning to act as if they were taking on a primary battle or a congressional fight, and seem to enjoy it. It was agreed at the meeting that calls would go out to the whips and others, and that there would be a whip meeting at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Meanwhile, there is until eight tonight, when the Committee on Conference Procedures will meet, to see whether a compromise can be reached.

Shortly before eight, White is sitting in a side office, off the one where the Administration officials have been meeting. He has initiated a search for Coleman Young so that he can try out the compromises on him. He has had nothing to eat since breakfast and is looking more tense and weary than ever. He says to me, "Something like this hap-

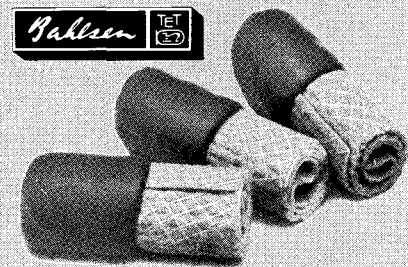
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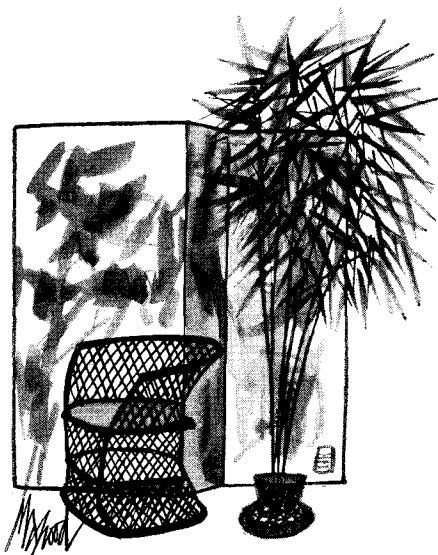
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pens at every one of these things. At least this time we found out the day before." There are parties going on all over Memphis this evening, some of them official—such as one given by women's groups for the E.R.A., an A.F.S.C.M.E. party, a Massachusetts-delegation party, a Black Democrats reception, and a reception for the Finance Council (Mondale will make the rounds of three of these)—and some unofficial. Someone phones White and cannot accept the news that White will not be able to attend his party. White, on the phone, recalls a moment during the 1974 conference when Strauss had to call a halt to the proceedings to work out a question of affirmative action for representation of blacks and women at future Conventions. "Georgie," White says wearily. "You remember when Strauss had to recess the meeting to hold a meeting? I'm there." Coleman Young arrives, and White and Eizenstat meet with him and give him drafts of the last compromise offers. Young says that he will have to check with other mayors and blacks. Copies of the drafts are also sent to Douglas Fraser.

At the meeting of the Committee on Conference Procedures this evening in the convention center—nineteen members of the twenty-five-member committee are here—a number of problems are dealt with, and some new ones arise. The resolution on the cities is amended to incorporate language drafted by David Rubenstein this afternoon in an attempt to please Coleman Young, who wanted it to pledge more aid to the cities. It says, "The Democratic Party commends the President for his urban policy and urges that continued efforts be made to develop and implement programs which will benefit our nation's urban areas, particularly those most in need." The committee



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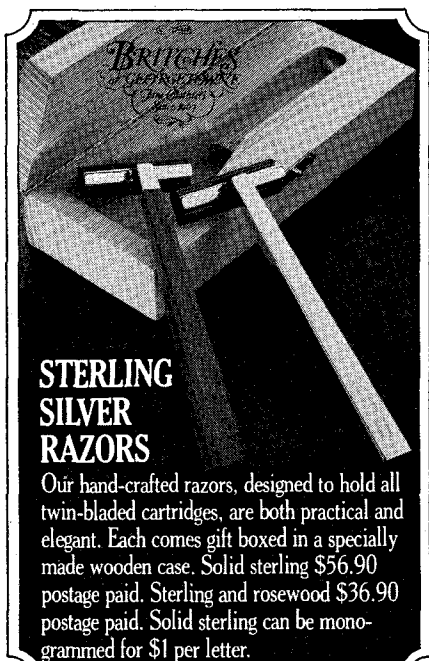
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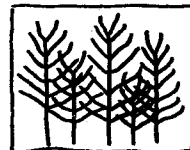
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accepts the change. It also adopts a proposal urging that the Administration and Congress restore funds for "countercyclical" aid—aid available to economically distressed communities—which Congress did not renew last session. (Some key members think that it is a waste of money.) The White House would prefer not to have a resolution on this, because the President is undecided at this point whether to propose new funds for the program. The health-care compromise is adopted. Howard Paster (of the U.A.W.) is here, watching, and so are Don Fraser and Bob Carolla (of the Democratic Conference), William Holayter (the director of the Machinists' political-action committee), Barbara Mikulski, Rick



Hutcheson, David Rubenstein, and Bella Abzug, a former member of Congress from New York. What this committee does tonight will set the agenda for tomorrow. Holayter is annoyed that the National Committee staff has watered down a resolution, offered by labor, that condemns the Ninety-fifth Congress for its action or inaction on various labor-backed proposals and calls for legislation on labor-law reform (which was defeated in that Congress). White manages to head off a resolution on the subject of homosexual rights, but the committee does adopt, over his argument against it, a resolution pledging that by 1980 the Party will elect women to fifty seats in Congress and to a third of the state legislative seats and will triple the number of women in appointed positions in government at all levels. (The D.N.C. executive committee, at a meeting here Thursday, approved a proposal to require that half the delegates to the 1980 Convention be women.)

While all this has been taking place, Howard Paster has told White and Rubenstein that the last compromises on the budget resolution are not acceptable to the liberal groups, and has left the room to go draw a map of the floor. Now he is back, and is sitting in the rear of the room studying the map. "When you fight an incumbent Administration," he says, "they have a whip system, they own the phones on the floor." He adds, "I understand Hamilton is going all out."

At ten-twenty, the Administration's preferred budget resolution is brought up and is read by Paul Tipps, the chairman of the committee and the Ohio state Party chairman. It is a wordy thing, saying, in part, "The strength of the Democratic Party rests upon its

commitment to social progress and the betterment of the quality of life." It refers to the 1976 platform and says that "the problems which confronted this nation in 1976 have not yet been solved" but that "substantial progress has been made under a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress;" that "the Administration and the Congress will face clear economic constraints in developing the fiscal year 1980 budget;" that "it is essential that all areas of the budget—domestic as well as defense—be fully scrutinized

and that a special effort be made to avoid unnecessary reductions in programs which aid the poor and the disadvantaged and which aid our urban areas;" and that "the Administration should continue to make every effort to avoid a recession and a rising unemployment rate." It concludes, "Two years after adoption of the 1976 platform, the Democratic Party reaffirms the commitment to social progress and fulfillment of human needs so clearly stated in that platform. In honoring the 1976 platform, the Democratic Party resolves to support an adequate budget to meet human needs with priority on programs of particular critical importance to the needy." It is adopted by the committee quickly and without comment.

At ten-forty-five, after a few more resolutions are adopted—with White warning good-humoredly, "If we're not careful, we're not going to get anything that matters"—the meeting ends. White and his wife, Nellie, and his driver for the conference, Paul Bronstein, and I stop for cheeseburgers on the way back to the Rivermont. White is not happy with the number of resolutions that have been added to the agenda, and he had hoped to keep this conference from becoming entangled in such issues as quotas and abortion. He tells me that a resolution backing government funding for abortions has received enough signatures to qualify for discussion tomorrow.

I ask him what time he expects to bring up this and some other potentially divisive resolutions. "Late," he replies slowly. "Real late."

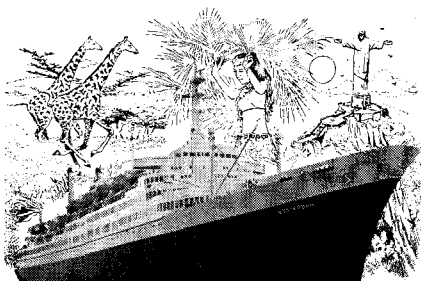
SUNDAY. This morning, Dan Horgan is at his spot in front of the TV stand. Various people are coming to give him information and to receive instructions. He says to someone from New Jersey, "You got the whole delegation? Chase them out if they can't support us." He tells me that some peo-

ple might like to support the Administration but are afraid to have their home-town papers portray them as doing so. He uses the Ohio delegation's phone to call John Rendon on the rostrum and find out how matters stand on the issue of how many votes will be required to adopt a resolution. (Each state delegation has a white phone that is connected with the rostrum. Around the conference floor, there are also eight blue phones—for use by area whips—that are connected with the rostrum and with the munchkins, who are backstage.) Horgan learns that White has worked out a compromise to be offered by Joseph Crangle, a former New York state chairman and a member of the executive committee, who opposed the National Committee's original position that a constitutional majority would be required. White found out, through checking with the airlines (so that the other side wouldn't know what he was doing), which delegations were scheduled to leave at what time, and also ascertained that a couple of hundred delegates would have left by today, and so he offered a compromise proposal that thirty-five per cent of the delegates would constitute a majority. Horgan tells Chip Carter and Kevin Smith (Chip Carter's assistant) that that issue has been settled, and then says, "Now let's spend all our time working on the budget thing. Get the word out to all eight area whips: there will be no fight on the rule. Do you understand that? As soon as that information is out, let's go to work on the budget." He tells Rory Wilcox to tell the munchkins to get on the phones and spread the word that there will be no fight on the rule. Horgan tells Rowe Motley, the chairman of the D.N.C. black caucus, that there are two issues on which it is important to vote "No." One is a resolution, got to the floor by petition by the Democratic Agenda, that would reaffirm the 1976 platform pledges on energy, including opposition to deregulation of natural gas (the Ninety-fifth Congress voted for deregulation and the President signed it into law) and a prohibition of corporate ownership of competing types of energy; the resolution also contained a proposal, backed by some people in Congress, that the government establish an oil-and-gas company along the lines of T.V.A., so that there would be some standard against which to measure price-setting by private industry. The whip notice that has been distributed says this "would nationalize oil and gas companies." Horgan tells Motley that this resolution "would na-

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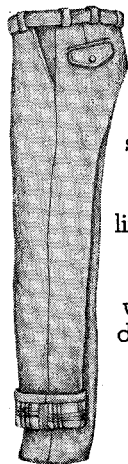
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tionalize the Exxon stations, and one of the results would be we couldn't watch football games on Sunday, so we're against it." As for the liberal groups' budget resolution, he says, "The question is, who's making the budget—the President or this conference? So we're against." Then Horgan tells James Hunt, the governor of North Carolina, who is the chairman of the Democratic governors, that White "has asked me to ask you to do as much lobbying of the governors on this budget resolution as possible."

Vice-President Mondale is addressing the conference. "Already, President Carter goes down as the most pro-education President in American history, and I'm proud of that," he says, and he is applauded. Mondale is speaking forcefully. After he made the rounds of the receptions last night, he met with a number of the members of his own staff and members of the White House staff and worried and worked some more over this speech. The response to Kennedy's speech underscored for Mondale the difficulty of his role here. One question was to what degree he should answer Kennedy, but in fact his problem is much deeper than the ticklish position he is in here at the conference. Mondale is a liberal, with

strong ties to the liberal interest groups that have formed the base of the Democratic Party—that's largely how he came to be Vice-President. Mondale has known for some time that liberals had better become selective in what they want the government to do, and be tough on "waste" and "mismanagement;" he talked to me about this in an interview early in 1976. But many of the programs he fought for when he was in Congress are scheduled for slashes, and many of his old allies are angry. Intellectually, he understands that times have changed; emotionally, he still responds to the old songs. While he has been arguing in the Administration's internal battles for the alternatives that would save as much as possible for the domestic programs, the range of the alternatives is such that it is unlikely he can be comfortable with any outcome. And yet he will undoubtedly be expected by the Administration to go forth and defend its program. He has two pulls on him now: to be a good soldier, and to maintain his liberal credentials. Now Mondale is saying, "A good and humane government must do two things: it

must create the conditions that enable all people to build better lives for themselves, and it must do so effectively and responsibly." He says that the sixties were "a wonderful time to be in politics—we did everything we'd wanted to do for years." But now, he says, "it is the unhappy but certain and obvious fact that the Democratic Party of 1978 has to face up to the problem of inflation." He turns the Vietnam War analogy against Kennedy. "And if we don't," he says, "we will be driven out of public office, just as our predecessors were for failing to stand up to the problem of the Vietnam War." He is picking his way carefully here. "Inflation can destroy everything we believe in," he says. "An effective and civilized anti-inflation policy is the most important social program of the Democratic Party." He says, "Nothing will sour a progressive nation more quickly than runaway inflation." And he says, "Everyone, I think, agrees that this year requires a tight budget as one of the elements to lick inflation." He adds, "The point is that we must do it humanely." And he says, "Don't worry about the compassion of this President." He is making the best of a difficult situation, and he is applauded frequently.



While Mondale speaks, Horgan goes to the rostrum to confer with John Rendon. "There is a glut of information on the floor, and our whips are confused," he says. New resolutions that have been approved by the Committee on Conference Procedures are printed on white paper, and resolutions that have been submitted by petition have been printed on green paper, and somehow the information began to spread that it was the other way around. Now Horgan is trying to straighten that out.

This conference is indeed proving the value of holding such events. Not only is coalition-building going on but a real debate is taking place, over a real issue. What the President hears and how he chooses to interpret what he hears is another set of questions, but the fact is that the Party did meet and people did get a chance to express themselves. Even if the Administration wins, it will have heard from an important segment of the Party—a segment without whose help Carter would not have been nominated and against whose combined opposition it would be difficult to govern.

Governor Hunt comes up to Horgan near the TV cameras and gives him

a progress report on the budget resolution. Horgan says, "California's terrible. New York's not bad. We just compromised on the rules, so we ought to get some coöperation from there." He says to me, "Julius Caesar always said you win a battle by taking *optima loca*—that's o-p-t-i-m-a l-o-c-a; I bet you didn't expect that out of me—take the best positions and make the fight when you have to. We're wiring the room right now." He gets another report from Governor Hunt—that New Jersey is fine but New York will be split ("It could be worse," Horgan says), that Illinois is strong, and that the chairman of the Ohio delegation, Paul Tipps, is not on the floor. Horgan goes over to get a count on Ohio.

Meanwhile, Howard Paster is trying to organize a whip system for his side. Douglas Fraser has decided to speak for the liberal groups' budget resolution, and after this morning's whip meeting John White made an offer to White House officials to speak in behalf of the Administration—an offer they accepted. Until a few minutes ago, the liberal forces had hoped that Coleman Young would be with them, but Douglas Fraser has just gone to talk to him behind the rostrum and learned that he will support the Administration.

Horgan tells Rory Wilcox to tell the regional whips that he wants a rough count on the budget-resolution vote within a half hour. He says to me, "It's a cinch that we'll win this vote. I don't think people came here to fight the President. If they came here to fight the President, it would be hard. But you have to keep acting as if it will be hard, you gotta keep your troops fired up. You gotta remember that the more tension we create, the more it helps."

Hamilton Jordan walks by, puts out his hand to shake Horgan's, and says, "Mr. Horgan, how are you?"

"Fine," Horgan replies.

Horgan's explanation of this exchange is: "That's our signal system. When he says 'Mr. Horgan, how are you?', he's telling me everything's O.K. If there were trouble, he'd say 'Dan, can I see you?' or I'd say 'Ham, can I see you?'"

Horgan continues to get counts from various parts of the floor. He is told that Ohio will be sixty-nine to six for the Administration. He says that Illinois will be the same way.

I ask him how he knows.

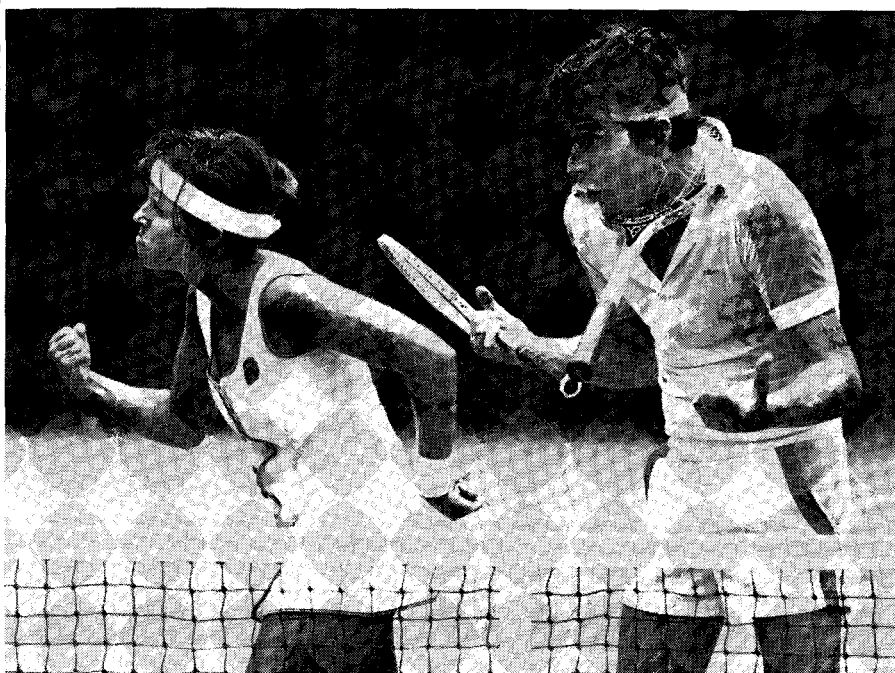
He replies, "Illinois is always that way." He goes on, "Now I'm more



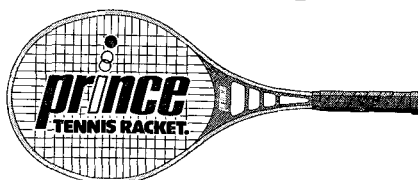
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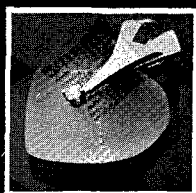
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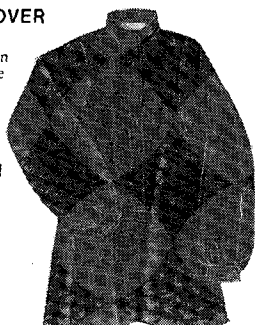
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concerned with New York and California. They're fourteen per cent of this conference. Someone runs up and says 'There's trouble in Delaware!' or 'We got problems in the Canal Zone!' Who cares?"

Horgan may be confident, but he's not letting up. Besides, he appears to be having quite a good time. There is something in most politicians that enjoys a political fight and will sometimes make more of one than is there—which may in fact be a necessary strategy. Good politicians don't take chances. Gerard Doherty, who has worked in various Kennedy campaigns, and who ran the Democratic campaign in New York in 1976, is an area whip at this conference, and he tells Horgan that the Administration is losing in New York, sixty to forty, and that Dominic Baranello, the state chairman, is working on it. Horgan decides he should try to get Hamilton Jordan to go over to work on New York. "We need a sparkly over there," he says. He finds Jordan and quietly suggests that he go over to New York. "He'll do it slowly," Horgan says, "to show we're not worried." Frank Moore is on the floor, working to switch votes in certain delegations.

Horgan spots Vaughn Baker, who works for the N.E.A. on political matters. He says, "I want to make nice to him, so that when we beat them we'll stay friends. He's a hell of a guy, and they give us money." He goes over to Baker and says, smiling, "I'm embarrassed that I would ever find ourselves on the other side from you. I know where my friends are."

Baker, who does not seem eager to be seen as opposing the President, says, "I don't want this to be seen as 'N.E.A. blasts Jimmy Carter.'"

"Ah, nooooo," Horgan replies.

Baker says, "The strongest story that could be written is that the Party put the President on notice that they might be upset by his cutting the budget. If you're these groups and you're concerned about the cuts in the social area, you say you're concerned. It's not a specific thing—it's a general expression that we're concerned." He seems very nervous. These groups still do, after all, need the President.

Horgan says, kidding in the way that politicians often do when they are delivering a message in which they are not quite kidding, "If you guys didn't have so much money, I'd really fight ya." He continues, "Listen, when I

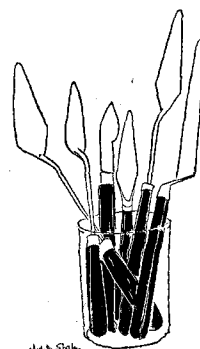
beat you are you going to invite me down for lunch?"

"Sure," Baker replies.

Horgan claps Baker on the back and says, "God love ya."

At twelve-thirty, the opposition's budget resolution, on green paper, is distributed to the delegates. It is understood by both sides that those in control of the conference will hand out the opposition's proposals as late as possible. "Why are we giving this out so early?"

Horgan asks. A standing vote has been called for on the Democratic Agenda's energy resolution. Horgan says to Rory Wilcox, "Come on, Rory, let's vote." They go over to the area by Ohio and kneel down when those in favor of the Agenda's proposal are asked to rise, and then stand when those against it are asked to rise. (The resolution is defeated.) "I'm getting a charley horse," Horgan says.



At a few minutes before one, the liberals' budget resolution is brought up. Horgan tells a reporter, "It's going to be close." The closer he makes it look in advance, the greater the victory will seem. Coleman Young, as vice-chairman of the Party, is now presiding. John White has quietly left the rostrum to join the Texas delegation. Horgan gets on a phone to the rostrum. He wants to make sure that the first vote is supposed to be "No," and upon getting confirmation he spreads the word to his whips.

From a spot near the Michigan delegation, Douglas Fraser speaks in behalf of the opposition resolution. Fraser has already decided to present his arguments in a way that will not make him appear to be in an acrimonious dispute with the Administration or to be attacking the President. Nobody wants a deep split—at least, not yet. Fraser says, "We can't compromise the principle that's involved here, no matter what the fancy language." He says that he is for cutting out waste, and says that the differences that are being debated are not so great. "The Democratic Party has been the party of compassion," he says. "We are told that the times are changing and we must change with the times. I hope the Democratic Party never changes in its commitment to those who are most in need of a helping hand from their government."

Now White speaks, from the aisle next to the Texas delegation, on the other side of the floor. "We can't lift the load from Jimmy Carter's shoul-

ders, but we can help him carry it," he says. He says that the President's commitment to social progress has been made over and over again. He concludes, "I want to close by saying, The American people trust Jimmy Carter. The Congress trusts Jimmy Carter, and this conference ought to trust him, too."

Governor Hunt speaks, in order to bring one last bit of pressure on the governors. Horgan has checked with John Rendon on the rostrum and has been told that Douglas Fraser does not want a roll call on this issue. Administration people say that they will not press for one (though some would like to) if Fraser does not want one. There is a voice vote (Horgan goes over to Ohio to vote), and it sounds very close.

Coleman Young says he thinks a standing vote is needed.

Horgan phones Rendon. "John," he says, "they don't *understand* the vote. Some of the delegates are voting *wrong*. John, tell White to tell Young to explain what a 'Yes' or 'No' vote means." On the standing vote, the liberals' resolution is voted down, but it seems close. Young turns to Fraser and asks him if he wants a roll-call vote, and Fraser says that he does. Horgan calls Rendon again. "John," he says, "we've got to do a better job."

Actually, there has been further confusion. Douglas Fraser did not want a roll-call vote, but White had suggested to Young that he make eye contact with Fraser to establish whether or not Fraser wanted a roll-call vote. Instead, Young went to the microphone and asked him, and once Fraser was asked if he wanted a roll call he was on the spot, because many of his troops wanted one, and so he could not say no.

Horgan says, "Personally, I want a roll call—for my ego. I think we'll win by two hundred and eighty-four votes. But professionally I don't want one. A roll call makes it tough for some people." But now that there will be a roll call Horgan circles the floor to make sure that everyone knows how to vote. Each state is to be polled and the results are to be phoned to the rostrum. Some White House aides are walking around the floor, looking nervous. Howard Paster and John White encounter each other on the floor and shake hands, and then White goes over to Douglas Fraser and puts his arm around his shoulder.

Fraser says, "John, I tell everybody you've been decent and honest."

White says, "I tell everybody you're a class guy."

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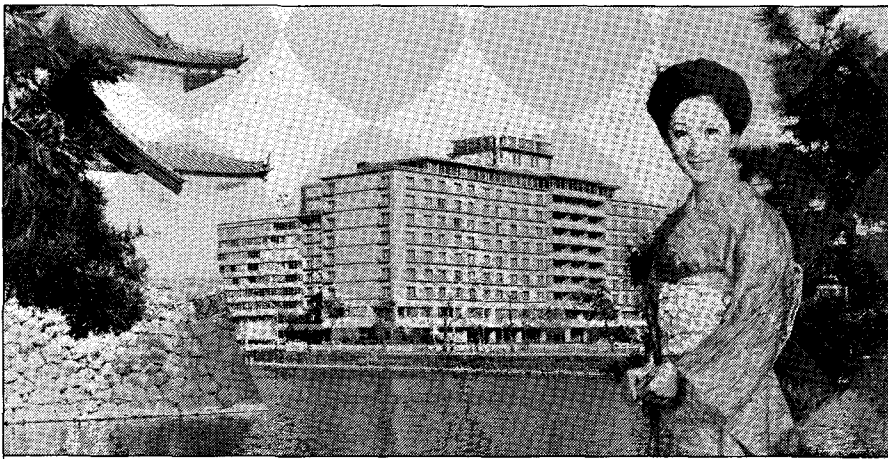
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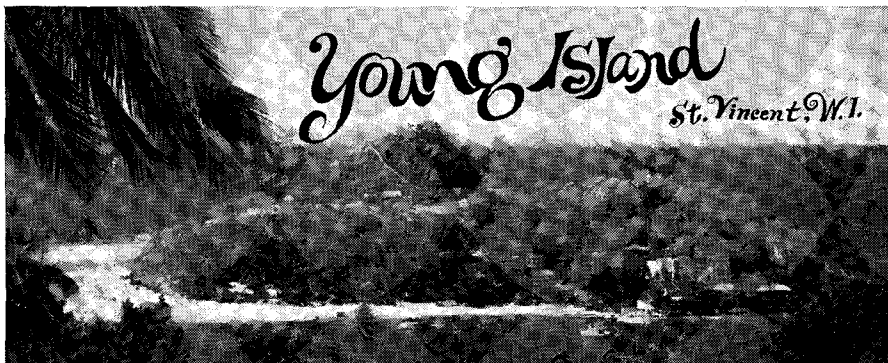
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Douglas Fraser, assuring him that nobody was trying to embarrass him by asking for a roll call; he had heard that Fraser was under this impression. Meanwhile, Horgan, standing near the TV cameras, gets some of the delegate counts. Illinois votes for the Administration, seventy-two to nothing. Horgan laughs. "The ghost of Richard Daley is alive and well," he says.

White tells a reporter, "If we win this, it's all over, because this is the hardest battleground the President will have. The selection process for this conference is more social-program-oriented than the Party at large, because this is an issues conference and those most active on issues sought to get here." He seems to be trying out this argument. He says to the reporter, "Doug Fraser's a great guy, by the way."

A reporter asks Hamilton Jordan if this vote won't show that there is strength in the liberal wing of the Party.

"The makeup of this conference is not representative of the Party," Jordan replies. It has the ring of a planned response—of a predetermined "spin" to put on events here. Besides, people who are deeply interested in issues also participate in primaries and caucuses and go to nominating Conventions. And, in fact, an argument can be made that this conference is unrepresentative in precisely the opposite direction—that there is a higher proportion of Party officials and Party regulars here than there is at nominating Conventions. And since this was not a nominating Convention, there was no challenger with his own set of delegates. And there are all those people who have been given duties here to keep them in line. It might well be that if this conference *were* truly representative of the Party the Administration would be going down to defeat on this issue. As things are, it is winning, but it isn't doing very well in some of the large industrial states that will be crucial to Carter. Michigan, the home of the U.A.W., is understandably in favor of the liberals' resolution (fifty-five to nothing), but opponents of the Administration also have a majority in New York and California and do very well in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The final vote is five hundred and twenty-one in favor of the liberals' resolution and eight hundred and twenty-two opposed. Horgan is very pleased; he was off in his prediction by just seventeen votes.

After the Administration's budget resolution is approved by voice vote, White, on the rostrum, says he wants to "pay tribute to my friend Doug

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Fraser," and he praises Fraser's "co-operative and helpful... and fair and gentlemanly manner," and calls him "a real class guy."

Fraser remarks to some reporters, "If I may interject myself, winning is better than being classy." But Fraser does not seem angry. Now White, back on the floor, goes over to thank Illinois. He talks with Michael Bilandic, the Mayor of Chicago, and with William Daley, one of the late Mayor's sons, who has been an area whip at this conference. After that, White remarks to me that he wants to get back up on the rostrum and "get control of this conference again." He says, "I want to keep it moving. If you move too fast, they think you're being dictatorial; but you can keep in control by staying good-humored and keeping it moving. That's all there is to it." One by one, various other resolutions that had been approved by the Committee on Conference Procedures go through.

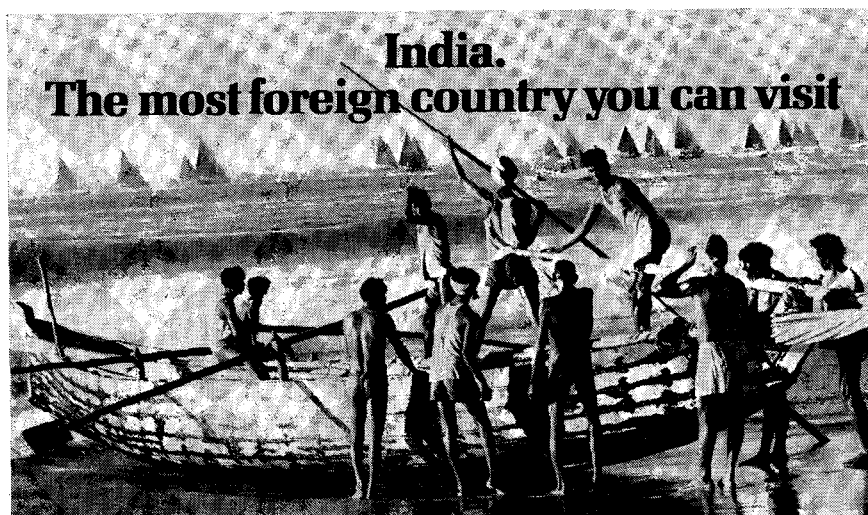
Landon Butler, who is a deputy of Hamilton Jordan and works on relations with labor, is on the floor and encounters Howard Paster.

Paster says to Butler, "I feel we had a good fight and nobody lost."

Butler replies, "Hell, no. I think the real winner of this thing is Doug Fraser. He's in a better position to pull things together," and he continues, "If we'd had you people with us on the tax bill or the energy bill, we'd have been better off."

Paster replies, "If you'd stuck with the positions you started with, you'd have had us with you."

At two-forty-five, White and Douglas Fraser are standing arm in arm behind the rostrum. Fraser says that he has to leave, and White says he will come out to Detroit to have lunch with him. White remarks to me, "The mood



speaks your language.

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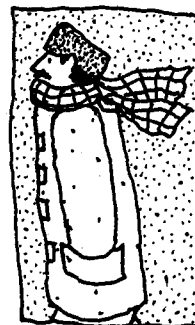
of these things is so important. You have to build it up and be careful that it doesn't get too flat. People get tired and could get quarrelsome." After White returns to the rostrum, he moves some women's issues to the top of the agenda, so that people who want to speak on them, including Bella Abzug, can have their say. Then, shortly after three o'clock, he moves that the conference adopt all the remaining resolutions approved by the Procedures Committee and refer the others to the platform committee for the 1980 Convention. ("Hell," he remarked to me earlier, "I appoint the platform committee.") In one stroke, he has finessed a number of issues, including abortion, and adjourned the conference before people do become tired or quarrelsome, and no one seems to mind (to the extent that they understand) what he is doing, and the conference ends just as White wished—good-humoredly.

ON the Monday after the conference, the President told a meeting of his Cabinet, in effect, that people who go to such events represent the most liberal wing of the Party and he has never been their man, and that even sixty per cent of *those* people supported his policy, so the Administration should not be concerned about the challenge that was mounted in Memphis. Cabinet members chimed in to agree, but Mondale said that what happened at the conference also suggested that the Administration faced serious trouble from the people it needs most, and that they should not be misled. Other people in the White House also drew a conclusion different from the President's. I was also told that the President's feeling was that he had done enough things to continue to have the support of such groups as the U.A.W., A.F.S.C.M.E., and the N.E.A. At a press conference the following day, the President said that more

than sixty per cent of those at the conference had endorsed his policies. He also showed a side of himself that had been revealed in his Presidential campaign but had not come out much, at least in public, since he reached the White House. Senator Kennedy, he suggested, represented not just himself but "a family within the Democratic Party which is revered because of his two brothers," and he said, "I recognize it and have no objection to that." He went on to say that he was "with Senator Kennedy on the night after

the Democratic conference adjourned," and that McIntyre and Eizenstat had met with Kennedy and his staff "to try to resolve differences." He added, "The differences are minor." What actually happened was that Carter and Kennedy shared a box at a benefit in Washington on Sunday evening, and, I have been told, before the Memphis meeting Kennedy asked both Eizenstat and McIntyre to meet with him on the budget, and Carter learned of these meetings just before the press conference.

Meanwhile, within the Administration the struggles over the budget continued. Mondale would ask at meetings, feigning humor, "Well, what part of the Democratic Party did we lose today?" Just before Christmas, the President met with Mondale, Eizenstat, McIntyre, and other O.M.B. officials, and subsequently it was announced that two billion dollars had been "restored" for social programs (most of it for jobs); this meant that the cuts in those programs would be smaller than had been previously indicated but the programs would still be cut over all. As a matter of fact, most of the "restored" money had, pursuant to usual budgeting practice, been squirreled away by the O.M.B. in order to give the President room to maneuver. For one thing, Presidents address the budget agency by agency, and they might not keep track of their commitments. For another, one official has explained to me, "You want the President



d. ehrenberg

in a position where at the end he is giving away more money, not cutting more." He added, "The President has learned to play that game well." The allocation for defense was 122.8 billion dollars, over ten billion (or more than nine per cent) more than was spent in fiscal 1979—an increase of 2.2 per cent over the cost of inflation over all. The percentage increase could be

construed as slightly over three per cent, as Administration officials argued it should be, if salaries, on which there is a limit in increases, are taken into account. Meanwhile, it was concluded that to continue to meet the goal of an annual three-per-cent increase over inflation would be too expensive in several respects, and the President planned to bring this up with Schmidt, Callaghan, and Giscard when he met with them in Guadeloupe in early January. Other steps were taken to soothe those who had opposed the President: just

before he announced that he would establish diplomatic relations with China, Hamilton Jordan called Douglas Fraser to tell him the news. Leonard Woodcock, the former head of the U.A.W., is currently the United States representative in Peking.

In a conversation after Memphis, one of the President's aides said to me that the constituency that made Carter the nominee the last time will make him the nominee again; he said that this constituency was middle-class, and that Carter's current approach "is clearly in tune with the country." He went on, "I don't believe Jimmy Carter will be challenged on the left if he's strong. If he's weak because he did give in to what Ted Kennedy said he should do, Ted Kennedy will challenge him, so what good does it do him to give in? Jerry Brown will find an excuse to challenge him whatever he does."

I asked this aide how Carter would hold those elements of the liberal constituency which also helped him get nominated and elected.

He replied, "The N.E.A. will stay with us because we're pushing for a Department of Education. Doug Fraser is a good man, and do you really believe that the U.A.W. will go against Carter because of national health insurance?" Later in the conversation, he said that if Carter went down the road of the Democratic interest groups, doing everything they wanted, he would be in trouble—which is true enough. "The only reason Jimmy Carter was elected," he said, "was that he used a different map."

But, I remarked, he also picked off some of those groups and got their support.

"Yes," he replied, "and he can do it again."

—ELIZABETH DREW

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[Police Log in the Brookings-Harbor (Ore.) Pilot]

SATURDAY, DEC. 24

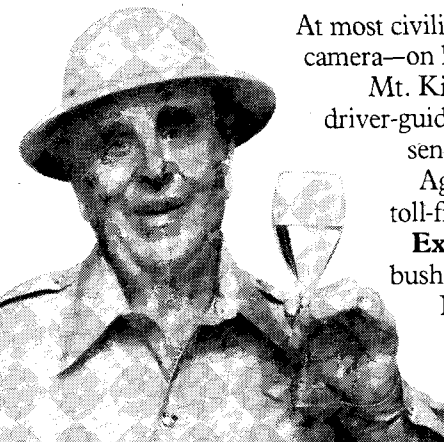
A man phoned from the information booth in Harbor, saying he was too intoxicated to drive any farther. He was given a ride.

A young man was cited for driving while under influence of intoxicants, on a bicycle.

A Chetco resident reported his mailbox was stolen. It was found the next day in the Brookings Post Office with a smutty poem and some cow manure in it.

Disorderly intoxicated subjects, yelling obscenities and engaging in fisticuffs, were reported in Harbor. It turned out to be a family party.

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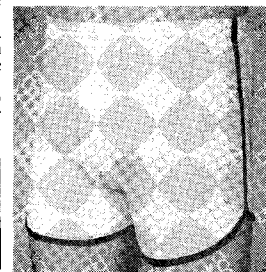
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THE THEATRE

Occasions for Laughter

THE most welcome benison of the season so far is a pair of clever young entertainers named John Monteith and Suzanne Rand, who have moved into the Booth with a show to which, after what must have cost them many months of arduous soul-searching, they have applied the unchallengeable title of "Monteith and Rand." Accompanying them onstage are two wood-and-canvas director's chairs, with what look to me to be dangerously high legs, and a dented baby-grand piano, which makes as nearly cowering an appearance as any baby grand I've ever seen. There are no other props, no scenery, and no costumes, except for a couple of pretty dresses that Donald Brooks has run up for Miss Rand, and two three-piece suits of unidentifiable pedigree worn by Mr. Monteith. The performers are given valuable assistance by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr., their lighting designer, and by an offstage presence listed in the program as "bill-boy russell." (Mr. Russell, who is said to have worked closely with Monteith and Rand for several years and is presumably young, like them, will perhaps forgive me for suggesting that affectionate diminutives do not wear well with age when used in a professional capacity, and do not wear well at any age when printed in lower case. At the beginning of a career, one should choose a name that will seem suitable at seventy.) Monteith and Rand need little more than their fantastically quick wits, their agile bodies, and the lavish resources of the English tongue to provide us with an

evening filled with innumerable occasions for laughter.

A difficulty in describing Monteith and Rand's program is that it changes radically from one performance to the next. They have a number of very funny set pieces, including the hardships encountered by a woman flight attendant in bringing down to a safe landing a plane that she doesn't know how to fly (the pilot has died of a heart attack and the co-pilot has bailed out), and the means by which a predatory man succeeds in picking up a suspicious girl in a bar by dint of pretending to be gay; these set pieces can be counted on and looked forward to, but scattered among them are some stunning improvisations, erected like so many breathtaking twenty-foot-high houses of cards on the basis of words suggested at random by the audience. The pièce de résistance on opening night was an astoundingly intricate playlet whose setting, characters, plot, and style of writing were all called out over a period of a few minutes. "Garage!" somebody in the audience shouted, and that became the setting; "Ma Bell!" shouted somebody else, and that furnished the climax, in which the hero dipped a pantomimed coin into a pantomimed container of Parkay margarine (another shout), in order to ease the coin's entrance into the appropriate slot of a pantomimed pay telephone—all this successively in the styles of Beckett, Brecht, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, etc., etc. In short, an ordinary parlor game carried to the tenth power by high intelligence and dramatic

skill; I forget how many curtain calls Monteith and Rand received on completing it, but they richly deserved them all. Wallace Stevens said once, "Words of the world are the life of the world," and it's instructive to see that this apothegm can be embodied not only in tragic terms but in comic ones.

SPEAKING of comedy, I was shocked to find no sign of it whatever in a play by Leonard Melfi called "Taxi Tales," which opened at the Century Theatre and died the death after six performances. Mr. Melfi has been a funny writer in his time, but his series of anecdotes about what happens in taxis in New York City was a painfully arid literary exercise. Some agreeable actors and actresses read their lines with understandable haste under the direction of Edward Berkeley. Their labors were not eased for them by the set, designed in a vulgarized Red Grooms style by Hugh Landwehr; the costumes, by Hilary Rosenfeld; or the lighting, by Arden Fingerhut. My condolences have a ring of asperity; none of this need have happened.

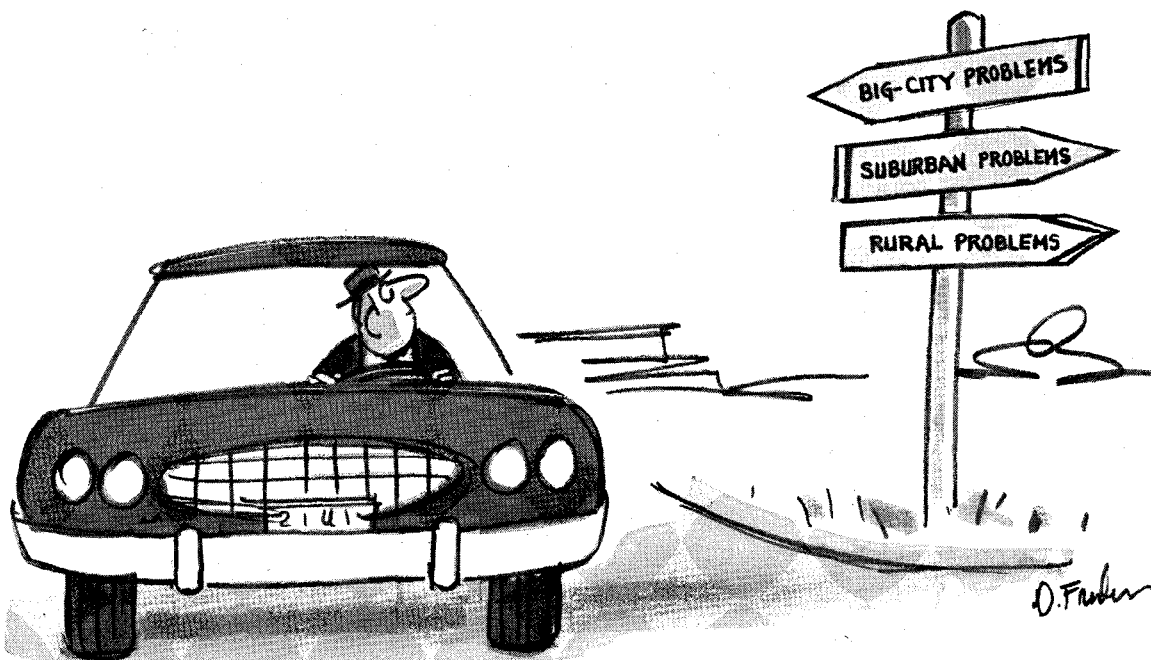
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

"Anne" Without Anne

THE less said the better about the production of "The Diary of Anne Frank" which opened a couple of weeks ago at Theatre Four. Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson play the elder Franks, and their daughters, Roberta and Katherine Wallach, are the Franks' daughters, Anne and Margot. Unfortunately, Roberta Wallach's performance in the title role leaves us with an "Anne Frank" without an Anne Frank.

There cannot be even a fairly good Anne Frank; it's all or nothing. When the play doesn't work—when one's emotions are not completely caught and held—other weaknesses become apparent. The script, as expertly adapted by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett from "The Diary," seems somehow too expert and slick; there is something distressing about transforming a tragedy so deftly into an acceptable show. When



Anne, after nearly two years of hiding from the Nazis in that attic in Amsterdam, gets dressed up to visit Peter Van Daan in his room, she looks fresh and chic, and I found myself asking, "Where did she get those clothes, those white gloves?"

There are compensations, though. When, at the beginning, Mr. Wallach, muffled in an overcoat, walks onto the stage, he seems to have grown six inches in stature, and his performance is quietly strong and steadying throughout. A number of the other actors perform well enough, too, but, given the circumstances, to no particular purpose. An exception is a young Canadian, Robert Joy, whose Peter makes every scene he is in touching and credible. Karl Eigsti's double-decker setting is very impressive, as is William Mintzer's subtle, dramatic lighting; between scenes, the lights dim, and the characters can be seen in silhouette going about their daily routines—an effective idea. Sporadically effective is about the best that can be said for this shallow evening.

IT is seldom that one comes upon acting that is positively inspired, but that is the only way to describe Meryl Streep's Alice in Elizabeth Swados' "Wonderland in Concert," which ran for a few evenings in workshop at the Public. The show, at this early stage, is pretty marvellous, too. Miss Swados' score is rich and varied and witty, and it brims over with melody. (Who would have thought the young woman to have had so much music in her?) Many of the words are Lewis Carroll's, and many of Miss Swados' "additional lyrics" are in keeping, or better than that. Some, though, could be severely pruned, being alien to Carroll's style and spirit—a small matter, all things considered. The supporting cast was splendid, too. At this point, the show is somewhat shapeless, but no doubt as it progresses it will take its own original form. —EDITH OLIVER

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[From the Times]

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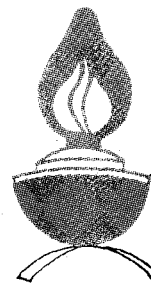
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U.S. JOURNAL: MORGAN CITY, LA.

WARM BODIES

AROUND Morgan City, it is common for the employment situation to be summed up with the phrase "They'll hire anyone who's breathing." The most restrained analysis of the labor market that can be heard is something like "All you need is two arms and two legs." Morgan City—some high ground that the Atchafalaya River passes as it cuts through the swamps of South Louisiana on its way to the Gulf—is the mainland headquarters for the offshore-oil industry. Before it had oil, Morgan City had shrimp. Before that, its residents made a living by cutting the ancient cypress out of the surrounding swamp and shipping it to New Orleans, a hundred miles to the east. The annual festival in Morgan City is still called the Shrimp and Petroleum Festival. At the outdoor Mass, the offertory procession bears to the priest both a platter of shrimp and a vial of crude oil. The symbols of the town, lined up on the grassy median strip of Brashear Avenue, include a shrimp boat as well as a model of an offshore oil rig—and a tattered sandbag, a monument to those who fought the latest of the great floods that periodically threaten the existence of the city. On Front Street, though, the old downtown next to the Atchafalaya, only a few shrimp-boat masts are visible over the floodwall. Petroleum has been more blessed than shrimp. Since the first producing offshore oil well was drilled out in the Gulf, in 1947, the population of Morgan City has grown from ten thousand to eighteen thousand—contained not by the limitations of the oil industry but by the paucity of land solid enough to hold a housing development. In the fifties, new shopping centers and franchise restaurants and auto dealers began lining the narrow strip of high ground along U.S. 90, so that Morgan City now has a great neon tail snaking east, toward New Orleans. Just outside of town, the hamburger joints and G.M. dealers give way to companies specializing in welding supplies or rig maintenance or the construction of oil-rig supply boats. East of Morgan City, in the narrow strip of ground between U.S. 90 and Bayou Boeuf, a marquee with constantly flashing light bulbs may advertise a bar with go-go dancing twenty-four hours a day, but it is more likely to say something like "Wanted: First-Class Welders and Fitters—\$8.30."

As the offshore-oil industry expanded over the past thirty years, it also decentralized. These days, a major oil company is likely to buy the rights to a nine-square-mile "block" of the Gulf and then subcontract most of the work of drilling and maintaining oil wells on it. Around Morgan City, there are now six or eight "hammer" companies—companies that do nothing but sink the first pipe from an offshore oil rig. There are companies that make rigs, and companies that run supply boats, and companies that supply those companies. A number of people in Morgan City who were working with their hands twenty years ago now own substantial corporations and take their vacations in Aspen.

Perhaps ten years ago, the oil industry around Morgan City began to develop roustabout companies—companies that exist purely to provide twenty hands for scraping paint here, thirty people for hauling steel there. A welder or a fitter is a skilled worker—to earn his eight-thirty an hour he has to demonstrate more than the possession of four limbs and the ability to breathe—but a roustabout is just a man passing through, often passing through on the way from one bottle of muscatel to another. In the oil fields, the turnover rate is high even among skilled workers; it is so high among roustabouts that a company with a complement of a hundred men may have to hire seventeen or eighteen hundred a year just to stay even. The roustabout business is what some people in Morgan City call "a warm-body industry."

Roustabouts are not the sort of warm bodies that respectable citizens

want to have as neighbors. When some of the roustabout companies started renting old buildings as bunkhouses for their workers—"mostly just flophouses," in the words of one man in the business—complaints from neighbors were so intense that the city council eventually zoned bunkhouses out of the city. They were banished to the strip on U.S. 90—out of sight and nearly out of mind. There has always been some uneasiness in Morgan City about the rough types attracted to the one place in America where a man can simply sign up for a job, no questions asked, and disappear for weeks into the Gulf of Mexico until he earns enough money to move on. Where Front Street turns into the aptly named Railroad Avenue, there are several saloons of the sort that are characterized by a fat woman at the end of the bar talking dirty in a loud voice, and barmaids whose idea of particularly attentive service is to remove the pop-top as they set the can of Dixie in front of the customer, and a couple of pool tables that have the side benefit of providing the players with effective weapons in case a fight starts late in the evening. Some of the people who work "seven and seven" on the oil rigs—alternating a week on the job with a week at home in North Louisiana or Mississippi or East Texas—find that seven days of oil-rig work has made them too thirsty to begin the long journey home immediately. "I've given a welder a check for fifteen hundred dollars on Friday and had him come in on Monday and ask for an advance," the operator of a local fabricating yard said recently. "He blew it all on Front Street."

Most of the carrying on has been confined to areas easy to avoid, though, and the public impression of the offshore-oil industry in Morgan City has been dominated not by hard drinkers but by hard cash. Once bunkhouses were banned from the city, people in Morgan City were pretty much able to put their concern about the rough element in the back of their minds—until one evening last March, when Mary Leah Rodermund, aged sixteen, went to a shopping center to buy some batteries, and did not come home. On April 27th, with Mary Leah Rodermund still missing, two more teenagers, a boy and a girl, disappeared from a Penny Saver store. On May 11th, two teen-age girls were abducted as they returned from the Central Catholic High School Fair. In ten weeks, five teen-agers had disappeared. There was reason to believe that a



maniac was preying on the young people of Morgan City.

TOWARD the end of May, investigators came across gruesome evidence that at least four of the teen-agers had indeed been taken by the same person. The bodies of two teen-age girls, from separate abductions, were found in a septic tank just outside Morgan City. The boy's body was found in a sugarcane field. All had been strangled. By that time, the police, having traced a license plate seen near the last abduction, had begun a nationwide search for a convicted sex offender named Robert Hohenberger, who had been working near Morgan City in a fabricating yard for five months. Within a few days, Hohenberger was dead himself—shot, apparently by his own gun, when cornered by police in Tacoma, Washington. Most people in Morgan City were satisfied that Hohenberger had been the man responsible for the abduction of all five teen-agers, but his death did not convince them that the danger was over. Hohenberger had been working under an assumed name—a fugitive from California, where he was wanted for the kidnapping and rape of a coed in Palm Desert. People in Morgan City spent a lot of time talking about how many other sex offenders and potential kidnappers and wanted rapists were living in the bunkhouses outside of town or drinking on Front Street.

According to several public officials in Morgan City, the F.B.I. agents investigating the kidnappings had expressed astonishment at the number of fugitives they came across among the oilfield workers. It was said around town that Morgan City had become known in underworld circles as a regular stop—the oil rigs being the only place in America where a man could hide out and amass a significant bankroll at the same time. While Hohenberger was being tracked down, people in Morgan City were saying that something had to be done to protect the citizenry from such criminals in the future—and they were saying it in a



"Now, remember, feed the cats twice a day, water the plants once a week, and this is a list of the programs we want videotaped."

tone of fear and anger and, perhaps most of all, regret that the old concern about the rough element had been buried by oil-industry prosperity. "There's no doubt," a local politician said later, "that Morgan City had a strong sense of collective community guilt."

AT the time of the kidnappings, the state senator from the coastal parishes of Louisiana, an energetic young Morgan City attorney named Anthony Guarisco, was in line to receive the public-service award given annually by the American Civil Liberties Union of Louisiana. Guarisco represents a conservative district. His home parish, St. Mary, is dominated in the east by the oil industry around Morgan City, known for new money and no unions, and in the west by sugarcane plantations that might be considered antebellum not just in appearance but in labor policies. Guarisco began his legislative career, in 1976, by introducing a resolution to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment and a bill to rescind a state loyalty oath left over from the fifties. Both measures failed, of course, as did Guarisco's effort to decriminalize marijuana. He was the only white member of

either Louisiana house to vote against the death penalty. In June, though, around the time that Robert Hohenberger died, Guarisco finally managed to win the overwhelming approval of the legislature for one of his bills: he introduced enabling legislation that would permit St. Mary Parish and some other coastal parishes to require that all itinerant workers be photographed and fingerprinted and issued identity cards. Guarisco's old allies from the A.C.L.U. eventually sued, of course, having in the meantime decided to give their annual award to somebody else. They compared Guarisco's law to the identity-card policies of Soviet Russia, Nazi Germany, and the Republic of South Africa.

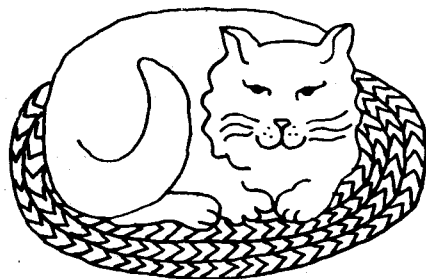
In St. Mary Parish, there was little opposition to the proposed identity-card ordinance. Privately, some local employers complained about the cost and the paperwork, but nobody was willing to express those complaints at the public hearing called to gather reactions to the idea—a hearing that included among its speakers some of the parents of the murdered teen-agers. One businessman—Julian Fernandez, the proprietor of a fabricating yard that produces tugs and supply vessels and drill-

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ing decks—did eventually speak out publicly against the ordinance, and later became one of the plaintiffs in the A.C.L.U. suit. Fernandez said that the ordinance was being adopted in an atmosphere of hysteria, that all the other murders in the recent history of St. Mary Parish had been committed by local people, and that the ordinance would put employers like him in an unfair position to compete for labor with employers just outside the parish—competition for labor being the fiercest competition of all in the offshore-oil area of Louisiana. “Why, a man might not want his fingerprints taken because he once stole a nickel’s worth of candy, or he’s worried about alimony or child support in another state,” Fernandez said recently. “If he’s done something and been in jail, that’s none of my business. He’s paid his debt to society. If he hasn’t been in jail and ought to be, that’s the sheriff’s business. When I hire a welder or a fitter, the only thing I should have to determine is whether he can weld or fit.”

THE most common explanation around Morgan City of Guarisco’s apparent transformation is that public emotion over the kidnappings presented a political opportunity juicy enough to overcome anyone’s commitment to civil liberties. Guarisco acknowledges that he surprised even himself by coming up with the identity-card system—“I’d think, Hey, did this come out of my head?”—but he insists that it represents no backsliding. A law requiring the fingerprinting of stock-exchange employees has been judged constitutional, on the basis of the employees’ having a fiduciary relationship with the public, Guarisco says, and he believes the identity card will be held constitutional on the basis of Morgan City’s having a population of fugitives wholly disproportionate to that of the rest of the country. Although the St. Mary ordinance is patterned after a law passed in Plaquemines Parish during a time when the sort of itinerant most troubling to those in charge was an itinerant civil-rights worker, it has a clause prohibiting its use for purposes of racial discrimination. As it was finally written, in fact, it does not discriminate between a drifter and someone who has lived in Morgan City from birth; since November 1st, anyone seeking employment for the first time or changing jobs has had to have an identity card. Unlike the South African passbook regulations, Guarisco says, the ordinance puts the burden of compliance on the employer

rather than on the worker. The most intimate question asked on the form is a list of previous addresses. The St. Mary ordinance so carefully anticipates objections on the grounds of invasion of privacy or unequal treatment that there is reason to believe that the A.C.L.U.'s case may have its best chance of success on a point that has nothing to do with civil liberties: the question of whether the ordinance constitutes regulation of interstate commerce—a function constitutionally reserved to the federal government. In fact, the St. Mary identity-card ordinance may be benign almost to the point of nonexistence. About the only serious claim made for its efficacy is that it constitutes a way to pass the word that Morgan City is no longer a likely hideout. It is said in Morgan City that a murderer on the run is simply not likely to want his fingerprints taken for any reason—a reluctance that may be shared, of course, by a reformed juvenile delinquent or by a stevedore who deserted a nagging wife in Corpus Christi.

As it happens, neither the murderer nor the wife-deserter would have much to fear from going through the identity-card process in St. Mary Parish. The parish identification officer does dutifully collect the fingerprint forms and applications each week from storefront I.D. centers that have been licensed to produce identity cards and

from the larger corporations that have bought equipment for producing the cards themselves. He does send the fingerprint cards to the appropriate law-enforcement agency—the St. Mary Parish sheriff's department. But what is the sheriff's department to do with them? There are three or four hundred fingerprint cards produced in Morgan City every week. The F.B.I. cannot be used as a clearing service for hundreds of fingerprints that have no known connection with a crime. Simply classifying the cards locally in a way that would make them usable in the event of another major crime would require more clerical workers than a small parish sheriff's department is likely to have. It seems likely that the fingerprint cards collected each week in Morgan City will eventually be stacked neatly in some unused basement room in the St. Mary Parish courthouse.

The final destination of the fingerprints is not a subject that comes up much in conversations around Morgan City. The residents can feel that something has finally been done about the rough element coming into town, and they tend not to trouble themselves with the details of precisely how the process works. The oil industry is more prosperous than ever. With the I.D. centers busily processing identity cards, in fact, there is now one more offshore-oil service industry.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

VETERANS

Often they fished till dark,
skinned catfish, supple as forearms,
spilling guts on limestone that paved
both banks. And picking up fish heads—
dangled from wire shoved through their mouths—
hurled them beyond sight and waited.

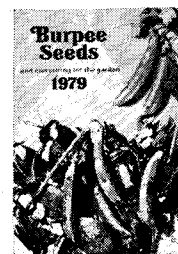
Sometimes, diving straight into those rocks,
they swam downriver past men
loading grain into the dark gut of barges.
Swimming, they daydream of working
in a fish market,
breaking fish from ice cocoons,
lobbing chunks big as their heads into the mouths
of enormous conveyors that climb up from nowhere.

But in their sleep they drown in pale water.
Their enormous chests fall
like the rain-wet hides strung between trees in summer.
Their arms are bound at the wrists
where slow blood moves inside a tube;
another, shoved through the nose, brings it back.
Their strong vacant faces are stiff
with surprise, as at birth.

—STEVEN MEEKER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Intuitions

TOBIAS PICKER's Octet, dedicated to the ensemble Parnassus and its director, Anthony Korf, had its first performance, in Carnegie Recital Hall, last month. The nine-minute work happily confirmed the favorable impression made by Picker's Rhapsody, for violin and piano, at a Group for Contemporary Music concert the month before. The forces of the Octet are oboe, bass clarinet, and horn, violin, cello, and double-bass, harp and vibraphone/marimba; and they are skillfully and imaginatively handled. The start of the piece suggests that of "Tristan" in the way

motif steals upon motif to build into chords, but instead of Wagner's clinging semitones there is a gentle, open whole-tone flow—or, rather, a series of flows so directed that, while a cross-section through any point of the opening measures may reveal a common triad, one hears a web of lines and timbres instead of a chord progression. The scoring is smooth. Voice laps over or enters upon voice; coincidence on crossing points lends color and emphasis to the moments of unison; the texture is active but not dense or lumpy. A whole-tone melody implicit in the opening measures, later drawn out in a single thread by the horn, is never far away, but the moods and the motion of the music change freely, as if in a set of improvisations spun from that basic theme. The ending comes suddenly, perhaps too suddenly—but better that than a welcome outstayed. I find Picker's music hard to describe. I can't point to influences. Sometimes I think he may have been listening to Varèse timbres. Carter may have encouraged his feeling for inner rhythmic vitality. (Picker's music "keeps going" in an organic way, generating its own energy, not relying on motor or moto-perpetuo pulses.) The harmony seems to have been arrived at by intuition. My intuition tells me that he is one of the most gifted, individual, and unschematic of our young composers. He is twenty-four.

I wasn't able to get to the Parnassus concert and am writing about it on the strength of a very clear tape I borrowed from the ensemble. Picker's Octet was preceded by a poised and yet passionate account of Varèse's "Octandre." A trenchant performance;

special praise for the oboe, Gerard Reuter. The concert ended with Charles Wuorinen's "The Winds," composed for Parnassus in 1977 and here receiving its second performance. This is a brilliant, animated stretch of music, lasting fifteen minutes. The forces are five woodwinds (flute, oboe, clarinet, bass clarinet, bassoon), three brasses



(trumpet, trombone, tuba), and piano. A repeated-note signal recurs to define the structure; some episodes are whirling, some lyrical. There is exuberance both in the invention of incidents and in the scoring, which makes striking

use of different combinations, of timbre contrasts when a note moves from instrument to instrument, and of lines moving in and out of unisons. Perhaps Picker found some ideas here.

The prolific Wuorinen is in good form, and December was not only Carter month but also a Wuorinen month in New York. Besides "The Winds," and the Second Piano Sonata (a Bicentennial piece, which Jeffrey Swann played in Carnegie Recital Hall), there were two premières. First, the American Composers Orchestra, under Dennis Russell Davies, played Wuorinen's Two-Part Symphony, in Alice Tully Hall. This is a neoclassical composition; in a program note, the composer suggested that he might have called it "Symphony in C" or "Short Symphony" had not those titles already been used by Stravinsky and Copland. Stravinskian the piece certainly is, but with a difference, for, like "The Winds," it is twelve-note music with an emphatic tonic—E-flat in "The Winds," C in the symphony. Wuorinen says that he "had a very good time writing it;" and people will have a good time listening to it. (The performance was recorded by CRI.) Nevertheless, it struck me as being one of Wuorinen's larger but not one of his "major" or most intensely imagined compositions. In the last few years, I have heard more new works by Wuorinen than by anyone else, and have been bored by only one of them (the piano duet "Making Ends Meet"—and that may have been the performers' fault). He brims with lively ideas. He effortlessly commands—and combines—a diversity of techniques. A big, generous creativity pours

through even the overschematic channels he sometimes devises.

The second Wuorinen première was of "Archangel," a short piece (about twelve minutes) for bass trombone with string quartet, played at a Group for Contemporary Music concert up at the Manhattan School. It's a severe, concentrated work with apocalyptic overtones, opening with noble, lyrical declamation. Toward the end, the trombone, muted, grows hoarse—more dark angel than archangel—and finally it sounds those pedal tones that Messiaen has made into a symbol of abyss. The work was commissioned by David Taylor, who played it most tellingly. Wuorinen is already well represented on disc. If I had to pick three more works to illustrate in small space and as vividly as possible the variety of his achievement, they might be the sombre "Archangel," the glittering "Arabia Felix," and the high-spirited "On Alligators."

I ASKED a friend what "media hype" means, and learned that it means the creation of a reputation and of box-office success by high-pressure, insistent publicity, and that by extension the term is sometimes applied to the object of such a campaign. "Like Lazar Berman?" "Yes, or like Youri Egorov." Now, certainly the kind of yucky publicity with which the young Russian-émigré pianist Egorov has been promoted might be enough to deter sober musicians from taking him seriously. He studied with Jakov Zak at the Moscow Conservatory. In 1976, on a tour of Italy, he asked the Dutch authorities for asylum, and now he lives in Amsterdam. When he didn't make the finals of the Van Cliburn International Piano Competition, in Fort Worth, in 1977, indignant members of the audience raised for him an equivalent of the ten-thousand-dollar grand prize. He has the kind of looks that sell records with his face smiling out shyly from the sleeve. "Women seem to fantasize about hugging him," one read in *Musical America*. "EGOROV: THE NEXT HOROWITZ?" was a Chicago headline. About his Carnegie Hall recital last month, the *Times* reported him as saying, "The wonderful thing about this program is that I can combine the music of Bach, Mozart, Chopin, and Schumann with myself, with my own fantasies." Well, there was a good, serious cello recital in Carnegie Recital Hall that night. I decided to start in the big hall and at any rate sample the prodigy. And stayed on till his last encore to admire—now let me add my mite to the hype—the biggest

and most poetical young pianistic talent I have ever encountered.

The program was Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, Mozart's C-Minor Fantasy (without the sonata it was written to introduce), Chopin's F-Minor Fantasy, and Schumann's C-Major Fantasy. The Bach began with a blurred, pedalled, Schumannesque run—a pianist's Bach, not a purist's, but beautiful, warmly and lovingly molded. The Mozart was bravely expressive in phrasing and never aggressive in timbres. In the Chopin, Egorov's special merits began to shine. Both it and the Schumann, which was played as the second half of the recital, are unorthodox structures (their titles were intended to indicate as much), and both were accorded exceptionally coherent performances—and that despite an employment of large-scale rubato uncommon today.

Egorov is evidently an intuitive interpreter, and all his instincts in Chopin and Schumann were right. His playing confirmed an argument put forward in "The Chopin Companion," a collection of essays edited by Alan Walker (Norton Library, 1973). In an early chapter in which the Fantasy and form are discussed, Alan Rawsthorne remarks, with a composer's authority, that "Chopin's instinct rarely errs, and it is instinct conditioned by experience and reflection that will ultimately solve the problems of musical form." In a later chapter, Walker chooses the Fantasy for his demonstration that an extended work containing an astonishing diversity of ideas can nevertheless express a unity. Such a demonstration, Walker rightly insists, is something that should come *after* understanding: "Musical understanding is essentially intuitive." Having made the "leap in the dark," the listener can then try by analysis to gauge what has been jumped. And, of course, there is no suggestion that Chopin consciously patterned the multifarious melodies of his Fantasy to redefine precisely thematic boundaries established in the first two measures of the *tempo di marcia*. "The musical intuition of a genius obeys unconscious laws. We are more likely to catch a glimpse of them in Chopin than in many other composers precisely because he worked intuitively." The operation of unconscious laws is subtler than that of imposed, consciously worked thematic identities of the Lisztian type. The interpreter determined to impose unity upon great diversity, or to demonstrate his perception of it, may give an arresting "lecture," but he will not bring the music to life. Two remarks in Alfred



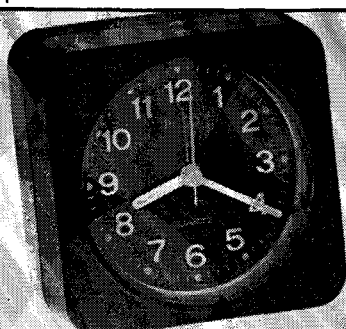
*"Oh, nothing much, Hadley. Still trying to make a buck.
And how's it with you?"*

Brendel's collection of essays "Musical Thoughts and Afterthoughts" (Princeton, 1976) are apropos. "*Feeling* must remain the Alpha and Omega of a musician." And, "The moment an audience feels that a performer wants to teach them, his case is lost." I must stress that Egorov's feelings, intuition, and instincts are right. If they were wrong—if what he calls "my own fantasies" had distorted or obscured Chopin's and Schumann's fantasies—playing as free as his would degenerate into shapeless rhapsody. Instead, a long line ran unbroken through each work. Of two performances now past, this can be only one listener's assertion. But there is a "demonstration" of his capacity for long, linear thought in his recording (on Dutch EMI) of the "eight fantasies" that make up Schumann's "Kreisleriana."

Schumann was twenty-six when he composed the C-Major Fantasy. Egorov is twenty-four. He seems to be made of different stuff from most young pianists. (Was that why he got

nowhere in the Cliburn Competition?) Not for a moment did he show any wish to impress the audience with how fast, how loud, or even how beautifully or how intelligently he could play. His technical ability is apparently boundless, but he revealed no more of it than was needed for the piece in hand. Even his last encore, Liszt's "La Campanella," was treated not as a display piece but as a stretch of fleet, delicate poetry in which miracles of virtuoso execution could be taken for granted. He played a Baldwin—a very beautiful instrument, whose clear, unboomy bass, soft-shining, unglittery treble, and warm evenness through the whole range proved ideal for Romantic piano music and for Egorov's unshowy, romantic, tenderly fervent approach to it. He played as if he were unaware of his audience, although in fact he could not have been. There were many noisy, unmusical people there (drawn by the media hype?), and open, unstifled coughing sometimes drowned the piano. After the

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march section of the Schumann Fantasy, during what should be a stilled, breath-catching moment into which the *lento sostenuto* arpeggios then steal, some brute bawled out "Marvellous!" It was marvellous—majestic, energetic but quite unhurried, grandly powerful at the climaxes without any harshness or hardness of tone—but more marvellous still was the sense that this "Trophies" section remained unfulfilled until it was followed by the soft benediction of "Palms."

Egorov is more than a young man with a pretty face, fast fingers, and a headline-catching history of defection in Rome and failure-become-triumph in Fort Worth. His platform manner is modest, his personality self-effacing. He seems to be a Baryshnikov, not a Nureyev, of the concert world. May he survive unspoiled.

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Ignored or Neglected

THE first recording ever made of Vivaldi's opera "Orlando Furioso" has appeared (RCA ARL 3-2869; six sides). The cast includes Marilyn Horne (in the very florid title role), Victoria de los Angeles, Lucia Valentini-Terrani, Carmen Gonzales, Lajos Kozma, Sesto Bruscantini, and Nicola Zaccaria, accompanied by I Solisti Veneti. The conductor is Claudio Scimone. "Orlando Furioso" is a beautiful and important work—based, of course, on Ariosto's poem.

Donizetti's comic opera "Don Pasquale" has not received much attention from the recording companies. A recent reissue of a version recorded in 1965 involves Alfredo Mariotti, Mario Basiola, Ugo Benelli, Anna Maccianti, and Augusto Frati, with the Orchestra and Chorus of the Maggio Musicale of Florence, under Ettore Gracis (Deutsche Grammophon Privilege 2726 084; four sides). This is one of the most delightful of Italian opere buffe, and it is performed with éclat by a splendid cast.

Of the two dozen or so operettas written by Franz Lehár, "Paganini" has never been as well known as the others—particularly his masterpiece, "The Merry Widow." But "Paganini" is a melodious affair, depicting the great violinist's attentions to two women, one of them a sister of Napoleon. Eventually, he leaves both to devote himself to his lonely career as a virtuoso. There is a great deal of spoken dialogue in German, and the music,

though rollicking, is not up to that of "The Merry Widow." Nevertheless, there is a new recording of the work, with an excellent cast; it includes Anneliese Rothenberger, Friedrich Lenz, Olivera Miljakovic, Horst Sachtleben, Nicolai Gedda, Heinz Zednik, Gerd Dieberitz, and Benno Kusche, with the chorus of the Bavarian State Opera and the Bavarian Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Willi Boskovsky (Angel SBLX-3863; four sides). Ulf Hoelscher plays the difficult solo violin part.

CHAUSSON's Symphony in B Flat Major, Opus 20, and his "Soir de Fête," Opus 32, have been recorded by the Orchestre du Capitole de Toulouse, under Michel Plasson (Seraphim S-60310; single disc). This is a masterpiece of the French school, by one of those pitifully short-lived French composers who have been among France's best. The performance is magnificent.

Brahms' Symphony No. 2 is done with the Chicago Symphony, under James Levine, on a new RCA record (ARL 1-2864; single). This is a good, conventional interpretation of the work. The Chicagoans and Levine seem to have a special rapport.

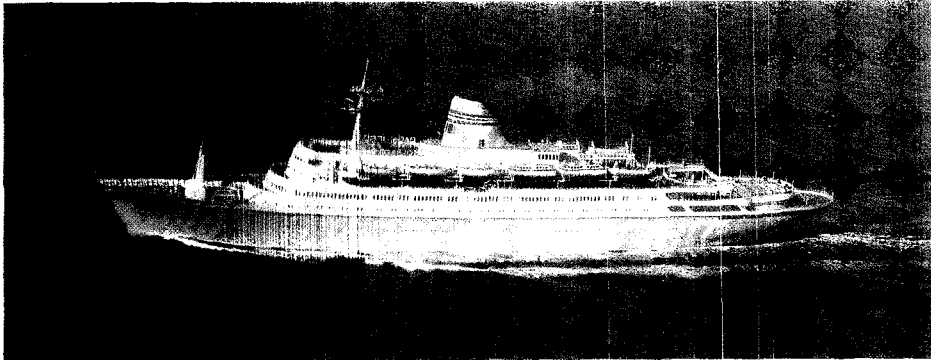
Copland's "El Salón México," "Rodeo," and "Appalachian Spring" have been recorded by the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, under Eduardo Mata (RCA ARL 1-2862; single). These are some of Copland's finest works, and they are done exceptionally well here.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, under its veteran conductor, Eugene Ormandy, has collaborated with the young pianist Emanuel Ax in performances of Chopin's Concerto No. 2 in F Minor, his "Trois Nouvelles Études," and his Scherzo No. 2 in B Flat Minor (RCA ARL 1-2868; single). Ax's performances are outstanding, and the famous Ormandy tone supplements them.

Mozart's Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, K. 581, and his Quintet for Piano and Woodwinds, K. 452, have been recorded by the Tashi ensemble—Peter Serkin, piano; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Ida Kavafian, violin; and Fred Sherry, cello (RCA ARL 1-2863; single). The guest artists are Lucy Stoltzman, violin; Daniel Phillips, viola; Allan Vogel, oboe; Robert Routh, horn; and Bill Douglas, bassoon. The performances show wonderful musical taste and clarity.

RCA's ongoing Horowitz Collection continues with a disc containing Schubert's Sonata in B Flat, D. 960;

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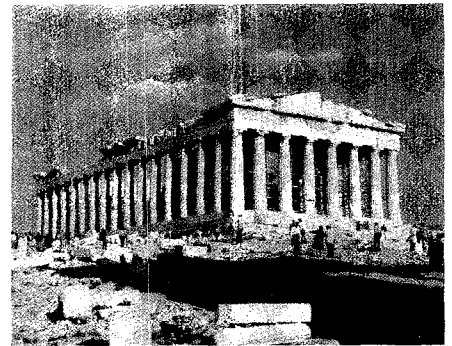
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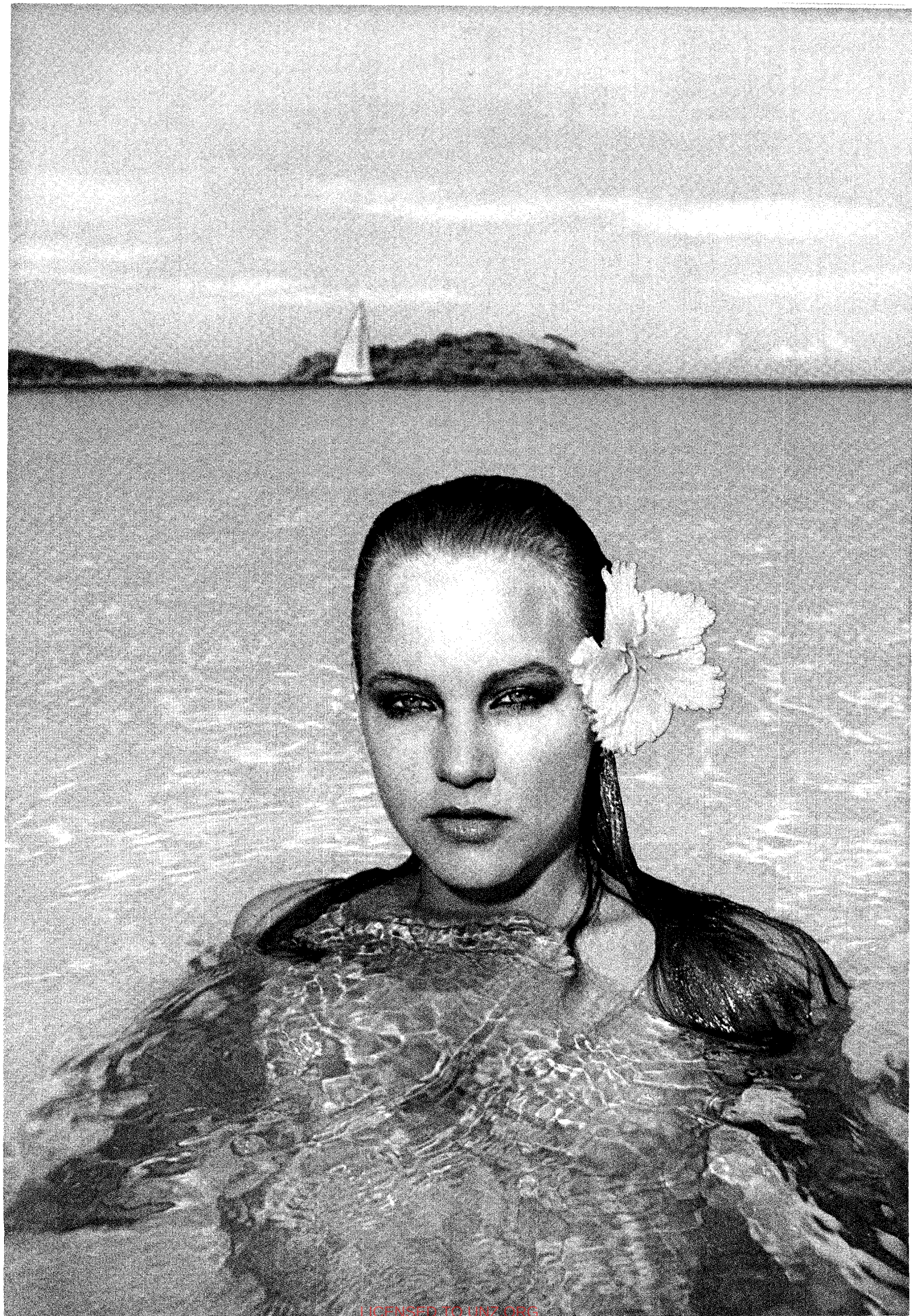
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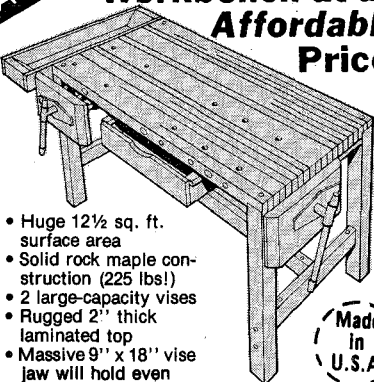
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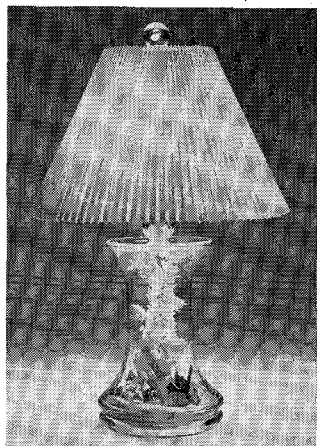
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Brahms' Intermezzo in B Flat Minor, Opus 117, No. 2; Brahms' Waltz in A Flat, Opus 39, No. 15; and Chopin's Scherzo No. 1 in B Minor, Opus 20 (RCA ARM 1-2873, mono). The great pianist is at his most subtle and in the Chopin at his most brilliant.

Leonard Bernstein's three symphonies—"Jeremiah," "The Age of Anxiety," and "Kaddish"—along with his "Chichester Psalms," are performed under the direction of the composer, with Christa Ludwig, Lukas Foss, Montserrat Caballé, Michael Wager, the Wiener Jeunesse Choir, the Wiener Sängerknaben, and the Israel Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 077; six sides). This is serious music, written with great sincerity, and conceived in a tonal idiom with Hebraic influences.

Brahms' "Four Serious Songs," Opus 121, his Two Songs for Alto Voice and Viola, Opus 91, and eight Brahms lieder (including the "Sapphische Ode") are sung by Janet Baker, with André Previn at the piano (Angel S-37519; single). Miss Baker's admirable vocal style is well known.

Bach's "Goldberg Variations" are performed by Seymour Hayden on the harpsichord (Consortium Recordings, 2451 Nichols Canyon, Los Angeles, California 90046; SEP-301; single). This is a fine rendition of a much-recorded work.

Compositions by David Baker, Robert Muczynski, and Malcolm Williamson are performed by the Western Arts Trio—Brian Hanly, violin; David Tomatz, cello; and Werner Rose, piano (Laurel Record, 2451 Nichols Canyon, Los Angeles, California 90046; LR-106; single). These are seriously intended works, sometimes a bit raucous, sometimes pleasing. I find Muczynski's the most attractive of the lot.

"An Evening with Sigmund Romberg" is the title of a disc containing excerpts from "The Student Prince," "The Desert Song," "Up in Central Park," and "The New Moon," arranged for orchestra by Carmen Dragon and performed by the Hollywood Bowl Pops Orchestra, under his baton (Angel S-37309). The arrangements are skillful, and the music pleasurable, for confirmed Rombergians.

A QUIANT listening experience is provided by a disc called "Koto Mozart," which consists of that composer's Symphony No. 40 in G Minor, K. 550, and "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," K. 525, played by the New Koto

Ensemble of Tokyo (Angel S-37553). The effect is not exactly what we are used to, but it conveys the main features of the works performed.

Sviatoslav Richter has collaborated with the Philharmonia Orchestra, under Riccardo Muti, in a new recording of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 in C Minor, along with his "Andante Favori" in F (Angel S-37512; single). As might be expected, this turns out to be one of the best performances of this concerto available.

Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2 has been recorded again, by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under a conductor new to me, Yuri Temirkanov (Angel S-37520; single). Temirkanov is obviously sympathetic to the work, and gives it a sturdy, eloquent interpretation.

Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies (Album 2, Nos. 2, 3, and 5) and his Mephisto Waltz, No. 1, have been given lively performances by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under the baton of Willi Boskovsky (Angel S-37278; single). These are among the most popular of all Liszt items.

Delibes's complete ballet "Sylvia" has been recorded by the Paris Opéra Orchestra, under the baton of Jean-Baptiste Mari (Angel SB-3860; four sides). The quality of Delibes's ballet music has been minimized or overlooked in recent years. His melodies are fresh, his continuity of form is always dependable, and his orchestrations are masterly. The performance here is excellent.

"Salome," written in 1904-05, may be the most unpleasant of all the operas of Richard Strauss, but its fluid use of post-Wagnerian harmony and its brilliant orchestration certainly entitle it to designation as a masterpiece. It has been newly recorded by Herbert von Karajan, with the Vienna Philharmonic and a superb cast, including Hildegard Behrens as Salome, José van Dam as John the Baptist, and Karl-Walter Böhm, Agnes Baltsa, Wieslaw Ochman, and Heljä Angervo in the other principal roles (Angel SBLX-3848; four sides). This is probably the finest "Salome" on the market at present, though it is closely rivalled by Leinsdorf's (RCA), Böhm's (Deutsche Grammophon), and Solti's (London). Von Karajan's lucid and flowing treatment of the score gives it a special quality, and the singing is absolutely first-rate.

There is a new recording of Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West," with a magnificent cast, headed by Carol

Neblett, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes, with the Chorus and Orchestra of Covent Garden, conducted by Zubin Mehta (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 078; six sides). Miss Neblett, a comparative newcomer to recorded opera, does a superb job as Minnie, and Domingo and Milnes, known quantities of the highest order, sing their roles as might be expected. Mehta interprets the score with unusual warmth.

Pierre Feit, an oboist with a large tone and great agility, is scarcely known in this country. With the Slovenian String Trio, he has recorded a group of quartets for oboe and strings by Mozart, Haydn, and Giardini (Peters International PLE 023; single). The performances are of very high quality.

There is an album, recently released, entitled "Gold and Silver: Music of Vienna," in which the Vienna Philharmonic, under Rudolf Kempe, performs an anthology of Viennese pop works by Suppé, Heuberger, Johann Strauss, Lehár, and others (Seraphim SIB-6109; four sides). The performances are remarkable, because of Kempe's intimate knowledge of the Viennese style.

Among other recent minor items is a recording of Mozart's Concerto for Flute and Harp, K. 299, played by Michel Debost on flute and Lily Laskine on harp, and his Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola, K. 364, played by Gérard Jarry, violin, and Serge Collot, viola (Seraphim S-60306; single). Both works are accompanied by the Toulouse Chamber Orchestra, under Louis Auriacombe. The performances are good ones.

Shostakovich's Fifteenth Symphony (his last) has been recorded again, this time by the Moscow Philharmonic, under Kiril Kondrashin (ABC Records AB-67024; single). In case you have forgotten, this is the symphony in which Shostakovich quotes the Overture to Rossini's "William Tell" as well as a number of excerpts from Wagner. Whether his intention was satirical or not remains obscure.

Bruckner's Mass in E Minor for chorus and wind instruments and some of his Sacred Choruses have been recorded by the Junge Kantorei of Darmstadt and the winds of the Vienna Symphony, under the baton of Joachim Martini (ABC Records AB-67021; single). The work is an early one, but its religious fervor is impressive.

Of Boccherini's enormous output of chamber music, much remains to be recorded. A welcome addition to what

we already have are his String Quintets, Opus 29 (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6), performed by Sigiswald Kuijken, Alda Stuurop, Lucy van Dael, Anner Bijlsma, and Wieland Kuijken (ABC Records AX-67022; four sides). These works are spirited, light, and entirely pleasant.

The Russian violinist Igor Oistrakh, son of the late David Oistrakh, has recorded a group of Paganini works, including the Cantabile, Opus 17; the Moto Perpetuo, Opus 11; "La Campanella," Opus 7; and eight Capriccios from Opus 1—all with Natalia Zertsalova, piano (ABC Records AB-67027; single). These are strictly for admirers of violin pyrotechnics, but they are done with remarkable panache.

For lovers of Gregorian chant, there is a disc entitled "Paschale Mysterium," which is devoted to ancient works meant to be heard during Holy Week (ABC Records AB-67025). They are performed by the Choralschola and the Capella Antiqua München, under Konrad Ruhland, in the most scrupulous manner imaginable.

Of Villa-Lobos's nine "Bachianas Brasileiras," the fourth is not well known. It is now available, along with Priscilla McLean's "Variations and Mozaics on a Theme of Stravinsky," played by the Louisville Orchestra, under the baton of Jorge Mester (Louisville Orchestra Records LS 762; single). The Villa-Lobos is, as usual, a bit chaotic but enjoyable. Mrs. McLean writes in a manner not entirely dissimilar.

MANY people have never heard of Johan Helmich Roman (1694-1758), a Swedish composer of approximately Bach's time. His Swedish Mass, performed by the Norrköping Symphony Orchestra and the Stockholm University Chorus, under Eskil Hemberg, consists of music rather conservative for its time but quite eloquent for all that (Peters International PLE 053; single). The excellent soloists are Britt-Marie Aruhn, soprano; Anna de Wolf, alto; and Bo Armand Olsson, bass.

Mahler's Symphony No. 4 has received a performance that is both sensitive and energetic, by the Vienna Philharmonic, under the baton of the young conductor Claudio Abbado, with Frederica von Stade as mezzo-soprano soloist in the last movement (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 966; single).

Haydn's First Violin Concerto (a rarity on records), along with his Sinfonia Concertante, has been recorded by Pinchas Zukerman, with members

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T							
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Hues (varieties of color)

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Outcome, consequence

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Northern Ireland, type of overcoat

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Rick, Peril

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

G

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Eden for instance

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Atrikans

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O

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Serious and solemn (AA grad?)

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Now, take the 'dotted' letters and form another pair of anagrams. The cartoon will give you clue to surprise answer

TELL

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

JOKES IN

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

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of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, conducted by the soloist (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 907; single). Zukerman's violin playing is masterly, and the accompanying ensemble is not far behind.

Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2 in F Minor, Opus 21, has been recorded by Bruno Rigutto, with the Luxembourg Radio Orchestra, under the baton of Louis de Froment (Peters International PLE 045; single). Mr. Rigutto has a fluent technique and a cultivated Chopin style, though he tends to bunch his ornamentations occasionally.

Lorin Maazel and the Berlin Philharmonic have recorded Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Schubert's Eighth ("Unfinished") Symphony (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 103). These are well-known and much-recorded items, but Maazel makes up for this ubiquity by giving eloquent versions of both works.

Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons," Albinoni's Adagio, and Pachelbel's Canon and Gigue have been recorded by Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin, with the Festival Strings of Lucerne, Rudolf Baumgartner conducting (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 105). Vivaldi here is at his finest, and the other Baroque works are scrupulously performed.

A disc entitled "Great Love Duets" contains selections from "Otello," "Madama Butterfly," "Un Ballo in Maschera," and "Francesca da Rimini," sung by Placido Domingo and Katia Ricciarelli, with the Orchestra of the National Academy of Santa Cecilia, under Gianandrea Gavazzeni (RCA ARL 1-2799). The singing is robust and satisfying.

"Il Trompetto Assoluto" is the title of a disc by the acclaimed trumpeter Maurice André, who plays with the National Opera Orchestra of Monte Carlo, Marc Soustrot conducting (RCA ARL 1-2872). Most of the items here are transcriptions from operas and operettas.

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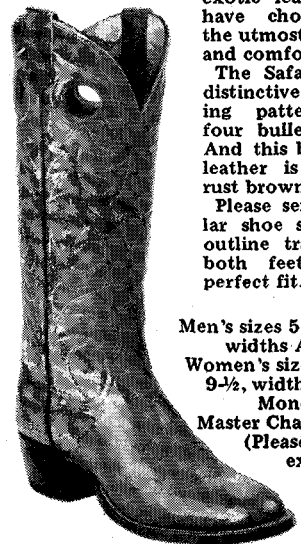
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BOOKS

Roly-Poly England

HOW close to the novelist and to the literary fancy the English painters and caricaturists were in the eighteenth century! Prose and drawing are activated by the same curiosity and temper; handwritten sentences turn into visible scene and character taken from the mishaps and comedies of the street, the drawing room, the country market and inn. Even if the artist is not an employed illustrator, he in fact illustrates: Hogarth matches Defoe, Fielding, and Richardson, and in his well-known series is a solid novelist himself. "Marriage à la Mode" has the intimate, mundane, and social architecture and perspective that we find in a novel like "Clarissa." Any one of Hogarth's scenes renders at least a hundred pages of complex narrative in detail. Rowlandson, who follows him, is a collector of episodes, an illustrator or a caricaturist rather than a novelist. He illustrated Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith, and in one instance—his enormously successful *Dr. Syntax*—outdid the novelists, in creating a kind of Humphrey Clinker of his own for whom an author had to be hired to provide what may be called the book of the film, albeit in hundreds of lines of humdrum verse. If Rowlandson has not the moral seriousness of Hogarth, and is a man of mirth untroubled by conscience, he shares with that master a delight in grotesque character and incident. In their different ways, both see their people formed or distorted by the habits of their age. Whether the scene is banal, horrifying, or absurd, its note is quotidian and domestic. Horses, dogs, cats, and cattle conspire to get their own back in the clumsy human confusion.

Rowlandson was the son of a bankrupt London merchant. The gifted boy was rescued by a French aunt, and it is said that if she hadn't left him a tidy fortune he might have become a considerable painter. As it was, he soon threw his inheritance away at the gaming tables. Fortunately, the disaster—so like his father's—was the moral shock that forces a man to work; though Rowlandson never quite gave up gambling, he became a compulsive worker, turning out an enormous number of drawings for quick money. His energies, his facility, his restless love of travel, and an avidity for all kinds of subject were enhanced by a mastery of the drawn line—a line always in billowy movement, even rococo and

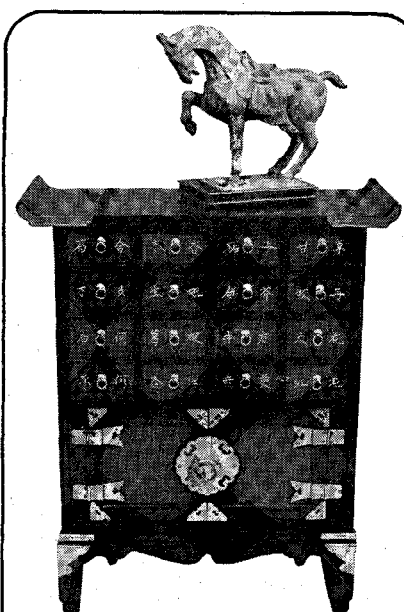
emphatic. (He was a great admirer of Rubens.) His line is like an entrancing prose. Whether he is being ribald, savage, extravagantly satirical of society, or droll about roly-poly country people, their ungainly horses, and their cows, pigs, and dogs, his people and his scenes move as fast as his hand and his sensual and humorous eye.

The moment one picks up the handsome volume "The Drawings of Thomas Rowlandson in the Paul Mellon Collection," compiled by John Bassett and Dudley Snelgrove (Brandywine; \$20), one sees this marvellous line swell, swirl, and go cavorting through the late eighteenth century and into the nineteenth, and one throws half of one's talk about social history and one's bookish moralizings away. The four hundred drawings (eight of them reproduced in color) are not arranged chronologically but grouped according to Rowlandson's chief interests—including topography,

the rustic, the hunting field, riding, horse racing, coaching, sea scenes and military displays, processions, and those gamblings and boozings and grotesque drawing-room incidents he excelled in. Rowlandson had the eighteenth century's taste for the coarse and the grotesque, particularly when he worked with the passionately angry James Gillray on political jobs. But in this collection Paul Mellon has, though not exclusively, preferred Rowlandson as the robust, average sensual man, whose humor is indulgent, and even tender. He was not a passionate hater when he was genially preoccupied with bellies, bottoms, and swollen legs, with snouts, blubbery lips, chaotic teeth, and noses encrusted with warts, wens, and pimples. The line never quite loses its elegance and fancy; the compositions have a wit that he is thought to have brought to fleshly Britain from his travels on the Continent. He is laughing at the human body as a sort of fantasy in ac-



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tion. What a work of art is the man who can carry that enormous belly with bland dignity: he is a man wheeling his character as a kind of wonder before us. And when there is sentiment or delicacy (for which Rowlandson seems to have had a yearning) some touch—a lowered glance, the movement of a hand, the disclosure of a comely leg of a pretty girl—will remind us that nature has its engaging messages. In his landscapes, the scribble seems to be turning to a conspiring smile. The aged tree trunks strike attitudes, the leaves gossip, rock and meadow swing to the tune of waterfalls. There is a poet—though a minor one—in the mild lover of panorama. One recalls that picture of Dr. Syntax, the earnest, accident-prone, and moralizing schoolmaster who, travelling in search of the Picturesque, stands with his drawing board, exalted by a no doubt unsuccessful attempt to draw a lake. We know he will fall in, but for the moment he is aspiring dutifully to what the Romantics will call the Sublime.

Rowlandson is a master of the popular robust school that enjoyed the body for its own helpless state. Gluttony gave the bones a padding for hard seats, for the saddle, and, above all, for the mishaps of a rough life. The elegant horse in the shafts of the elegant gig will bolt—and how Rowlandson's horses bolt! The plump married couple will be pitched back, legs and arms out of control, onto the road. Rowlandson, like all popular comics, likes to see pride go to its fall; he likes to see people flat on their faces. Insensitive? Indifferent to broken bones and pain? The eighteenth century took the rough with the smooth. For the humorists, we live in an imperfect world. What interested Rowlandson the artist was the body, not the mind—or, rather, how the body mocks the mind. How does the body fall? Which leg goes first? What happens to the clothes—will the breasts burst the buttons? If watermen are carrying large ladies ashore from a ferry, what sights shall we see? What shape is a shrieking mouth? Is the waterman taking a licentious advantage in the human struggle? How is a face bashful, angry, or torpid? How do people cuddle or tease at picnics? What bodies come to take the mud-bath cure? What happens when women rush down to see the fleet come in? Who stands on whose back when the rustics go nut-picking, and who sits apart, apparently eating the nuts? How do people sprawl in the theatre, carrying on with their chat and

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their drinking, ignoring the play? Note the contrast between the old dandy so corseted that he is speechless and the mocking ease of the young girl he has picked up. Watch a man try to evade paying his fare when he gets down from the coach: how, precisely, does a mean fellow fumble in his pocket? Many of these people are in groups, and if one examines the figures one notices that they are all involved in the story yet, by a turn of the head or some gesture, preserve their own private responses. Three people looking at a dead horse see it in three different ways. One can read each mind, study the interplay; in the careless or accidental scene, each has his role. And Rowlandson has a decisive gift of the excellent storyteller: he gives the anecdote perspective by showing some figure going off the scene, a departing onlooker who makes the point that there is a world outside the immediate potter. While the girls at a picnic are beguiling the soldiers, another couple, bored by the feast, have gone off to romp on their own. There is the same trailing quality in the hunt that scatters up hill and down dale, so the sporting zest is reassuringly mad and random. Yet give Rowlandson a crowd and it is made to seem seized by a gale of compulsion.

There is one remarkable portrait, called "A Sporting Cove," that epitomizes Rowlandson's gift for putting a whole life into the head and shoulders of a character. This is an eternal country type, who has not really changed in two hundred years, except for his clothes. Set between the rakish brim of a top hat and a high stock is a long wily face, with a bold nose that is not quite noble, for it has a vulgar twist. One honest eye looks distantly at some vision of luck, the other is half closed—calculating, and not to be trusted. Don't listen to his tip from the stable. The mouth is twisted in a rogue's smile, the betraying teeth are irregular and ruthless. (Rowlandson's population of mouths and teeth calls for a small book.) The lines that mold the face are all moving in native conspiracy, so that the man seems to have accumulated a number of faces over the years and only today's weather holds them together.

In his late phase, Rowlandson gave his large public the shudders with the rather obvious theme of the Dance of Death: the English glutton had a nervous interest in his eventual skeleton. Then, in Dr. Syntax, he achieved a fabulous popularity. The Doctor springs out of the British eighteenth century's

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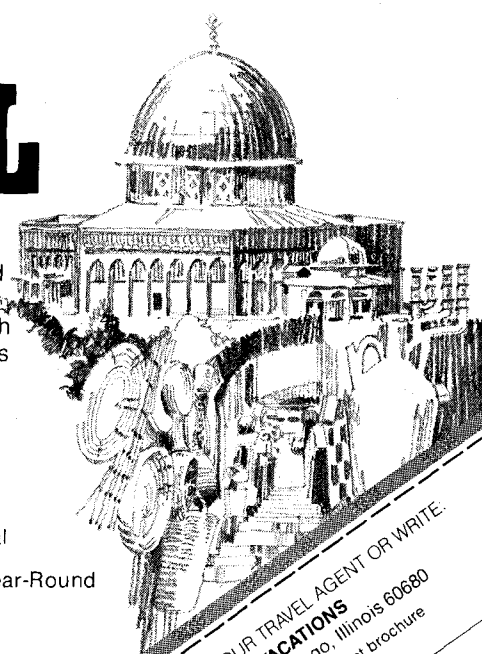
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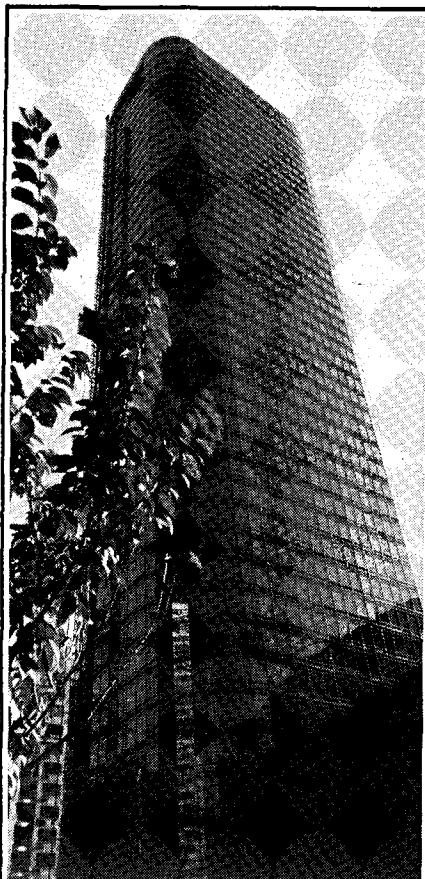
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misreading of "Don Quixote." The Don is tamed. He becomes an acceptable crank and genteel eccentric—a forerunner of the absent-minded professor. He is domestically sedate; Rowlandson's erotic insinuations have become demure. The connoisseur of female breasts discreetly covers them: they become a bosom. The dresses are modestly charming and clean. In his earlier phase, Rowlandson's figures were protuberantly male or eagerly female; both parties are now genteel. The Doctor himself is a thin man who arranges his arms, legs, and body as if he were demonstrating Euclid, or had become a triangle; he has a long-chinned, nutcracker face and the piercing eyes suitable for an intellect doomed to miscalculation. The Syntax pictures are mild stuff; the reign of the flesh is coming to an end. Clothes are becoming a kind of moral accoutrement. After Rowlandson's death in 1827, the Reform Bill comes in, *Punch* appears, and that is the end of license either rumbustious or coarse. Dr. Syntax seems to predict the nimble, spidery, balletlike figures of Phiz and Cruikshank; the whole concept of the absurd and of wit has changed, and Rowlandson is done for—despite a faint revival forty years after his death—until our own time, when he tends to be regarded as a historical source. That is rather a pity; he is much more than that.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SWORDS AND CROWNS AND RINGS, by Ruth Park (St. Martin's; \$10.95). A love story with a traditional design: the lovers are separated as teenagers, and the plot divides, shifting between the two disconnected lives. It is difficult to resist reading on; one wants to know if the hero and heroine will ever reunite. But Ruth Park gives these familiar matters a twist: the boy is a dwarf; the setting is Australia, 1907 to 1932; and the story is thick with unusual characters speaking unusual (Australian) English. Particularly interesting is the extensive account of the cross-country travels of the boy and his stepfather in the depths of the Depression, by freight train, truck, bicycle, and on foot; the welfare laws of the time prohibited the unemployed from applying for relief twice at the same bureau, so a vast vagrant population was compelled to wander about Australia, stunned by instant poverty. Ruth Park has written seven

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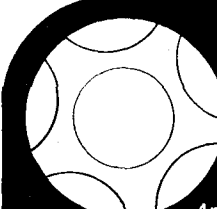
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other novels and a series of children's books; her story of the dwarf and the girl of his dreams is written in the simple and vigorous prose of a folk or fairy tale, but the troubles she describes—of a growing heart and mind squeezed into a compressed man's body—are beyond a child's grasp.

THE CEMENT GARDEN, by Ian McEwan (Simon & Schuster; \$8.95). An English first novel that introduces us to a family living in the one remaining house in a tract being cleared for high-rise development. There is the recently widowed mother; two daughters, one seventeen and the other about thirteen; and two sons, one six and the other fifteen. Jack, the older boy—pimpily, scroungy, troubled by every adolescent excitement and apathy—tells the story. The mother dies, and the children, afraid that they will be separated and institutionalized if they report her death, bury her, encased in cement, in the basement. Then they sink into a quarrelsome sloth, a listless sexuality. The younger boy returns to babyhood; the older girl acquires an admirer, a professional pool-player; the cement coffin cracks, and the body begins to smell. Mr. McEwan is a stirring writer, and his mastery of his pathetic household (and of us) is complete, but his strength is matched by a weakness—a willingness to settle for a tour de force.

THE STAND, by Stephen King (Doubleday; \$12.95). It is 1980; a super-flu germ escapes from an American germ-warfare research center, and in days all but a handful of people are wiped out. Some of the survivors—including a musician, a pregnant girl, and a deaf-mute—run into one another and discover that they share two recurrent dreams: in one, a kindly, aged black woman invites them to meet her at her Nebraska farm; in the other, a dark man in denim chills them to the bone with his piercing eyes. When these survivors do meet up with the old woman, she prophesies a showdown with the dark man, who bides his time on the far side of the Rockies, assembling a well-equipped army of the depraved, the merciless, and the merely fearful. The outcome is not what the dark man has planned; like Milton's Satan, he has attracted flunkies of less than sterling, or even steely, quality. Stephen King takes liberties permitted in science fiction and



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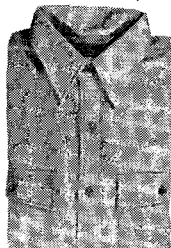
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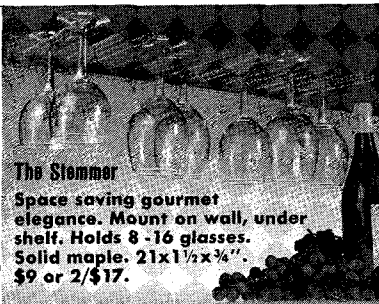
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thrillers (the good guys share clairvoyant powers, and the plot often turns on lucky coincidences), but he grounds his apocalyptic fantasy in a detailed vision of the blighted American vista, and he avoids the formulas of less talented popular novelists. Some readers will no doubt feel a bit nervous this winter when the first symptoms of the flu set in. Eight hundred and twenty-three pages. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

D. H. LAWRENCE'S NIGHTMARE, by Paul Delany (Basic Books; \$15.95). Lawrence's nightmare—his word for it—was the war of 1914-18. Of course, it was a nightmare to everyone who had any experience of it, but Lawrence took it as a personal affront; he seemed to think that the ordeal of those four years, when he was trapped in an England he thought he had fled forever, was the result of a kind of conspiracy to ruin him physically, morally, and artistically—a conspiracy of friends and enemies, who in Lawrence's case often turned out to be interchangeable. This book is a detailed, circumstantial account of the ordeal, which began when Lawrence and Frieda Weekley, the woman who had left husband and children for him, came to England from their refuge in Italy on an intended brief visit; that was the summer of 1914, and after hostilities began there was no exit. Lawrence was without money, and he and Frieda lived in a succession of cottages in various parts of the country, and on the charity of friends and admirers of his writings: Amy Lowell, Bertrand Russell, Lady Ottoline Morrell, Lady Cynthia Asquith, and Arnold Bennett were some of them. Lawrence was in poor health most of the time (from the tuberculosis that eventually killed him, in 1930, at the age of forty-five), but he worked when he could; he finished his novel "The Rainbow," which was immediately suppressed by the London police as a dirty book (another proof of conspiracy), and he did the major part of the work on "Women in Love," the capstone of his literary career. But his main preoccupations seemed to be quarrelling with everyone in sight (beginning with Frieda, whom he had married) and working out a personal, social, and political philosophy. This began as a rather benign, democratic, and utopian credo, based upon sexual freedom, pacifism, and



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brotherly coöperation, and was slowly metamorphosed—under the stress of his loathing of the war, of England, and eventually of mankind in general—into an élitist doctrine that called for the kind of ruthlessly strong leadership with which Europe would become all too familiar in later years. This is a distressing and chilling (when it isn't painfully funny) chronicle of a fine mind in a purgatory of, for the most part, its own making, but the book has its brighter aspects—in the glimpses of the people around Lawrence, especially the various "Bloomsberries," and in the general picture it paints of an England muddling through its first total war. As a contribution to a fuller understanding of one of the great flawed writers of our time it is indispensable.

LEADING LADY: THE WORLD AND THEATER OF KATHARINE CORNELL, by Tad Mosel, with Gertrude Macy (Atlantic-Little, Brown; \$15.95). Between the two world wars, Katharine Cornell (1893-1974) was one of a handful of American actresses with a year-in, year-out lease on the public heart. Because such star careers no longer exist in the contemporary theatre, the authors (Mr. Mosel is a dramatist, and Miss Macy is a producer who worked with Miss Cornell and her husband, the director Guthrie McClintic) emphasize what Miss Cornell did onstage. They convey her individual theatrical personality; they isolate the qualities that she extracted from trashy parts to give an aura of distinction to artistic failures; and they also explain what she brought to classic roles, such as Juliet. Cornell worked into a part slowly, almost diffidently, yet by the time she was ready for an audience she had achieved such conviction that her readings often seemed the only ones possible. The authors, drawing on many sources, have taken stock of influences on Cornell other than Mr. McClintic's. Between them, they seem to know absolutely everything about American theatrical lives for almost a century.

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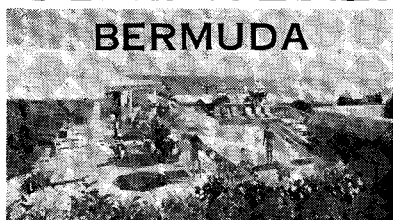
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accompanied by period illustrations and by handsome photographs that the author took of mill villages, cities, and people today. Many industrial sites are inherently attractive because the earliest factories were powered by falling water, and many of these utilitarian structures now strike us as extremely good-looking, although the book also includes mean streets in ugly towns. The author goes into the multiplicity of reasons that most of the American textile industry moved away from New England, and also shows how a few textile plants have been converted to other uses. He does, however, sound a note of pathos that his photographs belie: the equipment of the kitchens, the furniture in the humblest abodes, the automobiles, the clothing are not pitiable. There is poverty in America, but this book does not show it.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE ADVENTURE OF THE STALWART COMPANIONS: HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND PAPERS CONCERNING A SINGULAR COLLABORATION BETWEEN THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND SHERLOCK HOLMES, edited and annotated by H. Paul Jeffers (Harper & Row; \$7.95). An elaborate spoof, complete with introduction, notes, and other scholarly apparatus, that pretends to demonstrate that Holmes was a real person (dying in 1957 at the age of a hundred and three) who visited New York in 1880 and, in the company of his young friend Roosevelt (later the city's Police Commissioner) and a city detective named Wilson Hargreave, solved a murder in Gramercy Park that had serious political ramifications. Mr. Jeffers carries off his tongue-in-cheekery well enough, but the "adventure" is not sufficiently strong to stand by itself, with the result that his book will chiefly find appreciation among the Baker Street Irregulars and other such enthusiasts.

First of all, there is nothing more American than Coca-Cola, not even apple pie or Johnny Cash. Coke is the American's fuel, just as television is his soul. When the U.S. Army tested new recruits in Fort Knox, Ky., 299 of 650 had never heard of Louisville, the state capital, twenty-one miles to the north. Eighty-five had never been to a dentist, and twenty-one had never drunk cow's milk. Only one had never heard of Coke. —Klaus Liedtke in the *Atlas World Press Review*.

Three hundred and fifty-one had heard of Frankfort, however.

The following note was sent to White Flower Farm...

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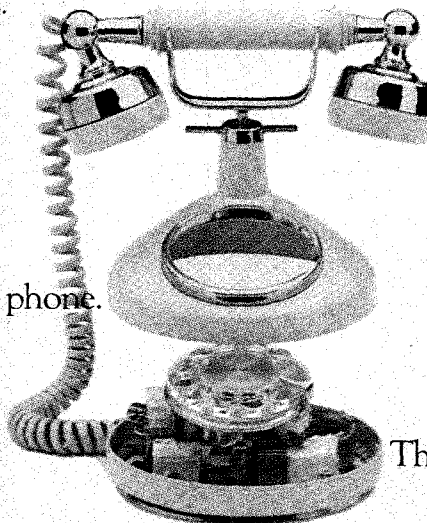
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